THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

A Year in Bohemia—By Maude Radford Warren

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A YEAR IN BOHEMIA

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IF I HAD not been so fiercely in love with my husband I should not have been so badly hurt as I was. Not that I blame myself for it. Secretly every woman is a monopolist where her husband is concerned. It's like any other law of Nature, such as the competitive instinct or the course of the seasons. In fact, I don't blame myself for anything, except for living in the world nearly thirty-six years without understanding a little more than I did about the kinds of people there are in it.

I wish I could give a real picture of my husband, on whom this story and my whole life turn. I wish I could show him walking with big strides, carrying his hat in his hand, the sun shining through his light-brown curls which stand up on his head the way hair does on the old statues, a smiling light in his wide-set blue eyes. We grew up together in a little Illinois city. He taught school and I stayed at home till he had enough money to marry me, which happened when I was nineteen and he twenty-three. I was perfectly happy — I am still. Grant got ahead rapidly and we had two children, Helena and Tommy. My children are equally dear to me, but Helena and I have always been singularly close. As a baby she felt my moods and stamped me all over herself.

Soon after we were married I discovered that Grant had literary ambitions. I tried to help and inspire him—because of my deep love, I supposed. It was that, but it was also an unconscious impulse of self-protection. I wanted to bind him to me with every device of flesh and spirit. We intended him to be one of the great writers—say, as great as Thackeray. We both felt that Dickens wasn't quite big enough, though Grant would not say so. We had been nurtured on the classics and we did not read much popular stuff; we meant to get into what we today call highbrow magazines. How many years we tried and failed! I don't regret all the practice because I know it helped Grant's technique. But all the time he was dealing with the wrong material, seeing the world through books, and producing anemic, rather pessimistic stories which were terribly well-bred and quite dull. When Grant's manuscripts were returned I reviled the editors. Half the time I thought they were quite right to refuse him, and all the time I knew that what I said was exaggerated, unreasonable, even absurd. But I said it purposely, knowing that Grant would feel better after he had laughed at me. I was a traitor to my sex just to make my husband feel superior to me and to the editors.

While He Was Away I Suffered Unspeakably

One day, after Grant had been made county superintendent of schools, I happened to pick up a certain popular magazine which is seen everywhere. One reason why I had never taken it was that so many people whom I considered my inferiors in brains and ideals liked it. I chose a story which to my astonishment was one of the best things I had ever read—humorous but poignant, and so true to life that I could almost see the people before me. It struck me that the reality of the incidents I had been reading was no greater than that of some of the stories Grant told me about his daily pilgrimages in the country. I talked to him, and we decided, as we frankly said, to compromise our ideals and work on a lower level—that is, Grant tried to write some stories that were really human. Fortunately his first efforts to break into the popular magazine were fruitless. That made us respect it and made Grant determine to "show them." We spent several months showing them, and as I studied the popular magazines I had to concede that they were just as great in their way as the highbrow magazines. Moreover, I came to see that Grant was not fitted for a highbrow audience. He was big and vivid and colloquial and not at all soulful.

At last a story was accepted and a check came back, the size of which made us gasp. So our success began, and we did not realize at first what it meant. We had no notion of the thousands of people who try to be writers and fail. During the next few months Grant had not only many acceptances but many letters from readers. Occasionally came letters from a man in his own craft hailing him in a brotherly way and asking him when he was coming to New York. One of them was a man named Archibald Sheldon, who, we found out, wrote serials for the less prosperous magazines. Sheldon had been born in Illinois on a farm not many miles from us, and he greeted Grant as a neighbor. He always had a postscript in his letters: "When are you coming to New York, old top?"

We had no intention of going to New York. We were going to Europe as soon as Grant should have made three thousand dollars from his stories. Then Tommy became very ill. We had specialists and nurses and the money melted. Grant asked the editors for higher prices and received them. At the end of another year, when Tommy was quite well, Grant told me that he had made almost two thousand dollars by his writing.

"I've been thinking, Dollie," he said; "if I can make that in eleven months at odd times, what should I make if I put my whole time in?"

"I've a keen respect for a steady salary," I said. "You can superintend schools no matter what you feel like, but you can't write unless you are just in the mood. Your stock of ideas might give out or the editors might get tired of your work. And you've got children."

"Oh, yes; I know the risks," Grant said.

Meantime we had another letter from Archibald Sheldon. The farm on which he had been born had been left him and he and his wife were coming to spend the summer on it. He mentioned the day they would arrive. We met every Eastern train, and finally in the evening we saw two tall, slim, very metropolitan and very weary looking people get out of the sleeper. Grant went flying down the platform in his spacious, lovable way. I could fairly see his vigor floating that weary couple.

"It's Hollister. I knew you by your short stories," Mr. Sheldon called.

He was dark and somewhat sickly looking, with rather a cynical smile, but a pleasant expression in his eyes. His wife was of the blond type that shows wear early. She had a kindling smile and a beautiful voice. I liked her at once, felt rather sorry for her somehow, and even then believed I could trust her.

We took them home with us, of course, and they seemed surprised and quite touched at our hospitality. Mrs. Sheldon explained that New Yorkers so seldom had a guestroom, and that they dispensed hospitality by the meal rather than by the lodging. They certainly were appreciative. They liked our porches and our garden and our children. But all through dinner I could see them both silently appraising us. We did not have wine of any sort, which I know now must have been a sad blow to the Sheldons. At the end of the meal I said to Mrs. Sheldon:

"Shan't we go with the men to the library?"

"How nice!" she said. "I always hate to go away from the table and leave the men to drink and smoke."

"I hope you won't mind cigars in the library," I hesitated.

She smiled, and then she said frankly:

"I hope your husband will offer me cigarettes. You might as well know that I can't get on without cigarettes any more than a dope fiend can get on without dope."

I won't pretend I was not shocked, but I don't think I showed it.

We all went into the library and began to talk literary shop. We displayed our full ignorance and gave the Sheldons a very happy evening. Mr. Sheldon said that if only Grant would come to New York, in a year he would be getting five hundred dollars apiece for his stories.

The next morning Mrs. Sheldon remarked to me that I looked very much like her husband's favorite sister who had died. I wondered if this had not accounted for the very

friendly manner her husband had shown me. "Friendly" was hardly the word, and yet I could not think of a better one.

"Lucky for you," she yawned, "for now he'll neither neglect you nor try to flirt with you."

I bent over Helena's dress. The idea of any one trying to flirt with a married woman!

I began to talk to Mrs. Sheldon about the farm, telling her of various tentative plans I had made to insure her comfort and of a good maid I had partially engaged. She came over, and sitting on the footstool at my feet she looked up into my face.

"You're a dear," she said. "You've thought of so many things that wouldn't have occurred to a city woman. I hope you won't come to New York."

"You what?" I asked.

"But if you do come," she said, jumping to her feet, "I'll try to take care of you. Here's Archie."

That night we had a few friends to dinner to meet the Sheldons, and more came in later. We chose the most interesting people in town and they all wore evening dress. But as I looked them over I thought that no man there was so big and attractive and vital as Grant; no man there had such a cosmopolitan, sophisticated air as Archibald Sheldon; and certainly no woman was so perfectly dressed and so charming as Mrs. Sheldon. Most of the women wore clothes of recent cut, and expensive enough too; but these did not have the air of Mrs. Sheldon's gown, though, as I know now, she had chosen the simplest one in her trunks.

She talked during dinner in a much more animated way than any of the other women did, and after the meal, when the men stayed with their cigars and while we went into the library, she had the air of just putting in the time till they appeared. They came before long and then she brightened wonderfully. She was the only woman who did. The rest of us treated the advent of the men exactly as if they had been an equal number of women. Mrs. Sheldon circulated among them, or rather contrived somehow that they should circulate about her, in a way that made some of the women glance at one another, as if to say:

"If those are New York manners!"

Our guests went at half-past ten, which was later than usual for a dinner party to break up in our town. When the door had closed on the last one Mrs. Sheldon remarked:

"Do forgive me for asking; but is every one in this place as much married as those people?"

"Why shouldn't they be?" I inquired. "They really are all married."

"Yes, and to each other; you can see that," laughed Mrs. Sheldon.

I made some remark that I hope was appropriate, but her words threw a flood of light on something that had been puzzling me in the manner of her and her husband to me and my husband. I knew the thing in Archibald Sheldon's manner to me which I had called "friendly." It was not that; it was vaguely unplatonic. He was treating me as if I were not married and as if he were not married. And Rhoda Sheldon's manner to Grant was that of a woman to a man who has no binding feminine ties.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Sheldon," I said, "that you will find us all dreadfully old-fashioned. Can you ever put up with us for a whole summer?"

"I could put up with you forever," she said affectionately. "Why don't you call me 'Rhoda'? Also, I am quite sure that your friends and neighbors are ever so much nicer than I am."

We saw a great deal of the Sheldons. I had gotten used to their ways, which Grant had always liked. He even approved of Rhoda's cigarettes, though he asked me to see that she did not smoke when Helena was about. Every time we were with the Sheldons there was talk of New York—not on my part and only indirectly on Rhoda's. But New York was in her blood and she could not help shedding the glamour of it.

Toward the end of June Grant said:

"I want to talk over seriously with you this matter of going to New York. If I am to resign here it's only decent to do it before school closes."

Talking it over was a farce. Grant had the whole matter cut and dried. He said that he cared more for writing than for what he was doing, and that if it had not been for the children and me he would have cut loose when his first success came. Just meeting the Sheldons had put new life in him and improved his work. If one man could do this for him, what would not all New York do? He might as well have said:

"If you object to going to New York you will simply be standing in the way of my career."

His actual words were, spoken with much tenderness:

"That's the case in a nutshell, dear. But if you say 'stay' I'll stay; for we're partners."

Tears came into my eyes. A partner, yes; but only a woman partner, who, because she loves a man, does not wish to oppose him, wants to believe his judgment is better than hers. And I really did believe it was.

"Very well, dear; we'll go to New York," I said.

That night when the Sheldons called we announced our decision, which Sheldon received with whoops of joy on

"Dottie, I Want to Kiss You Good-By"

the front porch. I could see the neighbors craning their necks. Personality in New York was evidently not so restrained as in our little city. When they were going I said to Rhoda:

"Why is it you don't want us to go, Rhoda? Does New York in the end really commercialize a writer, spoil his work?"

"Just look at your husband," she said.

Grant was standing in his ample way, his head thrown back. The hall light streamed on his curly mop of hair. His blue eyes were bright and his mouth was parted in its characteristic, attractive smile.

"Don't you see how attractive that man is to other women? I can't look at him myself without an agreeable stir at my heart," she said gravely. "I'm afraid if you go to New York you'll lose him."

We went to New York. We rented our house furnished, for I wanted to keep an anchor to windward. We put Tommy into a good Connecticut school, and we entered Helena at Columbia, the baby of her class. I wish I could define the lure of New York for the newcomer. Perhaps a person well accustomed to it can take a cynical point of view about it; but not the twice-born arrival walking or driving up Fifth Avenue. Here are all the beauty and opulence of the world. There is a tang in the air. The artistic windows, rich with the goods and gauds of all the continents of the world, set one's senses awhirl and aglitter. Yet one never loses consciousness of the solid pavement under one's feet; one leans on a power that is not one's own; one yields to a mastery that is bigger than one's will, whatever form it may take. I don't know what it is made of, but it is the spell of New York.

I must say, however, that I liked outdoors in New York better than indoors. I couldn't get used to the concentrated way in which people lived. We took an apartment of six rooms which seemed terribly cramped to me, though it spelled great roominess to some of our callers. We met people who lived and moved—so far as possible—and had their full being in two rooms and a bath. Possibly it is narrow of me; but I still believe that plenty of room for the body gives one a better chance of having a spacious mind and soul.

I won't deny that I felt provincial and shy when I began to meet the Sheldons' friends. Although I had come of a good family and had been well educated, still I had not traveled, and if I had met new people it had always been with the sense of one welcoming. Mine was the definite position; they were the besiegers. Of course I was coming to New York as the wife of a man already pretty well known in the writing world. But I knew well enough that as a personality I should have to make my own place.

Some of the people I met were very smartly dressed, looking as if they had just stepped out of one of those Fifth Avenue windows. Others wore queer, lanky clothes. But they all had a great deal of assurance, far more than I had. They had the air of possessing New York and escorting it about on a leading string. They talked well. Even if what they said was not brilliant or significant it had the air of being both.

The Bohemian world is as hard to define as the city of New York. There are so many circles and cliques in it that they won't bear counting. They are all characterized by individuality and frankness; some of them are characterized by pose and bluff. Some of the Bohemians care a lot about Mammon. Their Mecca is some day to be counted as real members of the elect fashionables, not merely as outsiders invited occasionally to give the elect the sense of having even literary interests. These Bohemians are careful to save some money while also spending freely. There are also other Bohemians who spend freely but who do not save; whose definition of the Simon-pure Bohemian is that he not only does not know where his breakfast is coming from, but does not care. We found Bohemians who borrowed freely and never paid their debts, and others who were as punctilious about repayment as if they had been Methodist parsons. There were Bohemians who cared a great deal for the proletariat—indeed, most of those we came to know best were Socialists—and others who looked on the working people as mere spawn. On the whole, though their ways were not my ways, I found the first Bohemians we met a tolerant and likable lot of people.

The group we knew were people who had had a middling success, and were pretending that it was much greater than it really was. Not that I knew that at once. I took them all in the beginning at their face value. But as I look back on them now I know that my husband stood head and shoulders above them all. I am sure that Archie Sheldon never made more than five thousand a year, but he talked in terms of fifteen. I suppose, if they all saw through each other, it came to the same thing in the end, and for all I know they did it not to impress each other, but to impress the editors.

From the very beginning Grant had a glorious time. He loved meeting the editors and lunching with them. He felt the stimulus of New York, and I could see that it put new zest into his stories. Every person we met he saw through a glamour. I know now that Rhoda Sheldon meant us to meet her friends gradually, and introduced us first to the ones she thought we should find most congenial. But she was a woman who liked to entertain on a large if simple scale. She liked to be called popular, and I suppose the only way she could earn the name was to have all sorts of people in her rooms.

I shall never forget the buffet supper in her flat when it first dawned on me that there are certain Bohemians whom I can never like or respect while grass grows and water runs. There were about forty people present—writers and illustrators and painters, dramatic critics and playwrights and several actors and actresses. They were all in high spirits, and by the time supper was half over and the champagne was passing rapidly their high spirits had reached what in our home town would have been called insanity.

There was a kind of theatrical manager whom we had met once or twice. He was a gigantic creature of a saturnine blond type, named Sigerson. I did not like him, but he had the air of one universally beloved. His wife was a little, dark, worn-looking creature with an expression of excessive animation. She was beautifully dressed, but somehow I got the impression that she did not care for clothes or for anything except her husband. She looked at him a good deal, always without seeming to do so, and always with an expression of strained gayety. Before supper was over this Sigerson rose, and going over to Rhoda sat down beside her and put his arm about her.

I looked over at Grant. To my sincere horror I realized that he was interested rather than shocked. I looked at Sigerson's wife. She wore an expression of pleasant enjoyment, and I wondered, after all, if she could love her husband. I felt sure he did not love her. I sat back embarrassed, as if some one related to me had been doing something disgraceful.

It was nearly two, and no one displayed any signs of wanting to go home, least of all Grant. Somebody was singing; various couples were holding hands. The man who sat next me had, I think, given me up as a bad job before he ever attempted me. His name was Knight, and he wrote tender, sentimental plays that brought him in large royalties. I learned afterward that he was just letting his second wife get a divorce. He was expressing individuality by leaning back in his chair, with his eyes closed, and rehearsing a love scene in one of his forthcoming plays.

Presently we heard a rich contralto voice caroling in the hall.

"Oh, Lord!" said Sheldon. "It's Sophia."

The door opened and a woman entered whom I disliked at sight, and whom I defy any one, man or woman, to have kept from looking at again and again. She was about thirty-five, but she looked younger. She was so slim that my first thought was a wonder if she was wide enough to cast a shadow, and my second was a conviction that there was something wrong with my own figure because it was not precisely like hers. She had wonderful dark eyes, forever in play; a wide, red, thin mouth that she did all sorts of queer things with; and an ugly nose and chin

that somehow said defiantly that they would brazen it out anyway. As for her composure, her assurance that she was charming and that she could have anything in the world she wanted, I have no words to express that!

She stood in the doorway looking reproachfully at Rhoda.

"Why, Rhoda, you cat," she said in the gentlest of tones, "you are having a party and you didn't invite me! You must have some man on the string that you don't want me to meet."

She surveyed us all, till her eyes fell on Grant. Then she made a sudden indescribable gesture and moved toward him.

"Ah," she said in a sweet, dreamy tone, "it's you. I understand now."

She sat beside Grant, put her elbows on the arm of her chair and her chin on her hands, and gazed into his eyes.

As I looked away, I saw Mrs. Sigerson's eyes fixed on me, still with their expression of strained enjoyment. I looked back at Grant. He had not moved his chair away from this woman. Indeed, we were all packed so tightly in the room that he really could not have got away from her without knocking into some one else. But what disturbed me was that he did not want to get away from her.

After a while Rhoda Sheldon contrived to draw near me.

"I didn't invite Sophie Marston here," she said in a low voice, "because she is utterly ruthless. But Grant is just the type she likes. She fascinates us all, even the women, and especially the men. She'll run through Grant pretty soon, however. Nothing lasts long with her!"

Rhoda spoke as if Sophie Marston were a case of measles which my husband had to have. I resented that, and even more I resented the almost pitying tone in her voice.

"Oh, you needn't worry about Grant," I said. "Who is this Sophie Marston? Has she a husband?"

"She has and she hasn't," replied Rhoda. "That is, she is married to a rich, dull man with a place on the Hudson, and she stays with him now and then. She is supposed—at least by each new man she meets—to be a very much misunderstood woman. She has a couple of stepsons who adore her, and one of her tactics is to say helplessly: 'I can't be so very bad, can I, when my husband's children love me so much?' That makes you feel, of course, that her husband must be a fiend and she a saint. Oh, Sophie may have more cunning than intellect, but she certainly does know how to twist human psychology to her uses!"

I glanced at Grant. He was leaning forward, looking into Sophie Marston's eyes in exactly the attitude she had first taken toward him. Two or three spectators had the amused air of watching a game of which they knew perfectly well all the moves. I was indignant, and glad when some woman made a move to go. Half the others rose, Grant and I among that half, though I am sure he wanted to stay longer.

As we walked home in that dead stillness which is peculiar to New York at three in the morning I was determined not to speak first. Grant whistled softly, not at all with the air of a person convicted of sin.

"They're a gay, light-hearted crowd, aren't they?" he said.

"Would you have liked to see Helena there?" I asked.

"Oh, come; that's different! These are free-and-easy, middle-aged people getting back the glow of youth by cutting up a little. You and I were growing old too fast. I'm glad we are shaken out of our rut. What did you think of Mrs. Marston?"

"She's very beautiful."

"She's had a pretty hard time," mused Grant in a sympathetic tone. "I don't know how she got to telling me about herself. Her husband must be a dreadful brute, but she wants to exert her influence on the children ——"

"Children! They're grown up!" I interrupted in a tone from which I could not keep exasperation.

"Well, don't young men need a woman's influence?" demanded Grant. "Are you going to drop your interest in Tommy when he is twenty-one? She wants us to come to tea tomorrow afternoon," he added; "that's this afternoon."

I was going to object that she had not called on me, but instead I said good-naturedly that we'd go, and Grant showed more pleasure than I liked.

At a little after four we reached her flat. A Japanese lad showed us into a tiny room that was the most luxurious place I had ever entered. It was all curves and perfume and softness and languors. The pictures were mostly of long, droopy women scantily clad. Even the two or three etchings she had of cloisters and cathedrals did not take the curse off. The colors in the curtains and hangings and sofa-cushions and rugs and bowls and bits of glass were all rich and subtle. It was plainly a room contrived by a fascinating woman for men to make love to her in; and the impression that sank in deepest was that she was so sure of herself that she didn't care whether the men saw through her or not; she knew she could get them to make love to her. One had only to look at the room to know that women did not count with her.

She was standing by a window, beautifully posed, and beautifully dressed in some green stuff over gold. It made her look thinner than she was, if that were possible, but it brought out all her sinuousness. She moved like a wave of the sea.

"Mrs. Hollister," she said sweetly, "how good of you to come."

By the slight emphasis she gave the pronoun and by a certain delicate insolence which only a woman could catch, I knew that she had not meant to include me in her invitation. Further proof, if any were needed, lay in the way she had set her stage. There was a table with the usual tea things and a tray of wines and liquors, cigars and cigarettes. On one side of it was the most inviting armchair that could possibly be built; no man sinking into it could be anything but content and flattered. Somehow she had got a chair that was symbolic of her whole indulgent, caressing attitude toward men. On the other side of the table, with its back to the light, was a chair with arms, that looked something like a bisected flower-pot, and was eminently fitted to display the poses of a flexible woman. There was no third chair anywhere near.

The siren indicated the armchair to Grant, prepared to take the one she had designed for herself, and said sweetly to me:

"What chair would you like, Mrs. Hollister? You shall have the very nicest I have, for it was so sweet of you to come."

Grant dragged one forward for me, and I sat down between the two of them, rather nearer Grant than her. After she had handed me my tea Mrs. Marston ignored me and devoted herself to Grant. I am not without the power of sustained monologue, and if I had wanted to do so I could have turned on the stream. But that would not have pleased Grant, who was there to take tea with Mrs. Marston and not to hear his familiar wife. So I made the best of the situation, inserting myself into the talk wherever I could. At first Grant backed me up, but presently the spell of the siren enwrapped him, and it was only his subconscious self which remembered that I was present. Happening to glance into a mirror opposite me, I saw on my face the same expression of strained enjoyment that was the mask of Mrs. Sigerson. And I felt a sudden terror, a longing to put my arms round Grant and tell him I was afraid.

Up to this point I had felt, in thinking of the previous evening, discomfort, resentment and indignation. I didn't like people to go round embracing others not their wives and husbands. I didn't like drinking and sitting up all night. I couldn't help believing that these people were only deceiving themselves into thinking they were having a good time. Grant and I had looked alike at most things. It had irritated me to find that he was interested in the sort of thing that repelled me. It had irritated me that he was attracted to Mrs. Marston, but I had honestly supposed that, after he saw her once or twice more, he would realize her lack of real character. It had been Grant's way in our own town to take tremendous likings to new teachers or principals under him, and then presently see that his swans were geese and laugh at himself.

But as I watched him and Mrs. Marston I realized that all these other swans had been men and this was a woman. At home there had been no question of friendship with a woman; it was considered that a man's wife would fill all his needs. I realized, too, that while before Grant's standards had demanded a certain high quality of character, he had thrown away those standards since he had come to Bohemia. All he asked now was to be interested and amused. I was afraid that certain subtle angles of my husband's soul would slip out of my reach. He was fresh in Bohemia, as untouched as a child and eager for new sensations. Men cannot understand what they make their wives suffer through jealousy, or they would be a little more humane. Not that I am referring to what I suffered in that hour at Mrs. Marston's; that was only a shadow of what came later. But that first taste was bad enough, for I saw that he liked Mrs. Marston and didn't care a rush what her real nature might be. I knew that if I broke off that liking I should have to do it by some indirection more skillful than I yet possessed. For the first time I wished that Grant hadn't succeeded in writing.

Grant and I had always talked to each other straight from the shoulder. We had not been afraid to say what we thought to each other. In a flash I realized that it was because we had never been afraid of losing each other. We had cared equally for each other. I saw now that things had changed. He would still not be afraid of saying what he thought to me. I saw that most men are like that, because their wives love them better than they love their wives. It is the one who loves most who tries hardest to please and who knows fear.

And so, when we left Mrs. Marston, after she had given Grant a lingering handclasp and a languorous gaze, and he asked me what I thought of it all, I frankly lied. I spoke all the way home about her beauty, and the charm of her rooms, and her exquisite taste, and the quality of her tea. I wanted to make Grant sick of her, but I didn't succeed. He seemed pleased, and said he was glad she and I were going to be friends, because he admired her immensely.

That night when Grant was working in his study Helena left her books and came to me. I think I have said that there was a peculiar sympathy between us.

"What is it, mother?" she asked. "You aren't happy. Can't you tell me?"

"It's nothing much, dear," I replied, "and you can help just by loving me and loving me."

"It's the people here," she sighed. "Some one's been unkind to you. Can't father help?"

"No; your father can't help," I said brokenly.

Two days later Grant with a whimsical expression handed me a letter.

"Mrs. Marston wants to consult me about something," he said.

The letter was a flattering invitation to come and see her; she wanted to consult him about a matter vital to her. It was strange, perhaps, that she should be appealing to a new acquaintance—dare she say friend?—especially when she was so rich in old ones. But this was a matter on which she needed the advice of some one whose mind and soul had not been marred by the heartless, cynical point of view of New York men.

"Of course you can't call on her without me," I said, trying to make my tone light. "But I don't see any reason why she shouldn't consult you about this matter, whatever it is. I'll give a little dinner, Grant. I'll have her and this light-hearted Mr. Knight and the Sheldons. You can make some opportunity to see her alone. I'll write her, and you'll probably want to write her too."

"Why, all right, dear," he said in a tone that was perfectly satisfied. "I'm glad you're thinking of entertaining some. We certainly do begin to owe a lot." *(Continued on Page 53)*

"Why, Rhoda, You Cat, You are Having a Party and You Didn't Invite Me!"

BABY TALK

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE wisest thing Professor Stuart Litton was ever caught at was the thing he was most ashamed of. He had begun to accumulate knowledge at an age when most boys are learning to fight and to explain at home how they got their clothes torn. He wore out spectacles almost as fast as his brothers wore out copper-toed boots; but he did not begin to acquire wisdom until he was just making forty. Up to that time, if the serpent is the standard, Professor Litton was about as wise as an angleworm.

He submerged himself in books for nearly forty years; and then—in the words of Leonard Teed—then he "came up for air." This man Teed was the complete opposite of Litton. For one thing he was the liveliest young student in the university where Litton was the solemnest old professor. Teed had scientific ambitions and hated Greek and Latin, which Litton felt almost necessary to salvation. Teed regarded Litton and his Latin as the sole obstacles to his success in college; and, though Litton was too much of a gentleheart to hate anybody, if he could have hated anybody it would have been Teed. A girl was concerned in one of their earliest encounters, though Litton's share in it was as unromantic as possible.

Teed, it seems, had violated one of the rules at Webster University. He had chatted with Miss Fannie Newman—a pretty student in the Woman's College—after nine o'clock; nay, more, he had sat on a campus bench bidding her good night for half an hour, and, with that brilliant mathematical mind of his, had selected the bench at the greatest possible distance from the smallest cluster of lamp-posts.

"And Has My Little Margy-Wargles Forgotten What Sappho Said?"

On this account he was haled before the disciplinary committee of the Faculty. Litton happened to be on that committee. Teed made the best fight he could. He showed himself a Greek—in argument at least—and, like an old sophist, he tried to prove: first, that he was not on the campus with the girl; second, that if he had been it was too dark for them to be seen; and third, that he was engaged to the girl anyway and had a right to spoon with her.

The accusing witness was a janitor whom Teed had played various jokes on and had neglected to appease with tips. Teed submitted him to a fierce cross-examination; forced him to admit that he could not see the loving couple and had identified them solely by their voices. Teed insisted on the exact words overheard; and, as often happens to the too-ardent cross-examiner, he got what he asked for and wished he had not. The janitor, blushing at what he remembered, pleaded:

"You don't vant I should say it exectly vat I heered?"

"Exactly!" Teed answered in his iciest tone.

"Vell," the janitor mumbled, "it vas such a foolish talk as—but—vell, ven I come by I hear voman's voice says: 'Me loafs oo besser as oo loafs me!'" Teed flushed and the Faculty sat forward. "Den I hear man's voice says: 'Nozie-vozie, mezie-vezie ——' Must I got to tell it all?"

"Go on!" said Teed grimly; and the old German mopped his brow with anguish and snorted with rage:

"'Mezie-vezie loafs oozie-voozie bestest!'"

The purple-faced members of the Faculty were hanging on to their own safety valves to keep from exploding—all save Professor Litton, who felt that his hearing must be defective. Teed, fighting in the last ditch, said:

"But such language does not prove the identity of the—er—participants. You said you knew positively."

The janitor, writhing with disgust and indignation, went on:

"Ven I hear such nonsunse I stop and listen if it is two people escapet from de loonatic house. And den young voman says: 'It doesn't loaf its Fannie-vannie one teeny-veeny mite!' And young man says: 'So sure my name iss Lennie Teedie-veedie, little Fannie Newman iss de onliest gerl I ever loafed!'"

The cross-examiner crumpled up in a chair, while the members of the Faculty behaved like children bursting with giggles in church—all save Litton, who had listened with increasing amazement and now leaned forward to demand of the janitor:

"Mr. Kraus, you don't mean to say that two of our students actually disgraced this institution with conversation that would be appropriate only to a nursery?"

Mr. Kraus thundered:

"De talk of dose stoodents vould disgrace de nursery! It vas so sickenink I can't forget ut. I try to, but I keep rememberink Oozie-voozie! Mezie-vezie!"

Mr. Kraus was excused in a state of hydrophobic rage and Teed withdrew in all meekness.

Litton had fallen into a stupor of despair at the futility of learning. He remained in a state of coma while the rest of the committee laughed over the familiar idiocies and debated a verdict. Two of the professors, touched by some reminiscence of romance, voted to ignore the incident as a trivial commonplace of youth. Two others, though full of sympathy for Teed—Miss Fannie was very pretty—voted for his suspension as a necessary example, lest the campus be overrun by duets in lovers' Latin. The result was a tie and Litton was roused from his trance to cast the deciding vote.

Now Professor Litton had read a vast amount about love. The classics are full of its every imaginable version or perversion; but Litton had seen it expressed only in the polished phrases of Anacreon, Bion, Propertius and the others. He had not guessed that, however these men polished their verses, they doubtless addressed their sweethearts with all the imbecility of sincerity.

Litton's own experience gave him little help. In his late youth he had thought himself in love twice and had expressed his fiery emotions in a Latin epistle, an elegy, and a number of very correct Alcaics. They pleased his teacher, but frightened the spectacles off one bookish young woman, and drove the other to the arms of a prescription clerk, who knew no Latin except what was on his drug bottles.

Litton had thenceforward been wedded to knowledge. He read nearly everything ancient, but he must have forgotten the sentence of Publilius Syrus: "Even a god could hardly love and be wise." He felt no mercy in his soft heart for the soft-headed Teed. He was a worshiper of language for its own sake and cast a vote accordingly.

"I do not question the propriety of the conduct of these young people," he said. "Mr. Teed claims to be engaged to the estimable young woman."

"Ah!" said Professor Mackail delightedly. Teed was the brightest pupil in his laboratory and he had voted for acquittal. His joy vanished as Professor Litton went on:

"But"—he spoke the word with emphasis—"but, waiving all questions of propriety, I do feel that we should administer a stinging rebuke to the use of such appallingly infantile language by one of our students. Surely a man's culture should show itself, above all, in the addresses he pays to the young lady of his choice. What vanity to build and conduct a great institution of learning, such as this aims to be, and then permit one of its pupils to express his regard for a student in the Annex in such language as even Mr. Kraus was reluctant to quote: 'Mezie-wezie loves oozie-woozie bestest!'—if I remember rightly. Really, gentlemen, if this is permitted we might as well change the university to a kindergarten. For his own sake I vote that Mr. Teed be given six months of meditation at home; and I trust that the Faculty of the Woman's College will have a similar regard for its ideals and the welfare of the misguided young woman."

Professor Mackail protested furiously, but his advocacy only embittered Litton—for Mackail was the leader of the faction that had tried for years to place Webster University in line with others by removing Latin and Greek from the position of required studies.

Mackail and his crew pretended that French and German, or science, were appropriate substitutes for the classic languages in the case of those whose tastes were not scholastic; but to Litton it was a religion that no man should be allowed to spend four years in college without at least rubbing up against Homer, Æschylus, Vergil and Horace.

As Litton put it: "No man has a right to an Alma Mater who doesn't know what the words mean; and nobody has a right to graduate without knowing at least enough Latin to read his own diploma."

This old war had been fought with all the bitterness and professional jealousy of scholarship, which rival those of religion and exceed those of the stage. For yet a while Litton and his followers had vanquished opposition. He little dreamed what he was preparing for himself in punishing Teed.

Teed accepted his banishment with poor grace but a magnificent determination to come back and graduate. The effect of his punishment was shown when, after six months of rustic meditation, he set out for the university, leaving behind him his Fannie, who had been too timid to return to the scene of her discomfiture. Teed's good-by words ran something like this:

"Bess its ickle heartums! Don't se care! Soonie as Teedle-weedle gets graduated he'll get fine job and marry his Fansy-Pansy very first sing." Then he kissed her "Goo'byjums"—and went back with the face of a Regulus returning to be tortured by the enemy.

II

TEED had a splendid mind for everything material and modern, but he could not and would not master the languages he called dead. His mistranslations of the classics were themselves classics. They sent the other students into uproars; but Litton saw nothing funny in them. When he received Teed's examination papers he marked them with a pitiless exactitude.

Teed reached the end of his Junior year with a heap of conditions in the classics. Litton insisted that he should not be allowed to graduate until he cleaned them up. This meant that Teed must tutor all through his last vacation or carry double work throughout his Senior year—when he expected to play some patriotic or Alma-Matriotic football.

Teed had no intention of enduring either of these inconveniences; he trusted to fate to inspire him somehow with some scheme for attaining his diploma without delay. His future job depended on his diploma—and his girl depended on his job.

He did not intend to be kept from either by any ancient authors. He had not the faintest idea how he was going to bridge that chasm—but, as he wrote to his Fansy-Pansy, "Love will find the way."

While Teed was taking thought for the beginning of his lifework Litton was completing his—or at least he thought he was. With the splendid devotion of the scholar he had selected for his contribution to human welfare the best possible edition of the work least likely to be read by anybody. A firm of publishers had kindly consented to print it—at Litton's expense.

Litton would donate a copy to his own university; two or three college libraries would purchase copies out of respect to the learned professor; and Litton would give away a few more. The rest would stand in an undisturbed stack of increasing dust, there to remain unread as long perhaps as the myriads of Babylonian classics that Assurbani-pal had copied in brick volumes for his great library at Nineveh.

Professor Litton had chosen for his lifework a recension of the ponderous epic in forty-eight books that old Nonnus wrote in Egypt, the labyrinthine Dionysiaka describing the voyage of Bacchus to India and back.

A pretty theme for an old waterdrinker who had never tasted wine! But Litton toiled over the Greek text, added copious notes as to minute variants, appallingly learned prolegomena, an index, and finally an English version in prose. He had begun to translate it into hexameters, but he feared that he would never live to finish it. It was hard enough for a man like Litton to express at all the florid spirit of an author whose theme was "the voluptuous phalanxes"

of Bacchus' army—"the heroic race of such unusual warriors; the shaggy satyrs; the breed of centaurs; the tribes of Sileni, whose legs bristle with hair; and the battalions of Bassarids."

He had kept at it all these years, however, and it was ready now for the eyes of a world that would never see it. He had watched it through the compositors' hands, keeping a tireless eye on the infinite nuisance of Greek accents.

He had read the galley proofs, the page proofs, and now at last the black-bordered foundry proofs.

He scorned to write the bastard "O. K." of approval and wrote, instead, a stately "Imprimatur." He placed the proofs in their envelope and sealed it with lips that trembled like a priest's when giving an illuminated Gospel a ritual kiss.

The hour was late when Professor Litton finished. He stamped the brown-paper envelope and went down the steps of the boarding house that had been for years his nearest approach to a home. He left the precious envelope on the halltree, whence it would be taken to the post office for the first mail.

Feeling the need of a breath of air he stepped out on the porch. It was a spring midnight and the college roofs were wonderful under the quivering moon—or *tremulo sub lumine*, as he remembered it. And he remembered how Quintus Smyrnæus had said that the Amazon queen walked among her outshone handmaidens "as when, on the wide heavens, among the stars, the divine Selene moves preëminent among them all."

He thought of everything in terms of the past; yet, when he heard, mingled with the vague rumor of the night, a distant song of befuddled collegians, among whose voices Teed's soared preëminent above the key, he was not pleasantly reminded of the tipsy army of Dionysus. He was revolted and, returning to his solitude, closed an indignant door on the disgrace.

Poor old Litton! His learning had so frail a connection with the life about him! Steeped in the classics and acquainted with the minutest details of their texts, he never caught their spirit; never seemed to realize that they are classics because their authors were so close to life and imbued them with such vitality that time has not yet rendered them obsolete.

He had hardly suspected the mischief that is in them. A more innocent man could hardly be imagined or one more versed in the lore of evil. Persons who believe that what is called immoral literature has a debasing effect must overlook such men as Litton. He dwelt among those Greek and Roman authors who excelled in exploiting the basest emotions and made poems out of putridity.

He read in the original those terrifying pages that nobody has ever dared to put into English without paraphrase—the polished infamies of Martial; the exquisite atrocities of Theocritus and Catullus. Yet these books left him as unsullied as water leaves a duck's back. They infected him no more than a medical work gives the doctor that studies it the diseases it describes. The appallingly learned Professor Litton was a babe in arms compared with many of his pupils, who read little—or with the janitor, who read nothing at all.

And now, arrived at a scant forty and looking a neglected fifty, short-sighted, stoop-shouldered and absent-minded to a proverb, he cast a last fond look at the parcel containing his translation of the Bacchic epic and climbed the stairs to his bachelor bedroom, took off his shabby garments and stretched himself out in the illiterate sleep of a tired farmhand.

Just one dream he had—a nightmare in which he read a printed copy of his work, and a wrongly accented enclitic stuck out from one of the pages like a sore thumb. He woke in a cold sweat, ran to his duplicate proofs, found that his text was correct—and went back to bed contented.

Of such things his terrors and his joys had consisted all his years.

III

THE next morning he felt like a laborer whose factory has closed. Every day would be Sunday hereafter until he got another job. In this unwonted sloth he dawdled over his porridge, his weak tea and his morning paper.

Of Such Things His Terrors and His Joys Had Consisted All His Years

Headlines caught his eyes shouting the familiar name of Joel Brown—familiar to the world at large because of the man's tremendous success and relentless severity in business. Brown fell in love with one of those shy, sly young women who make a business of millionaires. He fell out with a thud and his Flossie entered a suit for breach of promise, submitting selected letters of Brown's as proofs of his guile and of her weak, womanly trust.

The newspapers pounced on them with joy, as cats pounce and purr on catnip. The whole country studied Brown's letters with the rapture of eavesdropping. Such letters! Such oozing molasses of sentiment! Such elephantine coquetry! Joel weighed two hundred and eighteen pounds and called himself Little Brownie and Pet Chickie!

This was the literature that the bewildered Litton found in the first paper he had read carefully since he came up for air. One of the letters ran something like this:

Angel of the skies! My own Flossie-dovelet! Your Little Brownie has not seenest thee for a whole half a day, and he is pining, starving, famishing, perishing for a word from your blushing liplets. Oh, my Peaches and Cream! Oh, my Sugar Plum! How can your Pet Chickie live the eternity until he claspeths thee again this evening? When can your Brownie-wownie call you all his ownest only one? Ten billion kisses I send you from

Your own, ownèr, ownest

PET CHICKIE-BROWNIE.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

The X's, Flossie explained, indicated kisses—a dozen to an X.

The jury laughed Little Brownie out of court after pinning a twenty-five-thousand-dollar verdict to his coattail. The nation elected him the Pantaloon of the hour and pounded him with bladders and slapsticks.

Professor Litton had heard nothing of the preliminary fanfare of the suit. As he read of it now he was too much puzzled to be amused. He read with the same incredulity he had felt when he heard the janitor quote Teed's remarks to his fiancée. Litton called his landlady's attention to the remarkable case. She had been reading it, with greedy glee, every morning. She had had such letters herself in her better days. She felt sorry for poor Mr. Brown and sorrier for the poor professor when he said:

"Poor Mr. Brown must have gone quite insane. Nobody could have built up such wealth without brains; yet nobody with brains could have written such letters. Ergo, he has lost his brains."

"You'll be late to prayers," was all the landlady said. She treated Litton as if he were a half-witted son. And he obeyed her, forsook his unfinished tea and hurried away to the chapel. Thence he went to his class-room, where Teed achieved some further miracles of mistranslation. Litton thought how curious it was that this young man, of whom his scientific professor spoke so highly, should have fallen into the same delirium of amorous idiocy as the famous plutocrat, Joel Brown.

When the class was dismissed he sank back in his chair by the classroom window. It was wide ajar today for the first time since winter. April, like an early morning housemaid, was throwing open all the windows of the world. Litton felt a delicious lassitude; he was bewildered with leisure. A kind of sweet loneliness fell on him. He had made no provision for times like these.

He sat back and twiddled his thumbs. His eyes roved lazily about the campus. The wind that fluttered the sparse forelock on his overweening forehead hummed in his ears. It had a distance in it. It brought soft cadences of faint voices from the athletic field. They seemed to come from no place nearer than the Athenian Academe.

Along the paths of the campus a few women were sauntering, for the students and teachers in the Women's Annex had the privilege of the libraries, the laboratories and lecture rooms.

Across Litton's field of view passed a figure that caught his eye. Absently he followed it as it enlarged with approach. He realized that it was Professor Martha Binley, Ph. D., who taught Greek over there in the Annex.

"How well she is looking!" he mused.

The very thought startled him, as if some one had spoken unexpectedly. He wondered that he had noticed her appearance. After the window-sill blotted her from view he still wondered, dallying comfortably with the reverie.

IV

THERE was a knock at his door and in response to his call the door opened—and she stood there.

"May I come in?" she said.

"Certainly."

Before he knew it some impulse of gallantry hoisted him to his feet. He lifted a bundle of archeological reviews from a chair close to his desk and waited until she sat down. The chair was nearer his than he realized, and as Professor Binley dropped into it she was so close that Professor Litton pushed his spectacles up to his forehead.

It was the first time she had seen his eyes except through glasses darkly. She noted their color instantly, womanlike. They were not dull, either, as she had imagined. A cloying fragrance saluted his nostrils.

"What are the flowers you are wearing, may I ask?" he said—he hardly knew a harebell from a peony.

"These are hyacinths," she said. "One of the girls gave them to me. I just pinned them on."

"Ah, hyacinths!" he murmured. "Ah, yes; I've read so much about them. So these are hyacinths! Such a pretty story the Greeks had. You remember it, no doubt?"

She said she did; but, schoolmaster that he was, he went right on:

"Apollo loved young Hyacinthus—or *Huakinthos* as the Greeks called it—and was teaching him to throw the discus, when a jealous breeze blew the discus aside. It struck the boy in the forehead. He fell dead, and from his blood this flower sprang. The petals, they said, were marked with the letters *Ai, Ai!*—Alas! Alas! And the poet Moschus, you remember, in his Lament for Bion, says:

"Nun huakinthe lalei ta sa grammata kai pleon aiai!

"Or, as I once Englished it—let me see, I put it into hexameters—it was a long while ago. Ah, I have it!"

And with the orotund notes a poet assumes when reciting his own words, he intoned:

"Now, little hyacinth, babble thy syllables—louder yet—Aiai! Whimper with all of thy petals; a beautiful singer has perished."

"The Girls are Dying to Hear and Some of the Fellows Knew What I Was Up To"

Professor Binley stared at him in amazement and cried:

"Charming! Beautiful! Your own translation, you say?"

And he, somewhat shaken by her enthusiasm, waved it aside.

"A little exercise of my Freshman year. But to get back to our—hyacinths: Theocritus, you remember, speaks of the 'lettered hyacinth.' May I see whether we can find the words there?"

He bent forward to take and she bent forward to give the flowers. Her hair brushed his forehead with a peculiar influence; and when their fingers touched he noted how soft and warm her hand was. He flushed strangely. She was flushed a little, too, possibly from embarrassment—possibly from the warmth of the day, with its insinuation of spring.

He pulled his spectacles over his eyes in a comfortable discomfiture and peered at the flowers closely. And she peered, too, breathing foolishly fast. When he could not find the living letters he shook his head and felt again the soft touch of her hair.

"I can't find the words—can you? Your eyes are brighter than mine."

She bent closer and both their hands held the flowers. He looked down into her hair. It struck him that it was a remarkably beautiful idea—a woman's hair—especially hers, streaked as it was with white—silken silver. When she shook her head a snowy thread tickled his nose amusingly.

"I can't find anything like it," she confessed.

Then he said:

"I've just remembered. Theocritus calls the hyacinth black—*melan*—and so does Vergil. These cannot be hyacinths at all."

He was bitterly disappointed. It would have been delightful to meet the flower in the flesh that he knew so well in literature. Doctor Martha answered with quiet strength:

"These are hyacinths."

"But the Greeks ——"

"Didn't know everything," she said; "or perhaps they referred to another flower. But then we have dark-purple hyacinths."

"Ah!" he said. "Sappho speaks of the hyacinths as purple—*porphuron*."

Thus the modern world was reconciled with the Greek and he felt easier; but there was a gentle forcefulness about her that surprised him. He wondered whether she would not be interested in hearing about his edition of Nonnus. He assumed that she would be, being evidently intelligent. So he told her. He told her and told her, and she listened with almost devout interest. He was still telling her when the students in other classes stampeded to lunch with a many-hoofed clatter. When they straggled back from lunch he was still telling her.

It was not until he was interrupted by an afternoon class of his own that he realized how long he had talked. He apologized to Professor Binley; but she said she was honored beyond words. She had come to ask him a technical question in prosody, as from one professor to another; but she had forgotten it altogether—at least she put it off to another visit. She hastened away in a flutter, feeling slightly as though she had been to a tryst.

Litton went without his lunch that day; but he was browsing on memories of his visitor. He had not talked so long to a woman since he could remember. This was the only woman who had let him talk uninterruptedly about himself—a very superior woman, everybody said.

When he went to his room that night he was still thinking of hyacinths and of her who had brought them to his eyes.

He knocked from his desk a book. It fell open at a page. As he picked it up he noted that it was a copy of the anonymous old spring rhapsody, the *Pervigilium Veneris*, with its ceaselessly reiterated refrain: "Tomorrow he shall love who never loved before." As he fell asleep it was running through his head like a popular tune: *Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet.*

It struck him as an omen; but it did not terrify him.

V

PROFESSOR MARTHA called again to ask her question in verse technic. The answer led to further talk and the consultation of books. She was a trifle near-sighted and too proud to wear glasses, so she had to bend close to the page; and her hair tickled his nose again foolishly.

Conference bred conference, and one day she asked him whether she would dare ask him to call. He rewarded her bravery by calling. She lived in a dormitory, with a parlor for the reception of guests. Male students were allowed to call on only two evenings a week. Litton did not call on those evenings; yet the fact that he called at all swept through the town like a silent thunderbolt. The students were mysteriously apprised of the fact that old Professor Litton and Professor Martha Binley were sitting up and taking notice. To the youngsters it looked like a flirtation in an Old Folks' Home.

Litton's very digestion was affected; his brain was in a whirl. He was the prey of the most childish alarms; gusts of petulant emotion swept through him if Martha were late when he called; he was mad with jealousy if she mentioned another professor.

She was growing more careful of her appearance. A new youth had come to her. She took fifteen years off her looks by simply fluffing her hair out of its professorial constriction. Professor Mackail noticed it and mentioned to Professor Litton that Professor Binley was looking ever so much better.

"She's not half homely for such an old maid!" he said.

Professor Litton felt murder in his heart. He wanted to slay the reprobate twice—once for daring to observe Martha's beauty and once for his parsimony of praise.

That evening when he called on Martha he was tortured with a sullen mood. She finally coaxed from him the astounding admission that he suspected her of flirting with Mackail. She was too new in love to recognize the ultimate compliment of his distress. She was horrified by his distrust, and so hurt that she broke forth in a storm of tears and denunciation. Their precious evening ended in a priceless quarrel of amazing violence. He stamped down the outer steps as she stamped up the inner.

For three days they did not meet and the university wore almost visible mourning for its pets. Poor Litton had not known that the human heart could suffer such agony. He was fairly burned alive with loneliness and resentment—like another Hercules blistering in the shirt of Nessus. And Martha was suffering likewise as Jason's second wife was consumed in the terrible poisoned robe that Medea sent her.

One evening a hollow-eyed Litton crept up the dormitory steps and asked the overjoyed maid for Professor Binley. When she appeared he caught her in his arms as if she were a spar and he a drowning sailor. They made up like young lovers and swore oaths that they would never quarrel again—oaths which, fortunately for the variety of their future existence, they found capable of infinite breaking and mending.

Each denied that the other could possibly love each. He decried himself as a stupid, ugly old fogy; and she cried him up as the wisest and most beautiful and best of men. Since best sounded rather weak, she called him the bestest; and he did not charge the impossible word against her as he had against Teed. He did not remember that Teed had ever used such language. Nobody could ever have used such language, because nobody was ever like her!

And when she said that he could not possibly love a homely, scrawny old maid like her, he delivered a eulogy that would have struck Aphrodite, rising milkily from the sea, as a slight exaggeration. And as for old maid, he cried in a curious blending of puerility and scholasticism:

"Old maid, do you say? And has my little Margywargles forgotten what Sappho said of an old maid? We'd have lost it if some old scholiast on the stupid old sophist Hermogenes hadn't happened to quote it to explain the word *glukumalon*—an apple grafted on a quince. Sappho said this old maid was like—let me see!—'like the sweet apple that blushes on the top of the bough—on the tip of the topmost; and the apple-gatherers forgot it—no, they did not forget it; they just could not get it!' And that's you, Moggles mine! You're an old maid because you've been out of reach of everybody. I can't climb to you; so you're going to drop into my arms—aren't you?"

She said she supposed she was. And she did.

Triumphantly he said:

"Hadn't we better announce our engagement?"

This threw her into a turmoil of fear.

"Oh, not yet! Not yet! I'm afraid to let the students all know it. A little later—on Commencement Day will be time enough."

He bowed to her decision—not for the last time.

For a time Litton had taken pleasure in employing his learning in the service of Martha's beauty. He called her classic names—*Mea Delicia*, or *Glukutate*, or *Melema*. A poem that he had always thought the last word in silliness became a modest expression of his own emotions—the poem in which Catullus begs Lesbia: "Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then a thousand more, then a second hundred; then, when we have made up thousands galore, we shall mix them up so that we shall not know—nor any enemy be able to cast a spell because he knows—how many kisses there are."

His scholarship began to weary her, however, and it began to seem an affectation to him; so that he was soon mangling the English language in speech and in the frequent notes he found it necessary to send his idol on infinitely unimportant matters that could not wait from after lunch to after dinner.

She coined phrases for him, too, and his heart rejoiced when she achieved the epoch-making revision of Stuart into Stookie-tookie! He had thought that Toodie was wonderful, but it was a mere stepping-stone to Stookie-tookie.

Her babble ran through his head like music, and it softened his heart, so that almost nothing could bring him to earth except the recitations of Teed, who crashed through the classics like a bull in a china shop or, as Litton's Greeks put it, like an ass among beehives.

During those black days when Litton had quarreled with Martha he had fiercely reminded Teed that only a month remained before his final examinations, and warned him that he would hold him strictly to account. No classics, no diploma!

Teed had sulked and moped while Litton sulked and moped; but when Litton was reconciled to Martha the sun seemed to come out on Teed's clouded world too. He took a sudden extra interest in his electrical studies and obtained permission to work in the laboratory overtime. He obtained permission even to visit the big city for certain apparatus. And he wrote the despondent, distant Fannie Newman that there would "shortly be something doing in the classics."

VI

ONE afternoon Professor Litton, having dismissed his class—in which he was obliged to rebuke Teed more severely than usual—fell to remembering his last communion with Martha, the things he had said—and heard! He wondered, as a philologist, at the strange prevalence of the "oo" sound in his lovemaking. It was plainly an onomatopœic word representing the soul's delight. Oo! was what Ah! is to the soul in exaltation and Oh! to the soul in surprise. If the hyacinths babbled *Ai, Ai!* the roses must murmur Oo! Oo!

The more he thought it over, the more nonsense it became, as all words turn to drivel on repetition; but chiefly he was amazed that even love could have wrought this change in him. In his distress he happened to think of Dean Swift. Had not that fierce satirist created a dialect of his own for his everlastingly mysterious love affairs?

Eager for the comfort of fellowship in disgrace he hurried to the library and sought out the works of the Dean of St. Patrick's. But in the Journal to Stella he found what he sought—and more. Expressions of the most appalling coarseness alternated with the most insipid tendernesses.

The old dean had a code of abbreviations: M. D. for "My dear"; Ppt. for "Poppet"; Pdfr. for "Poor dear foolish rogue"; Oo or zoo or loo stood for "you"; Deelest for "Dearest"; and Rettle for "Letter"; and Dallars for "Girl"; Vely for "Very," and Hele and Lele for "Here and there." Litton copied out for his own comfort and Martha's this passage:

Do you know what? When I am writing in my own language I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it: "Zoo must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr., pay? Iss, and so la shall! And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow."

And Dean Swift had written this while he was in London two hundred years before, a great man among great men. With such authority back of him Litton went back to his empty classroom feeling as proud as Gulliver in Lilliput. A little later he was Gulliver in Brobdingnag.

"I Hear Yoman's Voice Jays: 'Me Loafs Oo Besser as Oo Loafs Me!'"

(Continued on Page 69)

The Courts and the Progressive Party

By Former President William H. Taft

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN AN article on the Progressive Party, Mr. Roosevelt made the recall of judicial decisions an indispensable article in its creed. He said:

"Any professed adherence to our other doctrines, while at the same time this doctrine is repudiated, means nothing. . . . It is useless to advocate the passing of laws for social justice if we permit these laws to be annulled with impunity by the courts or by any one else after they have passed. This proposition is a vital point in the Progressive platform."

A fair discussion is helped by exact definition of terms that are to be used, and, therefore, let us see what Mr. Roosevelt means by a recall of decisions. He is the inventor of this idea. It is his great discovery. One of his disciples, whom he quotes in a speech, envies him the glory of being the first to propose this epochal remedy. He gave it to the world in his Charter of Democracy, proclaimed before the Ohio Constitutional Convention, February 21, 1912, in these words:

"When the supreme court of the state declares a given statute unconstitutional, because in conflict with the state or the national constitution, its opinion should be subject to revision by the people themselves. Such an opinion ought always to be treated with great respect by the people and unquestionably in the majority of cases would be accepted and followed by them. But actual experience has shown the vital need of the people reserving to themselves the right to pass upon such opinions. If any considerable number of the people feel that the decision is in defiance of justice, they should be given the right by petition to bring before the voters at some subsequent election, special or otherwise, as might be decided, and after the fullest opportunity for deliberation and debate, the question whether or not the judges' interpretation of the constitution is to be sustained. If it is sustained, well and good. If not, then the popular verdict is to be accepted as final, the decision is to be treated as reversed, and the construction of the constitution definitely decided—subject only to action by the Supreme Court of the United States."

The proposal attracted much criticism in the nature of a demonstration that its adoption would be most injurious to the administration of justice. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's earnest followers doubted its wisdom, and he felt called upon, therefore, to meet the many objections by an answer at Carnegie Hall, March 20, 1912, in which he limited the claims of his invention as follows:

"I am not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States or with the Federal Constitution."

Mr. Taft When Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court in the Sixth District of Ohio

Mr. Roosevelt Explains His Idea

THE critics had maintained that this proposition would naturally lead to a referendum to the whole electorate of the United States to reverse the Supreme Court of the United States on all constitutional questions. By this first limitation, he was seeking to avoid use of his device in so wide a field lest it might prove unworkable there.

The second point of his recapitulation was:

"I am not proposing anything having any connection with ordinary suits, civil or criminal, as between individuals."

This limitation is not a happy one, because in such ordinary suits the question of the constitutionality of state or Federal laws may often arise. Criminal suits between individuals do not exist.

The third head of the recapitulation was:

"I am not speaking of the recall of judges."

He made clear to every one that he was in favor of a recall of judges in spots. In states where judges happened to be of an inferior kind he was for a recall of judges, but otherwise he was not; a view which was a little difficult of application and did not throw much light on the merits of the question, but which had the advantage of avoiding a difference with any particular electorate which chose to adopt the recall of judges. In Mr. Roosevelt's address at Buenos Aires, on the seventh of last November, he used the following language: "We further believe that the administration of justice should be humanized. We believe that by some means, quick and available to the people, the incompetent or unjust judge should be removed from office." Whether this foreshadows a complete adoption of the popular recall of judges it would be venturesome to affirm.

The fourth and final head of the recapitulation at Carnegie Hall was as follows:

"I am proposing merely that in a certain class of cases involving the police power, when a state court has set aside as unconstitutional a law passed by the legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which should depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration."

This last was the succinct statement of the recall of decisions as Mr. Roosevelt then wished it.

On the 7th of August, 1912, the Progressive party, of which Mr. Roosevelt was the leader and a most important part, declared as follows:

"The Progressive party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and of public policy. To secure this end, it pledges itself to provide:

"1. That when an act, passed under the police power of the state, is held unconstitutional, under the state constitution, by the courts, the people, after an ample interval for deliberation, shall have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become a law notwithstanding such decision.

"2. That every decision of the highest appellate court of a state declaring an act of the legislature unconstitutional on the ground of its violation of the Federal constitution shall be subject to the same review by the Supreme Court of the United States as is now accorded to decisions sustaining such legislation."

Mr. Roosevelt's chief argument in favor of the recall of decisions of the supreme court of a state in his Charter of Democracy rested on the proposition that where the state supreme court had declared a state law to be unconstitutional, because it violated the Federal Constitution, there was no remedy because the case did not go to the Supreme Court of the United States under existing law. He therefore maintained that the only way was to appeal to the people to reverse the decision by his new invention, and thus furnish ground for review by the Supreme Court of the United States of the people's judicial decision. A little inquiry at that time would have advised him that the specific difficulty which seemed to prompt the whole evangel of recall of decisions could be met by the simple amendment of a Federal statute as proposed in the second paragraph of the National Progressive platform, above quoted. In spite of this the remedy by recall was still insisted upon. The subject matter had not yet developed to the point of including decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the character of the constitutional questions was still limited to those involving the extent of the police power.

The Bristow Resolution

SINCE that time Mr. Bristow has introduced into the Senate of the United States the following joint resolution:

"Resolved, That the following be proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the same to be section four of Article III, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states:

"If the Supreme Court shall decide that a law enacted by Congress is in violation of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, the Congress at a regular session held after such decision may submit the act to the electors at a regular congressional election, and if a majority of the electors voting on such measure in a majority of the states approve the measure it shall become a law."

It will be observed that this provides for a recall of all Federal Supreme Court decisions holding acts of Congress invalid, whether involving the extent of the police power of the government or not. Indeed in Colorado, the only state where the Progressive party has secured a recall of decisions of the state court, the constitutional amendment is equally broad.

Mr. Roosevelt has expressly approved this Senate joint resolution by Senator Bristow, and we may therefore consider that the Progressive party is definitely pledged to the pressing of this to adoption. This indicates the contention of those who prophesied that the logic of events must carry Mr. Roosevelt to the position which he first sought emphatically to disclaim, that of recalling the judgments of the Supreme Court of the United States on its interpretation of the Federal Constitution and of so amending that instrument by a plurality vote at a National election.

We have thus followed the growth of an idea from its birth. Its adoption would present a curious situation. After a plurality of the electorate by their votes reversed such a case as the Ives case, the litigants in that case would have the right to carry it to the Supreme Court of the United States to review the correctness of the judgment of the electorate on a question of law. What form the writ of error would be given in order to bring the case up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and what the record would disclose as to the hearing and arguments before the electorate, no one as yet has thought it necessary to explain. Mr. Roosevelt claims to be entirely practical and to be giving definite remedies for the evils he sees. His criticism of Mr. Wilson is that Mr. Wilson, in his New Freedom, gives only a most general outline of the policy of regeneration there proposed and makes no practical suggestions at all. A scrutiny of Mr. Roosevelt's seemingly specific remedies will show generally that to embody them in practical

statutory form is going to take quite as much ingenuity as he thinks would be required for the realization of Mr. Wilson's reforms. No practical provision is suggested as to who is to formulate what the people are to vote upon. Mr. Roosevelt says they are to vote on "the specific case at issue." Who is to formulate the issue? Is the election to validate the statute as to the particular individuals in the specific case, or is it to apply only to future cases? Apparently it is to be treated like the judgment of a court in the case at issue, because it is to be reviewed. If the vote of the people reversing the opinion of the court in a suit is only to establish the law for the future and leave the court's opinion still in force as between the parties to that suit, then may not the unsuccessful litigant urge that an injustice is done him? May he not claim that the judgment must be held wrong if the people so vote? If the popular election is thus to affect those individuals in the specific case at issue, and takes property from one of them which but for the election would have remained his, it is difficult to see how the Federal Supreme Court in such a review could hold that the election was a judicial proceeding by which the rights of the parties could be validly settled. Certainly a mere vote of the people cannot take property belonging to one man and give it to another. An election is not a judicial hearing. The parties in an electoral controversy do not have their day in court, and a day in court has been vouchsafed to parties litigant since the dawn of civilization.

It will be observed that there are some qualifying phrases used, both in the Progressive platforms and by Mr. Roosevelt, in respect to the proper time within which a decision is to be recalled by popular vote and the deliberation that is to be insisted upon in this most novel judicial proceeding. But these expressions are merely casting an anchor to windward to meet criticism which is expected, and do not indicate the real purpose of those who advocate this radical innovation. In Mr. Roosevelt's answer to the palpable suggestion that a satisfactory remedy for any objectionable interpretation of the Constitution by the courts is supplied by the power of the people to amend the Constitution, we find his real purpose in this new invention. In his Confession of Faith before the National Progressive Convention in Chicago, in August, 1912, he used this language:

"The prime need in such cases cannot be met by cumbrous general amendments of the Constitution: it must be met by devising an easy and quick way of amending or declaring the meaning of the Constitution by the people themselves, in reference to the specific case at issue."

Reform by Due Process of Law

THE process is to be easy and quick. Whatever he may say and whatever he may think, he and his followers really desire not deliberate action, not sufficient time to consider all the aspects of an amendment that may have most serious consequences, but hair-trigger action. They wish action that can be controlled by an excited press and lead to drastic change in an easy and quick election. They wish the vote to be on "the specific case at issue." Nothing can more certainly betray a desire to inject into the election the personality of the parties and the exceptional and irrelevant circumstances and the fitful prejudice which may be thereby very easily excited. This shows an intention to use in securing an affirmative vote just what ought to be excluded from the deliberate adoption of an amendment of such importance.

Now what are the facts as to the practical character of the remedy by constitutional amendment in the very Ives case that evolved from Mr. Roosevelt's brain this remarkable invention? Two successive legislatures of New York, in accordance with the constitutional method and at the suggestion of the court which Mr. Roosevelt condemns so severely, have adopted an amendment which will permit the passage of the workman's compensation act, held invalid in the Ives case, and the electors of New York have ratified the amendment at the late election. It is said that it has taken four years in which to bring this about. That is true. The guaranty of personal rights which this amendment is to modify, that against taking property without due process of law, is next in supreme importance to the one which secures personal liberty. It ought not to be affected or qualified in any way without the fullest consideration. From the result of procedure followed, nobody doubts that the people of New York desire the adoption of the amendment. But the procedure is said to be too cumbrous. Reforms worth anything often and properly take much longer than this amendment has taken.

This changes radically the law of relation of employer and employee. It adopts a completely new system of employer's insurance of risks of the employee, so far-reaching that it might well consume a considerable period in its adoption. Hasty law-making usually lacks proper qualification and involves dangerous consequences, especially where it affects those fundamental rights that are essential to society in the conduct of a free government. Moreover, similar constitutional amendments have been adopted in twenty-two states. Does this indicate that constitutional amendments are an outworn or impractical method of securing progress? They may not be quick and easy, but they have the merit of effecting their important and serious purpose in an orderly way and after due deliberation and information. In the light of this record of constitutional amendments effected by the people, we can judge of the real weight that should be attributed to Mr. Roosevelt's advocacy of the utility of his grotesque invention by the accuracy of what he said to the Argentine people: "Popular amendment is so difficult that at the best it needs ten or fifteen years to put it through."

But let us inquire further into the virtue of this proposed innovation in judicial procedure. It was pointed out that its practical application would lead to electoral decisions of different kinds in different cases and would produce such a lack of uniformity as to individuals as to make our judicial administration one of special instances, which in its essence is tyranny. To meet this criticism Mr. Roosevelt, as we have seen, said that he did not mean to apply the recall to ordinary cases, and said that what he meant was that a recall of a decision should merely validate the law held to be invalid for all purposes and for all persons affected, and engraft it as an exception to the Constitution as construed by the Supreme Court. But this does not avoid the objection, for one law may affect only a few persons or a special class of persons. There must continue to be a lack of uniformity so far as other classes not brought within the terms of the first statute are concerned, unless a similar statute is enacted for their benefit. The vote of the people is not to be a construction of the Constitution to guide the court. It could not be, because there is no method of determining what the ground of the decision is. It is to be an exception grafted on the Constitution, an excrescence on a symmetrical body, and when another statute of a similar character comes up the Supreme Court must continue to enforce the Constitution.

The second statute must be held invalid and the people given an opportunity to pass on that. The second issue, with different circumstances affecting popular prejudice, is quite likely to be decided differently from the first issue. In other words, inconsistency and lack of uniformity in the operation of the Constitution are quite sure to result from the recall. It furnishes no new rule of uniform construction as a judgment of a court does. It can only adopt or reject a particular statute. The inconvenient and anomalous situation created by such an electoral judgment impresses itself only more deeply as it is more closely scrutinized.

Mr. Roosevelt's intensity of purpose and entire willingness to go "cross lots" to the result he seeks explains how he seized upon this novel recall, for he is not a trained lawyer and has little familiarity with orderly procedure. But how lawyers, law teachers and judges could support such a doctrine it is very difficult to see; and I am glad to say that their number is small. They are so few, indeed, that Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to attack all eminent lawyers and to put them in a class by themselves as distrusting the government of, for and by the people. It is a present-day standard that excludes from those who favor popular government all who do not subscribe to the efficacy and wisdom of the recall of judicial decisions. But clearly no one who has any pride in the knowledge and learning of the bar in the fundamental principles of law and government, and in their intelligent patriotism and courage, can complain when he implies that no eminent lawyers approve his new device.

Mr. Roosevelt, in one of his recent articles, iterates and reiterates the assertion that nobody is sincerely in favor of helping the people but him and the Progressive party, that everybody distrusts popular government but him and the Progressive party. This ought to create great despair of the happy future of the body politic and social when we consider how rapidly the forces of progressivism are becoming a dissolving view and how large is their return to the ranks of the old parties, and that, too, in New York State on the very paramount issue and indispensable article of faith of the recall of judges.

Mr. Roosevelt's Quotation of Mr. Justice Holmes

BUT let us pursue the question of definition further. What does Mr. Roosevelt mean by "the people"? What does he mean by "public opinion"? He cites Mr. Justice Holmes' language concerning the police power as if it were a vindication of his recall of judicial decisions. Mr. Justice Holmes said, in the case of Noble State Bank vs. Haskell, 219 U. S., 104,111:

"It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. Camfield vs. United States, 167 U. S., 518. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

Again he said:

"With regard to the police power, as elsewhere in the law, lines are pricked out by the gradual approach and contact of decisions on the opposing sides."

I fancy that Mr. Justice Holmes was the most surprised man in the United States when he learned that this language of his had been used to justify the proposal that the decision of the Supreme Court of a state or of the United States should be submitted by referendum to a reviewing judgment to be pronounced by a single expression of the electorate at the polls.

It would be very unsafe to assume that the result of one vote of a part of the electorate upon "a specific case at issue" necessarily represents preponderant public opinion on the question of a general constitutional amendment. President Lowell, of Harvard, has recently published an interesting volume on the subject of Popular Opinion and Popular Government, in which he points out in many different ways, and by the citation of the result of many referendum elections in different states, in Switzerland and elsewhere, the error that may be made in assuming that a plurality vote in a single election on a statute or a measure submitted by referendum really indicates the state of public opinion.

It must be borne in mind that when Mr. Roosevelt discusses the people he is not referring to all the people. All the people include the men, women and children, whether voters or not. In a presidential election, which brings out the largest number of electors, the total vote rarely exceeds

(Continued on Page 45)

The Slowness of Judicial Procedure in Civil Cases and the Cost of It are Such as Seriously to Hamper a Poor Man in Asserting His Rights

FLESH UNDER FLESHINGS

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Go Away! I Don't Know You—I Don't Want To"

NORMAN GAILE'S father had been a good-looking, good-for-nothing electrician by profession, repetitive voter by trade, one of that great my-vote-for-fifty-cents patriotic class that Tammany and its kind have conceived or adopted. He was a muscular drinking brute who never got drunk; his stomach was too capacious and his money too slight to bring about that delightful condition. In other words he was what is popularly known as a tank—sometimes an ugly tank, but usually an amiable vessel whose chief grudge against life was that election day was too brief and booths too far apart for a man to get full value for his willingness.

Norman's mother had been a pretty, pale, blue-eyed half-fool, half-saint. Men like Gaile mostly get hold of women like Esther Hoyne. She was an incompetent stenographer when she met, fell in love with and married Gaile—all in one week. She was rapturously in love for three months; heart-breakingly in love for three more; angrily not in love the next four; absorbed with her baby for three thereafter; absorbed with poverty and her baby the next three; tired of her husband and his drinking afterward; but she did the best she could—a poor best, backed by too little food and too little brain. Spasmodically she tried to regulate an unregulatable husband. Tiredly she tried to keep up a home when she had nothing with which to keep it up. Presently she grew so tired that she died.

Norman's father was slightly grieved, slightly annoyed, slightly relieved. He really had felt all along, after the first bloom of affection wore off, that naturally and temperamentally he was unfitted for the constriction and the annoyances of married life. Women are so unreasonably expectant in that state.

Gaile looked at the small, blinking Norman, a pretty, pale copy of the pretty, pale mother, and perplexedly twiddled his thumbs. That was the peskiness of marriage. It insisted upon surrounding itself with so many irritations—children, rent, gas bills and groceries.

However, Gaile was not without paternal feeling. Indignantly and virtuously he repulsed the first suggestion that streaked across his mind. Abandon the child? Certainly not! No one but a brute—which he was not—would leave the youngster in the two bare rooms that a second-hand dealer had already denuded of the sticks of furniture. Anyway the neighbors, a nasty, carping set, would inform the police. Gaile wanted no trailing trouble clouds. No; he couldn't forget that he was a father. So he put a frayed coat on Norman, tenderly tucked him under one arm, carried him to the door of an orphan asylum, tenderly set him down, yanked the door bell, and vamoosed into the night's darkness and out of his son's life.

There are worse lots than to abide at an orphanage—at least at some asylums. You are fed regularly and treated kindly—even, when the hard-worked Sisters have time, are kissed and cooed over. And there is no lonesomeness. Norman immediately forgot his pretty, pale mother, whose last pallor had somewhat frightened him, in several comforting friendships: with a tiny, snappy-black-eyed Viennese, with a genial, kinky-haired African, with a placid blond Danish baby. Norman's big, long-lashed violet eyes were like pansy petals. He had a lazy, winning little smile. The Sisters found plenty of time to kiss him. And it was with regret, a month later, that they showed him to Mrs. Halsworty, a pale-eyed, sparely built, middle-aged woman who had a business-immersed husband, a beautiful home, and longings that neither of them satisfied.

She took one look at Norman, then took him home.

Upon him she showered the foolish love that only a loving, childless woman can give. He so thrived under it that at ten years he was a handsome, lazy, pampered little snob who had to be bribed to obey every one except his taciturn, gray-mustached foster-father. With a sly intuition Norman, though spoiled, did not obtrude on Mr. Halsworty and really saw very little of him, being usually in bed when that gentleman came home at night and when he left in the morning.

When Norman was eleven the gray fringe of a worry and the pink valance of a dream overlapped each other in Mrs. Halsworty's loving heart. From the private day school which he graced Norman brought home a too-blasé grin and significantly yellow-stained fingers. Questioned, he laid that yellow stain to chemistry. Norman had the softly luminous iris that women like to believe, even though they know that the violet ingenuousness is as unsubstantial as the fading purple of a sunset.

From the choirmaster of the Episcopal church where he had been confirmed Norman brought home ecstatic accounts of the dulcet clarity of his voice. Mrs. Halsworty tried not to believe too rosily. But she could not help feeling a great pity for Caruso, so soon to be denuded of his laurel wreath.

Before the worry was more than a fringe, and before the pink valance covered even a plan, Mrs. Halsworty died. Pneumonia followed a cold that she got running out in the rain to give Norman his forgotten muffler.

This first realizable blow shocked Norman. He slunk about the house in frightened grief. But he was too used to protection to be more than vaguely frightened by the possibility of unprotectedness. A month later, while he lounged round disconsolately, wondering how his foster-father would take a request for ten dollars, Mr. Halsworty came to a decision concerning him. Like Gaile, he was unpaternal but not callous. He asked some educators and children-owning friends for advice, and then shipped Norman to a boarding school.

Norman stayed there five years—pleasant years, owing to Mr. Halsworty's liberality with spending money. And all that he hadn't learned at day school about nicotine and nicotine's retinue of vices he learned there. He never mastered the art of exhaling cigarette smoke through his ears, but he laid that to Nature. The pesky jade had made his auricular tubes too circuitous. As a sort of compensation she allowed him to defy her in another direction. Some boys, being nearly starved till three years old, and learning to smoke at ten, would have paid for their experience in stunted growth and impaired voice. Norman grew up as straight as a Lombardy poplar, as shapely as a prize colt and as clean-complexioned as a girl. And the voice whose dulcet tenderness had brought tears of happy pain to Mrs. Halsworty's adoring eyes was apparently unscathed. It came through the changing process somewhat earlier than is usual, but as sweetly clear as a silver bell. A physician or a brainy schoolmaster could have told the boy that this apparent imperviousness was not to be trusted. But there was no physician at hand, and the school head was too busy with tuition dollars to interpret Nature.

When Norman was nearly eighteen Mr. Halsworty died and left no estate. So perhaps his business immersion had not been so selfishly happy as had seemed. At any rate his dead face was less line-fretted than the living one had been. The lawyer who wound up his affairs—as profitable a task as rattling pebbles in a pasteboard box—told Norman that it was a shame, but—with patronizing pursed old lips—doubtless it was for the best. Norman was young, healthy, alert. The world is filled with glorious opportunity, and it would be pleasant to owe nothing to any man

"Aw! Cheese the advice!" yapped Norman. His violet eyes were sullen. The girlishness of complexion and feature was lost under an overcast of vicious brooding, the aggrieved brooding of a puppy that can't find any dinner and can't understand why.

Disgustedly Norman tried to lay hold of a future that porcupinishly refused to be laid hold of except by work-jabbed fingers. By instinct and by training he was averse to work. There was his voice, but for a while the thought of it was an irritation. He had expected to be sent abroad to have it trained, and had pictured a lovely, leisurely jaunt, a sort of wine-women-and-song affair. In retrospect the picture made his mind smart.

Presently, though, he remembered that teachers might be found with enough philanthropy to donate training to a voice worth while. Blithely he got the address of one with such a reputation and sought him. The teacher, a squat, fat, swarthy signor, heard him, pumped him, sneered him out, not disguising the detestation that a disciplinarian feels for a wastrel. "You had a voice—you've smoked it away!"

It was a great disappointment. The life of a singer, of course, is all velvet; roses, a valet and admiring women being its backbone and sinews. Norman had a notion to kick the sneery, swarthy gentleman. Beast! He never did like foreigners anyway.

But he soon reflected that free training for his voice would hardly have been worth while unless free board, lodging and a wardrobe likewise fell into his lap. And he shivered, with the qualmish feeling that a house, cyclone-ripped from its foundation, may possess.

At last, though he squirmed and shivered and swore and blasphemed and gritted his even white teeth, he had to go to work—or sleep in a park and quit eating. Though not eighteen, he was tall and well built enough for twenty-eight, and had enough poise and sullen assurance for forty-eight.

Without much difficulty he got into the shipping room of a wholesale drygoods house, at nine dollars a week.

Norman attended to the business of putting ginghams in packing-cases with the same cheerful, sober industry that a mule pulls a wagonload of dirt. Hunger was his whip. Evenings and Sundays he scoured the town for other openings. He tried to gamble—pettily of course. He lost. He had an excess of poise and assurance but not enough for that game. Old tricksters laughed at him. He didn't know where or how to find suckers. At this period of his life he grieved most sincerely for Mrs. Halsworty. And it was not an entirely materialistic grief. Back of his sullen resentment of life, behind his childish dislike of the ugly brown wallpaper of his cheap bedroom, under his puny buffeting of a world that is impatient of punniness, lay a very real lonesomeness.

His only friends had been the boys at school. They were now scattered. Moreover he was no longer in their class, and, with a sour pride that hinted at a latent strength of character, he had no desire to whine to them.

It was eight hard, maddeningly dull months before he learned that the gymnasium and the reading rooms of the Y. M. C. A. furnish the most of congenial recreation for the least money. One of the boys of the shipping room took him there. In the gymnasium his clean, really superb build attracted attention. Men gathered to watch him vault and wrestle. The resulting applause sprinkled saltily the monotony of work. Naturally, among the many proffering acquaintance, he gravitated to those in whose veins ran currents of desire similar to his own.

Among such was Lawrence Curward, also good-looking, gazelle-eyed and well built, though slimmer. He differed

from Norman in one important item: he was well dressed, foppishly well dressed. Shoes and trousers were immaculate; his socks were silken; his fingernails were glossily pink; his hair—prepare for a shock—was as fragrant as jasmine; likewise his handkerchief. Norman liked and disliked him—both at first sight.

"What's your business?" Lawrence asked lazily one Sunday morning as they lounged in their swimming trunks and watched a diving contortionist.

Norman blushed. As a rule he didn't mention his business, and he did not thank people for inquiring. But, having blushed, he realized that the present asker was too astute to credit a blush-heralded lie. So he told the truth, bitterly, as is the right of one who has expected better things of life.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Curward in disdain. "Ain't you the fool? Eight dollars, I suppose, and docked if you're eight seconds late. Why don't you get into something that's less work and more pay?"

"What?" Norman bitterly wanted to know. "D'ye think I'm doing this from choice? And I have no wild idea of marrying the firm's daughter and being elected general manager for my devotion and toil. It is this—or not eat. And poor eats," crossly, "are better than none."

"I don't suppose," said Curward irrelevantly, "that you can carry a tune?" He whistled a bar of popular light opera.

"Can't I?" retorted Norman. "I can do that much anyway," with acrimonious recollection of the swarthy fat sneerer.

"Then"—Curward sprang up with alacrity—"come right along with me, sonny. The manager of the Gay Gazzooks Company needs chorusmen and he needs 'em bad. You'll get twenty-four dollars a week, and"—he winked genially—"perquisites. Lord! Let the spavined and the knock-kneed and the runts and the bowlegged stand behind counters and lug packing-cases."

II

A FEW weeks of rehearsal, some friendly tuition from Curward and his associates, and Norman chimed in with musical-comedy life as a grain of sand with the seashore.

There is a mighty difference between standing at the bottom looking up and lounging at the top looking down. If you are used to nine hundred a week, twenty-four dollars is a paltry sum. If you have sullenly had to accommodate your desires to nine, twenty-four is luxury. On it you can live elegantly—especially if your entire circle has the same laudable wish to get as much luxury as possible as cheaply as possible.

Curward and four others shared two adjoining rooms. Norman was invited to be a sixth and so cut his own and their expenses. The rooms were no more esthetically papered than Norman's former abode. The oak dressers were as cheaply varnish glazed. The iron beds were as tawdry and as scratched. But an atmospheric difference made wallpaper and furniture of less moment—a difference brought about mainly by scented sachet powder, violet water and more attention to the mirror than to the mirror's frame.

From economy experts Norman learned the art of biggest display at least outlay. He found out that good grooming is not so much a matter of money as of assiduous attention to detail—tedious attention, perhaps, but not unenjoyable. He was taught always to wear old gloves when not on parade, but always to carry a fresh pair in a pocket ready for instant whipping-on should occasion arise. With Curward, Schmidt and De Lancy he strolled through department stores for bargains. He learned that cheap shoes and shirts are no economy. They either lose their shape or have none in the beginning, and so are a give-away. But scarfs, gloves and silk hose never betray a bargain-table origin. He learned with glad surprise that fifty cents' worth of perfumed sea salt and a seventy-five-cent bottle of toilet water are as efficacious in the tin bathtub of a third-rate rooming house as when poured by a valet into a white-marble pool.

And when he and the others were shaven, powdered, scented, dressed, gloved, caned and hatted you couldn't have told them from billionaires' offspring—except that perhaps Curward and one or two others boasted shrewder eyes and a cleverer tilt of chin than the genuine gilded youths own.

As for women: Ethics not considered, it is pleasant to make superficial love to a hundred or more pretty girls who are quite aware that you, like their own pretty selves, are walking the path of bluff, and who neither like nor respect you the less because taxicabs and your pocketbook are not on embracing terms. Doubtless it is less pleasant if you foolishly come to care so much for one especial girl that the sight of another man handing her into taxi or limousine sends redhot thrills of rage up and down your emotional spine. Luckily, all things considered, Norman was not so narrowly affectionate. He never came to love blonde, brunette or medium well enough to desire to taxi one round the block. Let a taxi clock click away the price of a whole pair of silk socks? Jerusalem, no!

In his work he got on very nicely. His voice was not too impaired to make a fair showing with seven of its kind. He had shoulders and thighs that were made for the pink tights, white-flannel suits, gold-braided uniforms and such eye-ticklers craved by the matinée girl and the tired business man. Girls of chorus and of audience raved over his profile. The leading woman paused often to look smilingly into his violet eyes. His white, oval-nailed fingers took manicuring as a turquoise takes silver filigree. The one tiresome angle of the life was the rehearsals. But, given a pair of shapely, agile legs, it is vastly more agreeable to move them to the lilt of Tell Me, Pretty Maiden than to: "Say, you big bonehead, rustle up them nine bolts of percale for that Newton, Iowa, order."

Naturally the twenty-four dollars loomed less large after he had handled them a few weeks. Norman began to feel that he could use more. But—he found the perquisites that Curward had mentioned. And these perquisites salved rankling envy of wealthier men into endurable envy. For instance, Norman liked to put his only love—himself—into a motor car. It piqued him to see other men ride. Well, he rode. The leading woman had an electric brougham. She was smilingly willing to give him a lift whenever he happened to be standing by the curb as she rode off. He took pains to be standing there often, and complacently enjoyed the other men's envious digs.

And there were other women, not of the profession, some young but more old, who saw him, marked the violet soulfulness of iris, and, even as Mrs. Halsworty long before, took him home—to dinner, to luncheon, to midnight suppers—even, when his engagements permitted, to week-ends at country house or seaside cottage. Some—many—offered to lend him money and motors. The latter he jumped at. The first he refused—but reluctantly. And each successive refusal was a shade more reluctant.

And Dance He Did, Whether He Would or Not

But such interludes exhilarated him, and he endured the between stretches of crowded quarters, lumpy mattress and tin bathtub with an equanimity that verged on indifference. There is a certain sybaritic imagination that can lift itself above the unprepossessing actualities of daily existence.

Norman complacently regarded the last pink-polished oval. "Want to be introduced?" he asked condescendingly. "She's too young and gushy for me," with the contemptuous finickiness of one who can pick and choose. "She's crazy"—more contemptuously—"over men and tango."

"Especially men as represented by Norman Halsworty," laughed Schmidt, a handsome young German who used chorus work as a strictly utilitarian strap to lift himself into grand opera. He cared more for one tattered musical score than for all the limousines, women, week-end invitations, sachet powder and bargain silk socks in America.

"I suppose so," sneered Curward. He was good-looking. Otherwise he wouldn't have held his job longer than a manager could say run along. But he had not the appealing, soulful quality of good looks that brought Norman's greater popularity, and there were many moments when he huffily repented having boosted the ungrateful devil out of overalls into silk tights.

Norman by this time—it was his second season—was as sharp as he was soulful eyed. He read his whilom sponsor's thoughts and was considerably tickled. Long before the first season ended he had learned that Curward earned nice little sums on the side by rounding up promising leg-and-voice material for the manager. Consequently Norman did not consider himself bound by any unbreakable ties of gratitude for that boost of raiment.

He was in an unusually good humor at the moment. After that day's matinée he had an appointment with an elderly, rich, rouged, ribald widow who was anxious for him to share her dancing lessons from a noted—also notorious—teacher. One lesson cost half as much as Norman earned in a week. He danced very well from picked-up haphazard instruction. Professional lessons would be a boon. So he listened delightedly while she intimated that she couldn't impose on his good nature unless she were allowed to bear all expense. Oh, Norman said, he couldn't think of it! But, poutingly, she could learn so much better with a congenial partner! A pout on a fifty-year-old rouged face is as ornamental as a smear of molasses on a japanned jar. But Norman did not allow the soulful gleam of his violet eyes to waver.

Next morning he chucklingly related his subjugation while his roommates chucklingly listened. "Lord! She was afraid," he grinned, "that I wouldn't let her do the paying!"

"She doesn't know you, does she?" sneered Curward.

Norman grinned gayly. He happened to know that Curward had angled for the same chance and been repulsed. And just to show him a thing or two, that evening he bore off a dimpled little soubrette on whom Curward lavished his spare time, though no money. But since in that set it was quite a mark of devotion to spend time on a girl who couldn't do you any good in your hard art of living expensively without expense, Norman's action was as offensive as he intended it. Curward didn't sneer at him again.

Such interludes of luxury are unhealthful for most folks. One's own mean quarters seem meaner afterward. Curward damned fiercely every time that he got back from temporary contact with purple and fine linen. "So help me heaven, I'll own a decent bed some day! If I don't marry money you can put me down for a saphead. Who is the pink-cheeked young thing that had you in her car yesterday, Halsworty?"

"I think her father is in wheat," indifferently. Norman was polishing his fingernails and absorbed in delicately bringing out the perfect beauty of white half-moon at each pink base. Perhaps it argued a certain callosity in Norman's nature; perhaps it argued a finer strain.

"I Was Fretted Over Uncle Art, and I Called Before I Stopped to Think——"

He quit speaking to him. Norman grinned. Through Schmidt, Curward sent a threat. More grinning from Norman, who, to do him justice, was afraid of nobody or nothing on earth except work and work's monotony. He hadn't learned to distinguish between the two.

On the strength of those lessons he went to the manager and asked for a chance to show his new skill. With laughing cynicism he explained how he happened to have that skill. And incidentally he asked for a raise because of it. Oh, Norman did not lack assurance! The manager was a gentleman of puffy, purple jowls and bilious-balled eyes. He had as much use for a scented, handsome chorusman as for the tinfoil that came round his favorite cigar. But the tinfoil was a certain guarantee of that cigar's value. And chorusmen were essential to a musical comedy's pleasingness.

His feet itched to kick Norman—first, because he despised him and all his tribe; second, because of his cheek in asking a raise; third, because of his callous boasting of the way he got the lessons. But the manager was not in the show business for his health nor for his wife's sake nor for temperamental reasons. He was in it for the cold cash, and you don't kick a commercial proposition. So sole-itching was relegated to the rear by the fact that what one woman would pay to have taught, other women—and men—would pay to see. He swallowed some words such as puppy, garbage and monkey, then phoned to the press agent that Norman Halsworty's name should be put in bigger type. He phoned to the treasurer that Norman Halsworty's salary should be increased by ten dollars. Then he recast the program so that Norman should have the center of the stage for four minutes.

Norman suavely smiled himself out of the manager's presence. And he made suave, soulful use of the four minutes. At every heel-twirl he was gayly conscious of Curward's bitter envy, of the dimpled soubrette's following glance of admiration, of the coming applause. His eyes danced from boxes to dress circle, to balcony, to gallery. In the first row of the gods' abode a slim little girl leaned eagerly forward. Whimsically Norman smiled up at her. Her white waist was the unnoticeable variety. Her brown hair was wound round her small head in unmodish braided plainness. At that distance Norman could not tell if she were pretty or not. He didn't care. Her eager forward-leaning and never-wavering gaze testified to entrancement. Amused and flattered he smiled up until, with puppyish satisfaction, he knew that she and those round her knew it. In confusion she drew back, then his four minutes were at an end, the chorus in a whirl of fleshings and skirts pirouetted to the front, there was the la-la-ing crash of vocal symphony, and Norman forgot her.

III

A MONTH later Norman strolled down the street as complacently swagger as the first narcissus of spring. The season had ended the day before, and three weeks of pleasant idleness punctuated by week-ends lay before him. He strolled alone. The four minutes of stage center had not made for loving friendship between him and his associates. They all were peeved except Schmidt, who the next day was taking passage to Paris and was too happy to be conscious of lesser matters.

A mindreader would have snorted at Norman's thoughts. Under complacent appreciation of the day's sunshine and of his swagger new overcoat he tanged thankfulness that he was well dressed and out in the sunshine instead of overalled and cooped in a packing room's clack and dust. He wished idly that he hadn't spent all his money. Those week-ends called for railroad fare. Still he could borrow—somewhere. He wondered idly if any powder showed behind his ears. Only Curward had been in the room when he left, and that peevish devil was too spiteful to warn a fellow of any shortcoming of toilet. He was wondering intermittently if a certain tall blonde were as unsophisticated as she claimed; he recalled that the evening before she had dissolved with significant haste from his side into the limousine of a gray-gilled wealthy youth. Confound it! After all, he himself was only a poor devil who had to buy his silk pajamas one pair at a time instead of by the dozen.

The puff of pique was gone as it came. Two errand girls, silly, overdressed, smirked at him. He ignored them, but twirled his cane foppishly as he strolled on. After all, the gray-gilled youth had to have a limousine as bait. How passers-by would slacken pace and stare if they knew that they were touching elbows with the famous glider of the famous sixty-step glide!

A girl did slacken her step for a longer look at his clear-colored face. He smiled. Evidently she knew him. With heightened color she hurried on. Norman considered a second, then lazily swung round after her, solely from an impulse of vanity. She was dressed plainly, with brown hair braided and wound unmodishly under the brim of a brown hat that atoned for its shabbiness by exactly matching the hair.

He overtook her. "Going some place?" genially.

She was offended. "No," shortly, and increased her pace.

Smiling, he kept even. "Nice day!"

"Go away!" she ordered pettishly. "I don't know you—I don't want to."

"Oh"—Norman laughed—"what's the use of that folderol?" Easily: "Consider it said." He caught her arm. "You're not so ——"

Wrathfully, pertly, she looked up at him, sensed his languid poise, the vanity that garbed him sleekly, the laughing, satisfied, violet eyes. "If you must ——" she snapped. "Officer," she called breathlessly, "this man has followed me, annoyed me—I can't get rid of him!"

Girls of Chorus and of Audience Raced Over His Profile

"Oh-ho!" said the bluecoat gladly. The afternoon had been as void of incident as an empty soap-box. The perfumed, handsome Norman and the plaint of the pretty, poor girl were as welcome as a glass of foamy cold beer. "Well, he'll get what's coming to him!"

In free and glorious America you may do many things with impunity, even get thanks from the great yellow press. If you are a beautiful young wife and take a sudden prejudice against your husband you may sprinkle arsenic instead of pepper over his poached eggs, and eleven good and true men out of twelve will give you a testimonial saying the scoundrel deserved it. But if you are a gentleman, and a lady looks acquaintedly at you in the street, and you infer that she is an acquaintance whom you can't place, it depends entirely on the court's digestion whether you get life imprisonment or the straitjacket.

Norman, angry, aghast, explaining, then struggling, was hoisted into a blue patrol motor before more than five hundred people could gather to watch him resist. For once a rapt-watching crowd didn't please him. And for once he didn't enjoy a motor ride.

Two hours later Curward opened and read an entreating note addressed to Schmidt—according to friendly custom in the crowd. He sneered a villainish sneer. Then he ha-ha-ed in approved villainish manner. He tore the note into shreds, poused the shreds at an ash tray and went happily out to dine. The next morning, while Schmidt was traveling to his third-class passage and Norman, in the jail's sacred seclusion, was trying to get a private phone, the landlady emptied the ash tray into the garbage can, grumbling the while: "They can say what they please about lady roomers ironing their handkerchiefs and stockin's on windowpanes, they don't tear up paper and tobacco ashes all over every place!" And next morning the garbage can was emptied into the garbage wagon, and a greasy, ill-smelling chap drove away Norman's plea, which had taken fifty cents of the only dollar that he had on his person.

While the season was expiring the manager had left town on business. The other boys of the shared rooms also had left. Besides they were broke. They always were—except Curward. Therefore, sans friends, sans cash, sans pull with an alderman, sans all but two cigarettes, the erstwhile exponent of the maxixe met his fate.

To preserve an incognito when you suddenly get into jail it is necessary to be fairly rich, or tolerably clever, or absolutely mum. Brought plump against the professional bondsmen and the shyster lawyers who buzz at the steps of a patrol-wagon like flies at a decaying dead rat, Norman shook with fear that they might worm out his name. Along with a perfect knowledge of the value of right advertising runs a sickening ken of the peril of wrong publicity. Norman knew that no manager loved him well enough to condone nasty notoriety. After the futile note and the futile phoning—the landlady had no time to hunt up anybody for anybody—he lapsed into the silent carefulness of terror.

One roustabout of the legal fraternity, seeing there was no money to be had, was kind enough to tell him that the girl likely wouldn't appear. Such complainants seldom did. Didn't want their names in the paper.

Norman, relieved, perked up and had vim to indulge in hate. Spiteful little brown-eyed cat! He'd like to pay her back!

The night dragged away. Morning came and his trial. The girl didn't appear. Blithely Norman smoothed his trousers, crumpled by lounging on a bench, and prepared for freedom, only to be booked on the double charge of disorderly conduct and resisting an officer. The police also know of the unreliability of complainants and take pains that their arrests shall not be wasted. Before Norman could catch his breath or his wits he got thirty days in the bridewell, without the alternative of a fine. The court had eaten mince pie the night before and was crusty.

IV

AFTERWARD Norman thought of many things that he might have done—afterward is so facile to planning. At the time he scrambled round like an acid-blinded pup. He got De Lancy on the phone—who was willing to help, but helpless. It seemed that when sentence had been pronounced and a blue van had carried you from the dirty, dusty jail to the bridewell—a beautiful place, whose extensive, well-cared-for grounds merit the language of any glad summer-resort advertisement—not all the king's lawyers and all the lawyers' pens, writs, attachments, writs of habeas corpus, demurrers and pleadings could get you out unless you could deliver at least four votes to the judge next election or knew a bartender who knew a prize-fighter who knew an alderman. Finally he got Curward on the phone. Curward sneered and hung up. Later the manager returned to town. He was sorry, but anyway Norman was too daffy about women. No sense in pestering one when plenty could be had without asking. And if he cared to dance next season he'd better take his medicine

(Continued on Page 65)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Bathing Oneself on the Other Side—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

MY FIRST experience with the bathing habits of the native Aryan stocks of Europe came to pass on the morning after the night of our arrival in London.

London disappointed me in one regard—when I opened my eyes that morning there was no fog. There was not the slightest sign of a fog. I had expected that my room would be full of fog of about the consistency of Scotch stage dialect—soupy, you know, and thick and bewildering. I had expected that servants with lighted tapers in their hands would be groping their way through corridors like caves, and that from the street without would come the hoarse-voiced cries of cabmen lost in the enshrouding gray. You remember Dickens always had them hoarse-voiced.

This was what I confidently expected. Such, however, was not to be. I woke to a consciousness that the place was flooded with indubitable and undoubted sunshine. To be sure, it was not the sharp, hard sunshine we have in America, which scours and bleaches all it touches, until the whole world has the look of having just been clear-starched and hot-ironed. It was a softened, smoke-edged, pastel-shaded sunshine; nevertheless it was plainly recognizable as the genuine article.

I Had Heard That You Fell Headlong Into Its Smothering Folds

Nor was your London shadow the sharply outlined companion in black who accompanies you when the weather is fine in America. Your shadow in London was rather a dim and wavery gentleman who caught up with you as you turned out of the shaded by-street; who went with you a distance and then shyly vanished, but was good company while he stayed, being restful, and not overly aggressive as your well-bred Englishman nearly always is.

There was no fog that first morning, or the next morning, or any morning of the twenty-odd we spent in England. Often the weather was cloudy, and occasionally it was rainy; and then London would be drenched in that wonderful gray color which makes it, scenically speaking, one of the most fascinating spots on earth; but it was never downright foggy and never downright cold. English friends used to speak to me about it. They apologized for good weather at that season of the year, just as natives of a Florida winter resort will apologize for bad.

"You know, old dear," they would say, "this is most unusual—most stroidinary, in fact. It ought to be raw and nasty and foggy at this time of the year, and here the cursed weather is perfectly fine—blast it!" You could tell they were grieved about it, and disappointed too. Anything that is not regular upsets Englishmen frightfully. Maybe that is why they enforce their laws so rigidly and obey them so beautifully.

Anyway I woke on the initiatory occasion referred to above to find the fog absent, and I rose and prepared to take my customary cold bath. I am much given to taking a cold bath in the morning and talking about it afterward. People who take a cold bath every day always like to brag about it, whether they take it or not.

Shaving Coffee at a London Hotel

THE bathroom adjoined the bedroom, but did not directly connect with it, being reached by means of a small semi-private hallway. It was a fine, noble bathroom, white tiled and spotless; and one side of it was occupied by the longest, narrowest bathtub I ever saw. Apparently English bathtubs are constructed on the principle that every Englishman who bathes is nine feet long and about eighteen inches wide, whereas the approximate contrary is frequently the case. Draped over a chair was the biggest, widest, softest bathtowel ever made. Shem, Ham and Japhet could have dried themselves on that bathtowel, and there would still have been enough dry territory left for some of the animals—not the large, woolly animals like the Siberian yak, but the small, slick, porous animals such as the armadillo and the Mexican hairless dog.

So I wedged myself into the tub and had a snug-fitting but most luxurious bath; and when I got back to my room the maid had arrived with the shaving water. There was a knock at the door, and when I opened it there stood a maid with a lukewarm pint of water in a long-waisted, thin-lipped pewter pitcher. There was plenty of hot water to be had in the bathroom, with faucets and sinks all handy and convenient, and a person might shave himself there in absolute comfort; but long before the days of pipes and taps an Englishman got his shaving water in a pewter ewer, and he still gets it so. It is one of the things guaranteed him under Magna Charta and he demands it as a right; but I, being but a benighted foreigner, left mine in the pitcher, and that evening the maid checked me up.

"You didn't use the shaving water I brought you today, sir!" she said. "It was still in the jug when I came in to tidy up, sir."

Her tone was grieved; so, after that, to spare her feelings, I used to pour it down the sink. But if I were doing the trip over again I would drink it for breakfast instead of the coffee the waiter brought me—the shaving water being warmish and containing, so far as I could tell, no deleterious substances. And if the bathroom were occupied at the time I would shave myself with the coffee. I judge it might work up into a thick and durable lather. It is certainly not adapted for drinking purposes.

The English, as a race, excel at making tea and at drinking it after it is made; but among them coffee is still a mysterious and murky compound full of strange by-products. By first weakening it and wearing it down with warm milk one may imbibe it; but it is not to be reckoned among the pleasures of life. It is a solemn and a painful duty.

On the second morning I was splashing in my tub, gratifying that amphibious instinct which has come down to us from the dim evolutionary time when we were paleozoic polliwogs, when I made the discovery that there were no towels in the bathroom. I glanced about keenly, seeking for help and guidance in such an emergency. Set in the wall directly above the rim of the tub was a brass plate containing two pushbuttons. One button, the uppermost one, was labeled Waiter—the other was labeled Maid.

This was disconcerting. Even in so short a stay under the roof of an English hotel I had learned that at this hour the waiter would be hastening from room to room, ministering to Englishmen engaged in gumming their vital organs into an impenetrable mass with the national dish of marmalade; and that the maid would also be busy carrying shaving water to people who did not need it. Besides, of all the classes I distinctly do not require when I am bathing, one is waiters and the other is maids.

For some minutes I considered the situation, without making any headway toward a suitable solution of it; meantime I was getting chilled. So I dried myself—sketchily—with a toothbrush and the edge of the window-shade; then I dressed, and in a still somewhat moist state I went down to interview the management about it. I first visited the information desk and told the youth in charge there I wished to converse with some one in authority on the subject of towels. After gazing at me a spell in a puzzled manner he directed me to go across the lobby to the cashier's department. Here I found a gentleman of truly regal aspect. His tie was a perfect dream of a tie, and he wore a frock coat so slim and long and black it made him look as though he were climbing out of a smokestack. Presenting the case as though it were a supposititious one purely, I said to him:

"Presuming now that one of your guests is in a bathtub and finds he has forgotten to lay in any towels beforehand—such a thing might possibly occur, you know—how does he go about summoning the manservant or the valet with a view to getting some?"

"Oh, sir," he replied, "that's very simple. You noticed two pushbuttons in your barthroom, didn't you?"

"I did," I said, "and that's just the difficulty. One of them is for the maid and the other is for the waiter."

"Quite so, sir," he said, "quite so. Very well, then, sir: You ring for the waiter or the maid—or, if you should charnce to be in a hurry, for both of them; because, you see, one of them might charnce to be en——"

"One moment," I said. "Let me make my position clear in this matter: This Lady Susanna—I do not know her last name, but you will doubtless recall the person I mean, because I saw several pictures of her yesterday in your national art gallery—this Lady Susanna may have enjoyed taking a bath with a lot of snoopy old elders lurking round in the background; but I am not so constituted. I was raised differently from that. With me, bathing has ever been a solitary pleasure. This may denote selfishness on my part; but such is my nature and I cannot alter it. All my folks feel about it as I do. We are a very peculiar family that way. When bathing we do not invite an audience. Nor do I want one. A crowd would only embarrass me. I merely desire a little privacy and, here and there, a towel."

The Simplicity of Getting a Towel

"AH, YES! Quite so, sir," he said; "but you do not understand me. As I said before, you ring for the waiter or the maid. When one of them comes you tell them to send you the manservant on your floor; and when he comes you tell him you require towels, and he goes to the linen cupboard and gets them and fetches them to you, sir. It's very simple, sir."

"But why," I persisted, "why do this thing under a relay system? I don't want any famishing gentleman in this place to go practically unmarmaladed at breakfast because I am using the waiter to conduct preliminary negotiations with a third party in regard to a bathtowel."

"But it is so very simple, sir," he repeated patiently. "You ring for the waiter or the ma——"

I checked him with a gesture. I felt that I knew what he meant to say; I also felt that if any word of mine might serve to put this establishment on an easy-running basis they could have it and welcome.

"Listen!" I said. "You will kindly pardon the ignorance of a poor, red, partly damp American who has shed his eagle feathers but still has his native curiosity with him! Why not put a third button in that bathroom labeled Manservant or Valet or Towel Boy—or something of that general nature? And then when a sufferer wanted towels, and wanted 'em quick, he could get them without blocking the wheels of progress and industry. We may still be shooting Mohawk Indians and the American bison in the streets of Buffalo, New York; and we may still be saying: "By Geehosaphat, I swan to calculate!'—anyway, I note that we still say that in all your leading comic papers; but when a man in my land goes a-toweling, he goes a-toweling—and that is all there is to it, positively! In our secret lodges it may happen that the worshipful master calls the august swordbearer to him and bids him communicate with the grand outer guardian and see whether the candidate is suitably attired for admission; but in ordinary life we cut out the middleman wherever possible. Do you get my drift?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he said; "but I fear you do not understand me. As I told you, it's very simple—so very simple, sir. We've never found it necessary to make a change. You ring for the waiter or for the maid, and you tell them to tell the manservant ——"

"All right," I said, breaking in. I could see that his arguments were of the circular variety that always came back to the starting point. "But, as a favor to me, would

you kindly ask the proprietor to request the head cook to communicate with the carriage starter and have him inform the waiter that when in future I ring the bathroom bell in a given manner –to wit: one long, determined ring followed by three short, passionate rings—it may be regarded as a signal for towels?"

So saying, I turned on my heel and went away, for I could tell he was getting ready to begin all over again. Later on I found out for myself that, in this particular hotel, when you ring for the waiter or the maid the bell sounds in the service room, where those functionaries are supposed to be stationed; but when you ring for the manservant a small arm-shaped device like a semaphore drops down over your outer door. But what has the manservant done that he should be thus discriminated against? Why should he not have a bell of his own? So far as I might judge, the poor fellow has few enough pleasures in life as it is. Why should he battle with the intricacies of a block-signal system when everybody else round the place has a separate bell? And why all this mystery and mummery over so simple and elemental a thing as a towel?

To my mind, it merely helps to prove that among the English the art of bathing is still in its infancy. The English claim to have discovered the human bath and they resent mildly the assumption that any other nation should become addicted to it; whereas I argue that the burden of the proof shows we do more bathing to the square inch, as it were, than the English ever did. At least, we have superior accommodations for it.

The day is gone in this country when Saturday night was the big night for indoor aquatic sports and pastimes; and no gentleman as is a gentleman would call on his ladylove and break up her plans for the great weekly ceremony. There may have been a time in certain rural districts when the bathing season for males practically ended on September fifteenth, owing to the water in the horsepond becoming chilled; but that time has passed. Along with every modern house that is built today, in country or town, we expect bathrooms and plenty of them. With us the presence of a few bathtubs more or less creates no great amount of excitement—nor does the mere sight of open plumbing particularly excite our people; whereas in England a hotelkeeper who has bathrooms on the premises advertises the fact on his stationery.

The Tub That Needed a Dermatologist

IF IN addition to a few bathrooms a Continental hotelkeeper has a decrepit elevator he makes more noise over it than we do over a Pompeiian palmroom or an Etruscan roofgarden; he hangs a sign above his front door testifying to his magnificent enterprise in this regard. The Continental may be a born hotelkeeper, as has been frequently claimed for him; but the trouble is he usually has no hotel to keep. It is as though you set an interior decorator to run a livery stable and expected him to make it attractive. He may have the talents, but he is lacking in the raw material.

It was in a London apartment house, out Maida Vale way, that I first beheld the official bathtub of an English family establishment. It was one of those bathtubs that flourished in our own land at about the time of the Greenback craze—a coffin-shaped, boxed-in affair lined with zinc; and the zinc was suffering from tetter or other serious skin trouble and was peeling badly. There was a current superstition about the place to the effect that the bathroom and the water supply might on occasion be heated with a device known in the vernacular as a geezer.

The Bathing Habit of Merrie England Is a Venerable Myth

The geezer was a sheet-iron contraption in the shape of a pocket inkstand, and it stood on a perch in the corner, like a Russian icon, with a small blue flame flickering beneath it. It looked as though its sire might have been a snare-drum and its dam a dark lantern, and that it got its looks from its father and its heating powers from the mother's side of the family. And the plumbing fixtures were of the type that passed out of general use on the American side of the water with the Rutherford B. Hayes administration. I was given to understand that this was a fair sample of the average residential London bathroom—though the newer apartment houses that are going up have better ones, they told me.

In English country houses the dearth of bathing appliances must be even more dearthful. I ran through the columns of the leading English fashion journal and read the descriptions of the large country places that were there offered for sale or lease. In many instances the advertisements were accompanied by photographic reproductions in half tone showing magnificent old places, with Queen Anne fronts and Tudor towers and Elizabethan entails and Georgian mortgages—and what not.

Seeing these views I could conjure up visions of rooks cawing in the elms; of young curates in flat hats imbibing tea on green lawns; of housekeepers named Meadows or Fleming, in rustling black silk; of old Giles—fifty years, man and boy, on the place—wearing a smock frock and leaning on a pitchfork, with a wisp of hay caught in the tines, lamenting that the 'All 'asn't been the same, zur, since the young marster was killed ridin' to 'ounds; and then pensively wiping his eyes on a stray strand of the hay.

With no great stretch of the imagination I could picture a gouty, morose old lord with a secret sorrow and a brandy

He Was a True Frenchman—Was Louis the Fourteenth

breath; I could picture a profligate heir going deeper and deeper in debt, but refusing to the bitter end to put the ax to the roots of the ancestral oaks. I could imagine these parties readily, because I had frequently read about both of them in the standard English novels; and I had seen them depicted in all the orthodox English dramas I ever patronized. But I did not notice in the appended descriptions any extended notice of heating arrangements; most of the advertisements seemed to slur over that point altogether.

And, as regards bathing facilities in their relation to the capacities of these country places, I quote at random from the figures given: Eighteen rooms and one bath; sixteen rooms and two baths; fourteen rooms and one bath; twenty-one rooms and two baths; eleven rooms and one bath; thirty-four rooms and two baths. Remember that by rooms bedrooms are meant; the reception rooms and parlors and dining halls and offices, and the like, were listed separately.

I asked a well-informed Englishman how he could reconcile this discrepancy between bedrooms and bathrooms with the current belief that the English had a practical monopoly of the habit of bathing. After considering the proposition at some length he said I should understand there was a difference in England between taking a bath and taking a tub—that, though an Englishman might not be particularly addicted to a bath, he must have his tub every morning. But I submit that the facts prove this explanation to have been but a feeble subterfuge.

Let us, for an especially conspicuous example, take the house that has thirty-four sleeping chambers and only two baths. Let us imagine the house to be full of guests, with every bedroom occupied; and, if it is possible to do so without blushing, let us further imagine

Where Would the Proprietor Keep His Thirty-Two Tubs When They Were Not in Use?

a couple of pink-and-white English gentlemen in the two baths. If preferable members of the opposite sex may imagine two ladies. Very well, then; this leaves the occupants of thirty-two bedrooms all to be provided with large tin tubs at approximately the same hour of the morning. Where would any household muster the crews to man all those portable tin tubs? And where would the proprietor keep his battery of thirty-two tubs when they were not in use? Not in the family picture gallery, surely!

From my readings of works of fiction describing the daily life of the English upper classes I know full well that the picture gallery is lined with family portraits; that each canvased countenance there shows the haughtily aquiline but slightly catarrhal nose, which is a heritage of this house; that each pair of dark and brooding eyes hide in their depths the shadow of that dread Nemesis which, through all the fateful centuries, has dogged this brave but ill-starred race until now, alas! the place must be let, furnished, to some beastly creature in trade, such as an American millionaire.

Hotel Bedrooms Hermetically Sealed

HERE at this end we have the founder of the line, dubbed a knight on the gory field of Hastings; and there at that end we have the present heir, a knighted dub. We know they cannot put the tubs in the family picture gallery; there is no room. They will need an armory for that outfit, and no armory is specified in the advertisement.

So I, for one, must decline to be misled or deceived by specious generalities. If you are asking me my opinion I shall simply say that the bathing habit of Merrie England is a venerable myth, and likewise so is the fresh-air fetish. The error an Englishman makes is that he mistakes cold air for fresh air.

In cold weather an Englishman arranges a few splintered jackstraws, kindling fashion, in an open grate somewhat resembling in size and shape a wallpocket for bedroom slippers. On this lavish edifice of woodwork he gently deposits one or more carboniferous nodules the size of a pigeon egg, and touches a match to it. In the more fortunate instances the result is a small, reddish ember smoking intermittently. He stands by and feeds the glow with a dessertspoonful of fuel administered at half-hour intervals, and imagines he really has a fire and that he is really being warmed.

Why the English insist on speaking of coal in the plural when they use it only in the singular is more than I can understand. Conceded that we overheat our houses and our railroad trains and our hotel lobbies in America, nevertheless we do heat them. In winter their interiors are warmer and less damp than the outer air—which is more than can be said for the lands across the sea, where you have to go outdoors to thaw.

If there are any outdoor sleeping porches in England I missed them when I was there; but as regards the ventilation of an English hotel I may speak with authority, having patronized one. To begin with, the windows have heavy shades. Back of these in turn are folding blinds; then long, close curtains of muslin; then, finally, thick, manifolding, shrouding draperies of some airproof woolen stuff.

At nighttime the maid enters your room, seals the windows, pulls down the shades, locks the shutters, closes the curtains, draws the draperies—and then, I think, calks all the cracks with oakum. When the occupant of that chamber retires to rest he is as hermetic as old Rameses the Third, safe in his tomb, ever dared to hope to be. That reddish aspect of the face noted in connection with the

average Englishman is not due to fresh air, as has been popularly supposed; it is due to the lack of it. It is caused by congestion. For years he has been going along, trying to breathe without having the necessary ingredients at hand.

At that, England excels the rest of Europe in fresh air, just as it excels it in the matter of bathing facilities. There is some fresh air left in England—an abundant supply in warm weather, and a stray bit here and there in cold. On the Continent there is none to speak of.

In Germany the last fresh air was used during the Thirty Years' War, and there has since been no demand for any. Austria has no fresh air at all—never did have any, and therefore has never felt the need of having any. Italy—the northern part of it anyhow—is also reasonably shy of this commodity.

In the German-speaking countries all street cars and all railway trains sail with battened hatches. In their palmiest days the Jimmy Hope gang could not have opened a window in a German sleeping car—not without blasting; and trying to open a window in the ordinary first or second class carriage provides healthful exercise for an American tourist, while affording a cheap and simple form of amusement for his fellow passengers. If, by superhuman efforts and at the cost of a fingernail or two, he should get one open, somebody else in the compartment, as a matter of principle, immediately objects; and the retired brigadier-general, who is always in charge of a German train, comes and seals it up again, for that is the rule and the law; and then the natives are satisfied and sit in sweet content together, breathing a line of second-handed air that would choke a salamander.

Once, a good many years ago—in the century before the last I think it was—a member of the Teutonic racial stock was accidentally caught out in the fresh air and some of it got into his lungs. And, being a strange and a foreign influence to which the lungs were unused, it sickened him; in fact I am not sure but that it killed him on the spot. So the emperors of Germany and Austria got together and issued a joint ukase on the subject and, so far as the traveling public was concerned, forever abolished those dangerous experiments. Over there they think a draft is deadly, and I presume it is if you have never tampered with one. They have a saying: "A little window is a dangerous thing."

Jacques, the Bathtub Hero

AS WITH fresh air on the Continent, so also with baths—except perhaps more so. In deference to the strange and unaccountable desires of their English-speaking guests the larger hotels in Paris are abundantly equipped with bathrooms now, but the Parisian boulevardiers continue to look with darkling suspicion on a party who will deliberately immerse his person in cold water; their whole being seems to recoil in horror from the bare prospect of such a thing. It is plainly to be seen they think his intelligence has been attainted by cold water externally applied; they fear that through a complete undermining of his reason he may next be committing these acts of violence on innocent bystanders rather than on himself, as in the present distressing stages of his mania. Especially, I would say, is this the attitude of the habitué of Montmartre.

I can offer no visual proof to back my word; but by other testimony I venture the assertion that when a boulevardier feels the need of a bath he hangs a musk bag round his neck—and then, as the saying is, the warmer the sweeter. His companion of the gentler sex apparently has the same idea of performing daily ablutions that a tabby cat has. You recall the tabby-cat system, do you not?—two swipes over the brow with the moistened paw, one forward swipe over each ear, a kind of circular rubbing effect across the face—and call it a day! Drowning must be the most frightful death that a Parisian sidewalk favorite can die. It is not so much the death itself—it is the attendant circumstances.

Across the river, in the older quarters of Paris, there is excitement when anybody on the block takes a bath—not so much excitement as for a fire, perhaps, but more than for a funeral. On the eve of the fatal day the news spreads through the district that tomorrow poor Jacques is going to take a bath! A further reprieve has been denied him. He cannot put it off for another month, or even for another two weeks. His doom is nigh at hand; there is no hope—none! Kindly old Angeline, the midwife, shakes her head sadly as she goes about her simple duties.

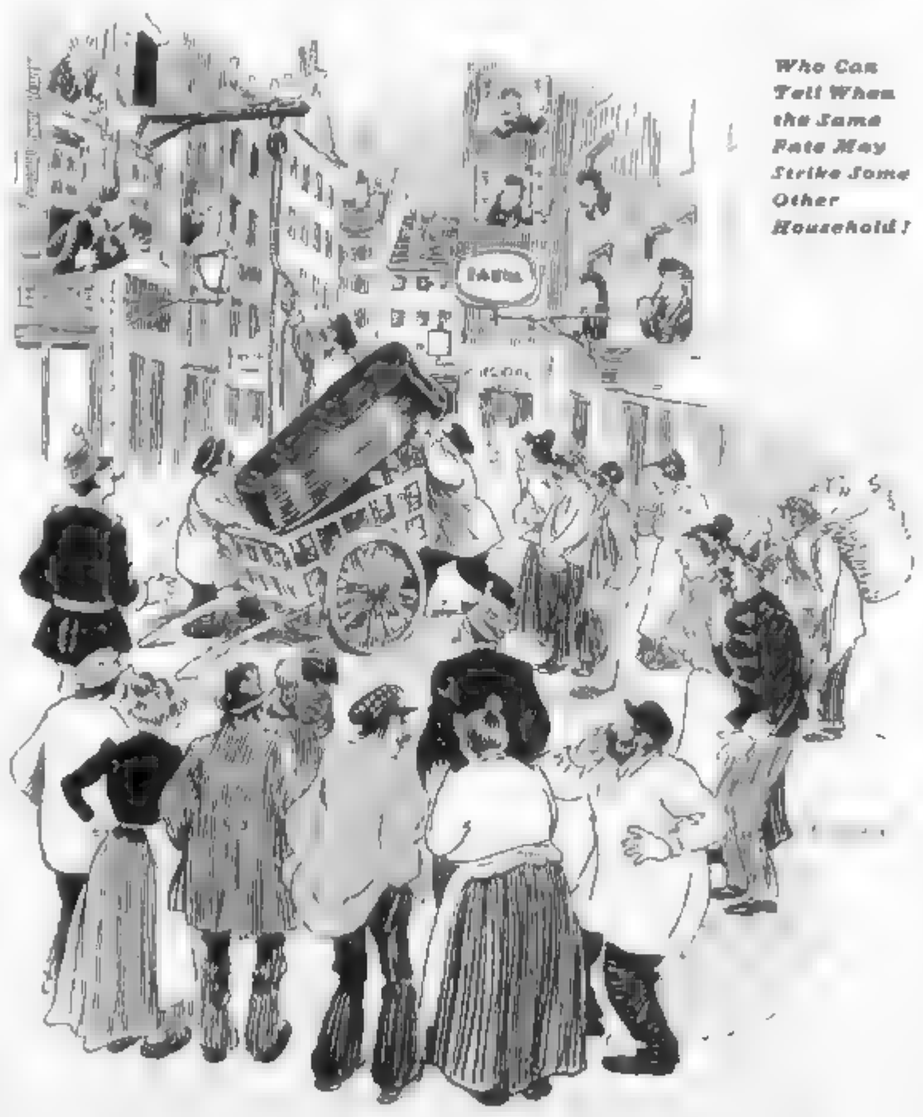
On the morrow the condemned man rises early and sees his spiritual adviser. He eats a hearty breakfast, takes an affectionate leave of his family and says he is prepared for the worst. At the appointed hour the tumbrel enters the street, driven by the paid executioner—a descendant of the original Sanson—and bearing the dread instrument of destruction, a large oblong tin tub.

The rumble of the heavy wheels over the cobbles seems to wake an agonized chord in every bosom. Today this dread visitation descends on Jacques; but who can tell—so the neighbors say to themselves—when the same fate may strike some other household now happily unconscious! All along the narrow way sorrow-drooped heads protrude in rows; from every casement dangle whiskers, lank and stringy with sympathy—for in this section every true Frenchman has whiskers, and if by chance he has not his wife has; so that there are whiskers for all.

From the window of the doomed wretch's apartments a derrick protrudes—a crossarm with a pulley and a rope attached. It bears a grimly significant resemblance to a gallows tree. Under the direction of the presiding functionary the tub is made fast to the tackle and hoisted upward as pianos and safes are hoisted in American cities. It halts at the open casement. It vanishes within. The whole place resounds with low murmurs of horror and commiseration.

Ah, the poor Jacques—how he must suffer! Hark to that low, sickening thud! 'Tis the accursed soap dropping from his nerveless grasp. Hist to that sound—like unto a death rattle! It is the water gurgling in the tub. And what means that low, poignant, smothered gasp? It is the last convulsive cry of Jacques descending into the tub. All is over! Let us pray!

The tub, emptied but stained, is lowered to the waiting cart. The executioner kisses the citizen who has held his horse for him during his absence and departs; the whole district still hums with ill-suppressed excitement. Questions fly from tongue to tongue. Was the victim brave at the last? Was he resigned when the dread moment came?



Who Can Tell When the Same Fate May Strike Some Other Household!

And how is the family bearing up? It is hours before the place settles down again to that calm which will endure for another month, or until somebody else takes a bath on a physician's prescription.

Well, even in the sanctity of a Paris hotel a bath is more or less a public function unless you lock your door. All sorts of domestic servitors drift in, filled with a morbid curiosity to see how a foreigner deports himself when engaged in this strange, barbaric rite. On the occasion of my first bath on French soil, after several of the hired help had thus called on me informally, causing me to cower low in my porcelain retreat, I took advantage of a moment of comparative quiet to rise drippingly and draw the latch. I judged the proprietor would be along next, and I was not dressed for him. The Lady Susanna of whom mention has previously been made must have stopped at a French hotel at some time in her life. This helps us to understand why she remained so calm when the elders happened in.

Even as now practiced, bathing still remains a comparative novelty in the best French circles, I imagine. I base this presumption on observations made during a visit to Versailles. I went to Versailles; I trod with reverent step those historic precincts adorned with art treasures uncountable, with curios magnificent, with relics invaluable. I visited the little palace and the big; I ventured deep into that splendid forest where, in the company of ladies regarding whom there has been a good deal of talk subsequently, France's Grandest and Merriest Monarch disported himself. And I found out what made the Merriest Monarch merry—so far as I could see, there was not a bathing room on the place. He was a true Frenchman—was Louis the Fourteenth.

In Berlin, at the Imperial Palace, our experience was somewhat similar. Led by a guide we walked through acres of state drawing rooms and state dining rooms and state reception rooms and state picture rooms; and we were told that most of them—or, at least, many of them—were the handiwork of the late Andreas Schlüter. The deceased Schlüter was an architect, a painter, a sculptor, a woodcarver, a decorator—all rolled into one. He was the George M. Cohan of his time; and I think he also played the clarinet, being a German.

We traversed miles of these Schlüter masterpieces. Eventually we heard sounds of martial music without, and we went to a window overlooking a paved courtyard; and from that point we presently beheld a fine sight. For the moment the courtyard was empty, except that in the center stood a great mass of bronze—by Schlüter, I think—a heroic equestrian statue of Saint George in the act of destroying the first adulterated German sausage. But in a minute the garrison turned out; and then in through an arched gateway filed the relief guard headed by a splendid band, with bell-hung standards jingling at the head of the column and young officers stalking along as stiff as ramrods, and soldiers marching with the goosestep.

In the German army the private who raises his knee the highest and sticks his shank out ahead of him the straightest, and slams his foot down the hardest and jars his brain the painfulest, is promoted to be a corporal and given a much heavier pair of shoes, so that he may make more noise and in time utterly destroy his reason. The goosestep would be a great thing for destroying grasshoppers or cutworms in a plague year in a Kansas wheatfield.

At the Kaiser's palace we witnessed all these sights, but we did not run across any bathrooms or any bathtubs. However, we were in the public end of the establishment and I regard it as probable that in the other wing, where the Kaiser lives when at home, there are plenty of bathrooms. I did not investigate personally. The Kaiser was out at Potsdam and I did not wish to call in his absence.

Etched by a German Towel

BATHROOMS were plentiful at the hotel where we stopped in Berlin. I had rather hoped to find the bedroom equipped with an old-fashioned German feather bed. I had heard that you scaled the side of a German bed on a stepladder and then fell headlong into its smothering folds like a gallant fireman invading a smoke-filled rag warehouse; but this hotel happened to be the best hotel that I ever saw outside the United States. It had been built and it was managed on American lines, plus German domestic service—which make an incomparable combination—and it was furnished with modern beds and provided with modern bathrooms.

Probably as a delicate compliment to the Kaiser, the bathtowels were starched until the fringes at the ends bristled up stiffly a-curl, like the ends of His Imperial Majesty's equally imperial mustache. Just once—and once only—I made the mistake of rubbing myself with one of those towels just as it was. I should have softened it first by a hackling process, as we used to hackle the hemp in Kentucky; but I did not. For two days I felt like an etching. I looked something like one too.

In Vienna we could not get a bedroom with a bathroom attached—they did not seem to have any—but we were told there was a bathroom just across the hall which we might use with the utmost freedom. This bathroom was a large, long, lofty, marble-walled vault. It was as cold as a tomb and as gloomy as one, and very smelly. Indeed it greatly resembled the pictures I have seen of the sepulcher of an Egyptian king—only I would have said that this particular king had been skimpily embalmed by the royal undertakers in the first place, and then imperfectly packed. The bathtub was long and marked with scars, and it looked exactly like a rifled mummy case with the lid missing, which added greatly to the prevalent illusion.

We used this bathroom *ad lib.*; but when I went to pay the bill I found an official had been keeping tabs on us, and that all baths taken had been charged up at the rate of sixty cents apiece. I had provided my own soap too! For that matter the traveler provides his own soap everywhere in Europe, outside of England. In some parts soap is regarded as an edible and in some as a vice common to foreigners; but everywhere except in the northern countries it is a curio.

So in Vienna they made us furnish our own soap and then charged us more for a bath than they did for a meal. Still, by their standards, I dare say they were right. A meal is a necessity, but a bath is an exotic luxury; and, since they have no extensive tariff laws in Austria, it is but fair that the foreigner should pay the tax. I know I paid mine, one way or another.

(Continued on Page 50)

The Man Who Couldn't Go Home

Then Other Rockets Went Up

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

LIMONSON was to pick up a passenger at Bocas del Drago, a passenger who was to identify himself by means of a hole through the palm of his right hand; and it was expressly stipulated that he was to drop anchor off the town not later than the seventeenth of March—to come at it in a haphazard, hit-or-miss way, as if it were the suddenly discovered urgency of provisions or gas for his auxiliary that took him in. He was painted white, with a single streak of gold leaf to top off with, and he was more than ordinarily particular about his brasses. Any one looking him over with a glass would have said a gentleman cruising private, which was one of the reasons Limonson had been picked for the task.

To come at Bocas—or The Mouths of the Dragon—haphazard was simple enough. There is only one good excuse for any one dropping anchor off this mess of shanties on stilts which is set down on maps as a seaport. That is when it happens to be in one's way. Bocas stands, stork fashion, on the swampy point of a headland of considerable area, and is protected on the seaside by a cluster of barren islands; and for a coastwise ship it is often easier to go through than round. So Limonson came at it from away to the south and east, dropping in for calls at the half-moon of Caribbean ports that fly fourteen different flags, all the time very much the gentleman cruising private, and making nothing of gasoline at sixty cents gold the gallon; and all the time with his eyes open, because down deep inside he didn't like the smell of his commission. However, the cash consideration was enough to tempt any one.

His suspicion that his coming passenger might be contraband, however, was set at rest at Kingstown, where a young and personable Englishman came aboard and smoked a dozen or so sociable cigarettes apropos, apparently, of nothing—and in the very act of leave-taking produced a bulky letter which he seemed to have forgotten until this moment. The letter contained official port papers clearing the schooner, The Three Friends, in good order from Bocas, dated March seventeen—six weeks ahead—with blanks left for him to fill in with the names of his crew and the gentleman he was to take aboard, the gentleman with the queer visiting card. These papers—which passed the schooner out of the harbor six weeks before he was reported in—were signed and sealed by the American consul, the port warden and the *comandante;* and Limonson, content now that he was employed merely to play a super rôle in a comic opera, set his mind at rest and prepared to enjoy himself from now on till the time he reached Bocas, which he planned to do at least two weeks before the date set in the agreement.

Now his guard was down, whereas before it had been up; and he loafed luxuriously along down the lee side of the Windward Islands, enjoying to the utmost the hospitality that meets, more than halfway, any white visitor to these parts—provided the blood doesn't show blue under his fingernails. In this way he built up the bulwark he wanted on one side—the impression of a gentleman cruising private; but on the other side he left himself open, because while he lulled suspicion in others he also lulled it in himself. And so it was that when Jim Scott came aboard at Port of Spain the incident did not arouse in the mind of the skipper of The Three Friends even a passing question.

The Three Friends had been lying off Number Two range lights in the roadstead, her sides showing luminous, almost phosphorescent, in the white moonlight. Limonson was smoking a dusty cigar on deck, trying to work up courage to leave the cool of the water for the stifling humidity of the town, when the dull form of Jim Scott came over the rail. Limonson had never met the man before, but he knew him by reputation as the only bridgebuilder between the tropics of Havana and Rio who would guarantee a river to stay put, once he had straddled it with one of his bridges. Also he had heard of one bad habit of Scott's—giving his money away to almost any irresponsible ruffian who might happen along and ask for it.

Scott tonight was dressed as usual, not in the loose, flappy flour-sacking which custom and comfort decree for these latitudes, but in heavy tweeds—none of your two-piece suits either, but with a vest buttoned up tight. Scott sat down and began to talk to Limonson, much as if they had met only yesterday and on that occasion had talked each other out pretty thoroughly. On the whole it was rather a pleasing experience for Limonson, this communion with some one who was casual, offhand, instead of the usual hair-trigger conversationalist one finds in a stranger.

At La Guaira, four days later, Scott showed up on the quay, apparently from nowhere, just in time to help Limonson out of an exasperating difficulty with a boatman into which he had been led by his poor knowledge of Spanish. At Barranquilla, there was the bridgebuilder leisurely swinging one leg over another in the garden of the Imperial, stopping long enough in the course of some casual remark to a yellow-skinned companion to nod at Limonson as he passed. At Cartagena, on a bench in the prado, Limonson came on Scott with his arm halfway round a native woman, at whom the tweed-suited bridgebuilder was looking with twinkling eyes and a humorous upturn to the corners of his large straight mouth. Scott did not see, or seemed not to see, the skipper of The Three Friends on this occasion. The Three Friends came into Colon on the same day that a big German cruising ship tied up at the docks and dropped a crowd of four hundred and fifty sightseers ashore to smother the town and the canal. In the back gardens of the Washington, where the baby royal palms are just starting to look like plumed tenpins, Limonson came suddenly on Scott talking with a summer girl, the summeriest of summer girls in white drill with a vivid green sash, and gray eyes hemmed in by freckles. She was so trim and cool in her whites that the awkward, bony bridgebuilder looked more uncouth than ever in his Arctic apparel. Limonson had picked up the yarn that Scott got his clothes from the little town in Kansas where he was born, and where evidently he had acquired that red corn-growing-sun tan of his that was so much in contrast with the usual sallow tan of the tropics.

But it wasn't the man's clothes, or his turning up at every stopping point, that interested Limonson so much now as it was his companion. Evidently from the look in her eyes she had been crying; but she was laughing now, and she was looking at him, Limonson, as though she expected him to advance and salute. At that the skipper of The Three Friends was half inclined to do it, if for nothing else than to rescue her from Jim Scott who, he did not doubt, had picked up this girl in the same casual way that he accosted any one, white, black or colored, who seemed to offer a moment's diversion. But Limonson didn't rescue the girl; one reason being his own New England timidity and respect for conventions, and the other being that while he debated on the respectability of the leathern-skinned bridgebuilder an elderly woman came to gather the girl under her wing.

There was nothing worthy of note, in the mind of Limonson, in Scott's paralleling his route from the start of the Windward Islands clear round through the inside arc of the half-moon of ports. It was a well-worn route of travel, and in the faces Limonson encountered at any port were a dozen he had seen before and would continue to meet as far as Colon at least. Consequently he was surprised when, a week later, he dropped anchor at Bocas, and the first question the American consul asked, when that worthy came aboard, was whether he had by any chance seen anything of Jim Scott.

"Why, yes," said Limonson. "I left him at the Isthmus. He is dickering with the Canal Commission for some second-hand dredges and rolling stock he wants to take to Guatemala."

"Plausible devil! And I suppose he took occasion to put a leg over your rail and inspect you from stem to stern, eh?"

"He did, at Trinidad and at Maracaibo and at Colon," cried Limonson, his voice suddenly rising in irritation. "And jolly well welcome he was, too, if you want to know it. Let me tell you something, Mister Consul. I am accustomed to sleep nights and to go round at jobs that keep my hands clean. I am not in the business of jumping every time the floor creaks. I am not in the business of asking questions either; but I'd like to know one ——"

"And I am not in the business of answering questions either," cried the consul in a strident voice, running up on Limonson's lines as though a stage manager stood at his elbow prodding him. A group of men on the wharf to which The Three Friends was being sprung with creaking hawsers looked up at the sudden rasp of voices. The consul seized Limonson by the arm and moved him down the deck as he went on in smothered tones:

"Limonson, I wouldn't be in this thing if it were not on the level. I ask you as a fair question, would I now in my position? There's things I can't tell you, but you will know in good time and you'll thank me for it. You've got two weeks. Now listen. Will you do as I tell you, or do you want to quit when everything's ripe to pull off something white, eh?"

From the Look in Her Eyes She Had Been Crying

The consul's long fingers twined round the thick of the arm of the skipper of The Three Friends, and Limonson permitted himself to be drawn over to the rail, where he leaned, shoulder to shoulder, with the business agent of the United States Government.

"I say I don't like the smell of it, and if my sailing papers are to be mixed up in some nasty mess with a bunch of yellow-bellies ——" He broke off suddenly, as the managing person at his elbow checked his fresh outbreak with a gentle pressure of his fingers in his armpit.

"There isn't any mess to it, and the worst you've got to do is to sail out of here on the seventeenth with a passenger who has got as much right to quit this hole as you or I—more, by gad! Only he doesn't want it known he is going until he is gone. Do you get me? Now listen, will you do what I ask you?"

"What is it?" asked Limonson testily. "This is a rotten hole for a white man to spend two weeks in."

"Good! I don't want you to spend it here. I want you to go up to the capital, San Martel. It's a good town up in the mountains, in the middle of the coffee and cocoa plantations, just as spry, dry and well found as your own schooner. All you have got to do is to play the fool. That ought to be easy."

The skipper of The Three Friends raised a cold eye to survey the speaker, to ascertain if the concluding remark had any especial significance in regard to himself. But the consul ran up on him again before he could speak.

"There's a vagabond up there named Drysdale. You can't miss him. You've got to pretend to pal with somebody, and he is there readymade. Besides, if you pal with him everybody will take you for another nut and won't pay any attention to you."

"That's kind of you—thanks!"

"Drysdale got into a drunken argument with a Britisher when he first came here four years ago as to which country kept the bigger dub here in shape of a consul. My friend Drysdale stoutly maintained that I was the prize, and the British object, with equal patriotic fervor, insisted that the leather medal ought to go to good old Steven, my English confrère."

The consul's eyes twinkled as, with a face otherwise as solemn as an owl, he regarded the rickety town on stilts across the yellow lagoon.

"Well, the upshot of it was —— Does this interest you, Limonson?"

"Oh, immensely."

"Well, then, the upshot of it was that the pair of them compromised by renouncing their respective citizenship and swearing allegiance to this—what do you call it?—yellow-bellied republic! Ha-ha! Great joke, you know, for a time, until this chap Drysdale happens to get in a row with the government, and when he started to get out they told him to stay here. He is a citizen and he's got to mind them, see?"

"I don't see what it's got to do with me," said the skipper, who was out of soundings."

"Not a blessed thing," said the consul, slapping him on the shoulder. "But this fellow Drysdale is the town nut, as I am telling you. You can amuse yourself for two weeks by pulling with him, and two weeks from tonight at nine o'clock I'll be round here to help you crank your kicker. Do you get me? All you've got to do is to play the fool in public with Drysdale. That's easy now, ain't it?"

He Was Turned Back by Armed Soldiers at Each of the Several Gates

II

THERE was a narrow-gauge train—which from one end looked like a crane standing on one leg—that was pulling out for San Martel in an hour, and the American consul, who seemed something of a functionary aside from his duties for his own government, begged room for his friend Limonson in a special car that was carrying a military band up to the capital to serenade the president of the republic, who was standing for election for the fourth consecutive time. The trip was marred by only one incident. The strategists of the Opposition Party had greased the rails on a five per cent grade ten miles out of San Martel, thereby delaying the military-band special long enough to keep the musicians out of the demonstration, which was to have come off sharply at two. This object lesson of the gentle art of politics, as it is played in a lighter vein in Latin-America, had the effect of urging an appreciative smile from the somewhat solemn face of the skipper of The Three Friends, and he arrived at the Tivoli Hotel three hours late, but still somewhat happy.

He found a tub, to his delight, filled with cold sparkling spring water that came down from the curtain of mountains behind the hotel, and when he was changed into a suit of cool fresh crash and had lighted a dusty Jamaica cigar he strolled through the old hotel and out to the portico that overlooked the garden with its closely cropped lawn of flat-matted Bermuda grass. He pulled up a chair to a marble-topped table, and when a diminutive yellow waiter, with a mustache so long and thin that it resembled a bifurcated queue, brought him a drink with the ice clinking invitingly in the glass Limonson began to lose a little of the acidity of temperament which the irritating but forceful consul at Bocas had instilled in him in their brief interview. Shortly a chair rattled on the red tile flagging behind him and a second customer was soon merrily stirring ice in a glass with the limber straws that decorate all tropical tipples. All white men are supposed to be brothers in this part of the world, where the run is yellow, brown and black; but Limonson had not yet acquired the requisite ease of advance necessary to break the ice at once. So he sat idly pulling at his straws for some time, conscious of the tropical beauty of the garden, with its double row of royal palms flanking the gravel path that led to the street and the many-colored leaves of the shrubbery that dotted the scene. Finally, however, the spirit of brotherhood did get under his thick skin of New England convention and he abruptly picked up his glass and dragged his chair back to the table where sat the other man, excusing his abruptness with a nod as friendly in manner as he could make it.

The stranger looked up questioningly and regarding Limonson for a moment he fell to shivering as though a stream of ice water were trickling down his back. This was manifestly impossible, as the creature was clothed in heavy gray tweeds that hung in loose folds about his lank, spare frame. The man had a great beak of a nose, deep sunken eyes and a yellow, sallow skin that was drawn over the bony framework of his face like a piece of wrinkled parchment. The eyes burned a little too bright. The hand that was reaching out for the empty glass as Limonson drew his chair up, uninvited, to the table, shook a trifle as if with ague. The man might have been thirty, but he looked considerably older. Undoubtedly the town bug, Drysdale, remarked the skipper of The Three Friends mentally.

"That is a magnificent ——" began Limonson; but before he could finish the sentence the other suddenly raised his hand and cried, "Stop! Wait!" The man began to talk rapidly, alternately in his natural voice—a resonant nasal one—and in a fine whine like that of a ventriloquist throwing his voice across the stage into the waiting mouth of some wooden puppet, maintaining a grotesque dialogue that quickened in satirical contempt with each sentence.

"You say," he began, "'Magnificent trees, eh! Something one doesn't see in the north.' I say: 'Yes, yes, quite so! Very beautiful.'

"You say: 'How straight the file stands! Like concrete posts, eh?' I say: 'Yes, indeed! If you fire a steel bullet through the heart of the first one it would pierce the heart of each in turn.'

"You say: 'Wonderful!' I say: 'Quite so, yes!'

"You say: 'How old are they?' I say: 'Sir Rodney Byng-Hall brought them here eighteen years ago in an envelope in his vest pocket.'

"You say: 'Indeed! How very remarkable!' I say —— But pardon me just one moment," said the speaker, for Limonson had raised his hand in token of surrender and was laughing. "You are about to ask me to drink up and have another. I say: 'Thank you, I will not!' If I accepted the invitation to drink of every bromide tourist that comes along and broaches conversation by means of that file of royal palms I should be pickled in lime juice.

"Now just one moment more of your indulgence," rattled on the speaker, for Limonson was rocking back and forth in his chair, roaring with mirth at the tempest he had raised. His *vis-à-vis* drew out a watch and looked at it. "Follow me," he said. "I take it you may be here tomorrow and the next day and the next. We can very easily exhaust all topics of conversation in which we meet on a common ground at once, sir, and save both of us trouble. Follow me, if you please."

Limonson got to his feet, chuckling inwardly, and tramped in the steps of his guide down the flag walk of the portico to the end where it looked out on the rear of the gardens. Against the sky hung the wall of the precipitous mountains that looked like the back drop of the Hippodrome at home. The plain, on which the town stood, ran up to the very foot of the ramparts of Nature. And a most amazing show was going on at that moment, as the guide stood looking intently at his watch. At the end of the garden was a ribbon of tropical color, poinsettias with gaudy leaves; castor-oil cattails from which hung whips of pink, looking as if they had been made in Germany; the eternal palms; ferns springing out of the tops of tree trunks like Hottentot topknots, and hedges with leaves lithographed in a most extravagant fashion.

But—just over the hedge—in the backyard, it seemed, not one hundred yards away—there was descending a black curtain of rain, black as night, yet intensely purple, and in the very midst of it there hung the huge fragment of a rainbow, more gaudy, more extravagant even than the tropical hedges of palms and flowers that it seemed to touch!

"Yes, sir, every afternoon, sir, at this hour—five-twelve o'clock, sir. No, it never rains in this garden, sir; that is at least not during the winter months, sir. The rainbow—how far away is it, sir? No one has ever measured it, sir. What's that? A pot of gold at this end? Why, yes, sir; but no one has ever found it, sir, that is ——"

The guide, his face cracked in an excuse for a smile, was rattling off the bromidic formula, parrot-fashion.

Captain Limonson did not smile now. He stepped forward and clapped a hard hand on the man's shoulder, and drove his fingers into the shoulder until the guide began to squirm.

"You are Drysdale!" said Limonson, holding the other's gaze in his own. "I was told that you were a nut. Now I know it. Drysdale!" he cried out suddenly as if irritated beyond endurance, "is the tail of that rainbow any farther away than your home? Why don't you go home?"

Drysdale took the hand off his shoulder and began to shiver violently.

"It's cold," he said between chattering teeth. "Si-sit d-down. Who are you, anyway, to come at me like a bull?"

"I am Limonson—Limonson of The Three Friends."

The chattering man drew his coat about him, looking vaguely out into the garden.

"This is the fifth day," he said, rubbing his hands. "It's always like t-this. You'll—you'll have to ex-excuse m-me. Limonson? Do I know Limonson? I don't know you, Limonson. Boy!"

The diminutive waiter bustled up and in Spanish Drysdale ordered clear brandy. He explained apologetically, as he gulped it down, that he took liquor only when the fever was on him, and only on the fifth day of the attack at that.

"Why don't you go home?" repeated Limonson bluntly. He was wondering how much of the tale the consul had told him so flippantly about this man—who was to serve to amuse the captain for a fortnight—might be true. As he studied the man he came to think that it was all true. "Why don't you go home, Drysdale? Isn't there anybody at home that wants to see you? Do you mean to say that a bunch of yellow-bellies like these can euchre a white man with half his wits? Have you ever tried?"

Drysdale was wetting his lips, which seemed to have been burned by the brandy.

"Yes," Drysdale said dully; "there are people at home who would be glad to see me—and I would like to go home. But I can't. Limonson, it's a funny thing about these—yellow-bellies, you call them? They have got us beaten on system! You have to give them credit for that. Government is the consent of the governed, you say. All right. Listen to me. I want to go home. I have been living at this hotel—oh, say, four years. Every little while I pack my bags and turn in my keys and ask for my bills—bar, laundry, dining room, bedroom, and so on. And they say—my bills? There are no bills! My bills have all been paid. All right. I walk out and call a bus. I will go to the railroad station to get the train. I have just time. Maybe there isn't any bus. Maybe all the busses are taken. Maybe I get a bus. I get to the station. I want a ticket. The train is sold out. All very polite and all that. I see

the train through the window, empty almost. But—very polite and sorry—but all the places are sold. Maybe tomorrow. No, not tomorrow or the next day. Limonson, I am a free man. I can go anywhere I please. All my bills are paid. But the moment I start for the coast or the frontier all the places are taken, or a carriage breaks down, or something happens—no matter what it is—something happens. I don't get there, that is all.

"Once," said Drysdale, no color of excitement in his tone, "a sea captain was sitting just where you are sitting now. He had a schooner in the port tied up at the banana wharf—where yours is, eh? He says: 'Why don't you go home, Drysdale? By gad!' he says, 'I'll take you there, and I would like to see the man that stops me.' He was all worked up. He got me aboard a train. I don't know how he worked it, but he did. He got me down to Bocas, and there was his ship lying up against the wharf loading bananas. He left me a minute at the station, to see about his baggage. He came back – in about a minute—and he was as white as anything you ever saw. He tried to tell me something, but he couldn't. The man's tongue seemed to have stuck in his throat. There was something about his owners, and sudden cables, and things like that, and he was off like a shot. I followed him down, but they had the wharf roped off – said they were loading fulminate or something like that, and that it was too dangerous for trespassers—I would have to see the skipper in the morning. In the morning he and his ship were gone—and I came back to San Martel."

The two men sat silently watching evening coming on. The darkness fell, the wind from the sea seemed to cease suddenly, and the air hung thick for a space of five minutes. Then the land breeze began to blow softly, bringing with it the delicious cool of the hills above. Lights sprang up all round, in the garden, in the street, from the windows of the *presidente's* palace beyond the little plaza on which the gardens of the Tivoli fronted. A chain rattled, a pair of heavily studded gates leading to the palace courtyard opened, and the *presidente's* carriage, drawn by a spanking pair in jingling harness, came dashing out. Two soldiers in native jean uniforms, who up to this moment had been reclining asleep at an utterly impossible angle against the door-posts, came to life and attention. The bronze doors of the palace entrance opened, and a man in black, wearing white gloves, sprang out, was thrust into the carriage, and was off. Almost instantly a second carriage appeared from the courtyard; the identical formula was followed; then a third. The carriages dashed off in different directions, each bearing some one in black with white gloves.

"Well, I am eternally jiggered!" uttered the skipper. "Who was that?"

"That was the government with the consent of the governed," said Drysdale. "The honorable *presidente*."

"Faugh! All three of them? You are joking."

"Maybe, or maybe not. I do not know," said Drysdale. "Maybe the honorable, the *presidente*, is still inside the palace. *Quien sabe?* That's a little trick of his. When he drives at evening, three, sometimes four, sometimes five carriages, all identical, drive up and dash off in different directions. Maybe he is in one of them. Maybe not. Maybe he is out walking with a muffler over his face. Nobody knows."

"He is a sweet-scented creature," went on the speaker. "I don't dislike him because he keeps me jailed here. That's private between him and me. But system, man! Why, he's got Tammany beaten at the post. Only it has its drawbacks. For years he wouldn't eat food, except that prepared by his mother. When she died he didn't dare go to the funeral, his subjects so dearly love him. Last year in May he was reviewing his cadets, and one of them shot him through the hand. They wouldn't tell who did it, so he lined them up, counted off every tenth man forty-eight of them—and shot them, against a wall. That is, all except two—one twelve and the other fourteen. He said he wasn't murdering boys. I always wondered if he got the right man in that batch."

"You say a cadet shot him through the hand?" said Limonson, suddenly bringing his chair down on the tiles "which hand?"

"The right hand. It made a hole as clean as if a bodkin had been run through. That's why all of his understudies wear gloves, because he wears gloves to hide that hole."

"Drysdale," said Limonson, his voice trembling in spite of him, "I am not a man to talk about my business. Is there anybody about who can overhear us talk?"

"There is," said a deep voice behind him, and a hand fell on the captain's shoulder and exerted friendly pressure. Limonson looked at the hand first. It was red and horny, and the fingernails were trimmed to the quick. Above was the familiar gray tweed sleeve of Jim Scott. Scott laughed when Limonson first looked up, then sprang up.

"Don't disturb yourself, captain," said the bridgebuilder. "I want Drysdale for a minute. You'll excuse him, won't you?"

And without waiting for the answer the bridgebuilder, who by the cards should have been back in Colon buying machinery, took the man-who-couldn't-go-home by the arm and led him out to a rustic seat beside a clump of bamboos.

The incidents of that night crowded each other so swiftly that whenever later Captain Limonson attempted to review them they seemed to flash before him like the suddenly interrupted scenes of some moving-picture screen.

He was conscious of two men, somber shadows in their dark clothes, facing each other off there in the darkness. The suggestion of a high word or two reached him across the night. Then suddenly Drysdale sprang to his feet and brought his hand across the face of his companion in a resounding smash. The blow carried the two-hundred pounds of the bridgebuilder off the seat, and as he rolled on the ground Drysdale stood above him for a moment, not menacingly, but easily, and he was saying:

"You know where to find me. There will be a moon tonight, about two o'clock."

So saying the man-who-couldn't-go-home turned and walked swiftly up the gravel path, passed Limonson without turning his head and disappeared in the billiard room. A minute later Scott stopped in front of Limonson. A ring of men stood at a distance, watching him.

"You saw that, I suppose," Scott said under his breath.

Limonson nodded.

"Will you act for me?" asked Scott.

"You don't mean to say you are going to call out that poor devil Drysdale, Scott?" cried Limonson.

The bridgebuilder looked hard at his questioner. He saw rage and disgust written plainly in the face of the blunt ship's captain and he turned abruptly away. He would have to look elsewhere for a gentleman of white blood to represent him in this affair. But evidently he did not succeed in finding a friend of his own color, for when Limonson, still in the throes of a determination on the one hand not to embroil himself in this fight, and on the other an impulse to prevent, if possible, the meeting, sought the Cathedral grounds after midnight, he encountered the bridgebuilder in tow of a gold-laced officer of the army. They have a knack of turning these affairs into official ceremonies in this part of the world. Evidently this one was such, for when Limonson attempted to enter the grounds he was turned back by armed soldiers at each of the several gates he essayed.

III

LIMONSON had to admit that whatever Jim Scott did, he did well and without any undue fuss or feathers. He put Drysdale in bed for a week at least, and as soon as he saw him on a stretcher and in a way to be cared for, Scott had dropped out of sight completely, something one would say was impossible in this country, where the impenetrable jungle hems in the checkered squares of plantation life on every hand and all the open roads are watched every hour of the day and night. Scott, it was said by those who talked over the ridiculous affair with Limonson in the portico the next morning, could snip the feathers off the war-bonnet on an American penny as far as he could see the penny. Drysdale should have known this. Everybody else did, and nobody ever thought of picking a quarrel with the bridgebuilder. Scott had taken particular care not to kill the town "nut"—the consul's designation of the unfortunate Drysdale seemed universal. It would not have done to kill him. The *presidente* and his people took too much pleasure in seeing young Drysdale walking round peering through the bars of his cage.

"What the deuce did this Drysdale do that the whole nation sets itself up to keep him from running away?" asked Limonson in disgust at the flippant way every one, white and yellow, had of referring to the poor chap who, to tell the truth, had struck the rare chord of pity in the phlegmatic sea captain the night before.

To the question, what had Drysdale done, the gossipers shrugged shoulders and looked at each other and smiled. They didn't know; but it was sufficient at least.

The strangest thing about the whole affair, to Limonson, was when the skipper of The Three Friends called on the wounded man. He found him propped up in bed reading French novels and cheerful. From his manner one might very well imagine that Scott had done him a favor to lay him up. In fact Drysdale insisted laughingly—and without any trace of the gloom he had exhibited the night before—that it was the only diversion he had had to enjoy in several years.

"Drysdale, why were you such an idiot as to swear off your citizenship and then let this bunch of bandits get you by the heels?" asked Limonson, turning the subject when he saw that the queer chap didn't want any of his condolences on the affair of the night before.

Drysdale set down his book with an air of utmost patience.

(Continued on Page 77)

Whatever Jim Scott Did, He Did Well

ASSOCIATION SNAGS

Dangers, Difficulties and Details of Competitive Teamwork

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"At First I Thought He Did Not See Me"

IF ANY manufacturer—with vision broad enough to see the benefits of the association movement—becomes so filled with enthusiasm for the cause of modern business teamwork that he is moved to enlist as an association missionary, he will do well first to stop and take sober account of the snags that are sure to beset his course. Instead of clear sailing, he will find enough rocks, shoals, snags and bars to supply steady entertainment for a business pilot as skillful as any river pilot that ever held the wheel of a Mississippi steamboat.

The first snag that appears to threaten the course of the association is charted as the Sherman Law. Unquestionably the fear of this snag has done more to retard the development of business teamwork in the United States than any other cause.

"It is impossible," declares a manufacturer of national importance who has spent years at the head of a large association, "for an outsider not in the business game, and not active in association work, to realize how much of a scare the very thought of the Sherman Law throws into the manufacturer who is jealous of his good name and of his business reputation. Let me indicate, by a little incident from my own experience, what a repressive power this bogy of the Sherman Law exerts on the man of business, and especially the man of large business.

"While I was president of our association I telephoned to a manufacturer who is eligible to membership in the association, but who manufactures a line of specialties so distinctly his own that his output could scarcely be said to come into actual competition with that of any member of the association. Besides, as I explained to him when telephoning for an engagement, the matter about which I wished to see him had as little relation to competition as the color of his eyes or of mine. He told me that he would be glad to meet me at the club at two o'clock that afternoon. As I arrived at the club half an hour too early I sat outside on the porch of the clubhouse and waited for him.

"He came up the steps on the minute and at first I thought he did not see me. I was about to call out to him when he gave me a nod and a momentary glance of recognition as frigid as he might have used had he intended to convey to me the intimation that my room was better than my company. Curious to know what had come over him, I followed him inside. He did not speak or turn back until out of hearing of the doormen."

The Bogy of American Business

"THEN, in a low tone, he called me cordially by my Christian name and asked: 'Don't you think it would be a lot safer for us to slip upstairs into a private room to have our talk?' And that man was the head of a great manufacturing house, conducting its business on the most scrupulous and law-abiding lines! He was afraid to meet a nominal competitor—for, in fact, his business and my own are not actually competitive save in a few minor details—in his own club; to be seen talking with him, and particularly to be overheard discussing a business matter with him.

"You may say that this man was the victim of an exaggerated fear of the Sherman Law—or, rather, of those persons charged with the power and authority to enforce and interpret that terrifying Federal statute. Perhaps so; but the fact remains that his attitude is typical of that of thousands of other business men who are today at the head of large manufacturing enterprises, and who clearly recognize the immense advantages of business teamwork; who see the benefits of association organization, but are prevented from free participation in this logical form of industrial uplift by the fear that their acts in association with their competitors—no matter how innocent and beneficial to the public good those acts may be—may possibly be construed by the Federal authorities as being combination in restraint of trade.

"The higher the business standing of such men and the cleaner their records, the greater appears to be their timidity on this point. They are determined not to be smirched with so much as the smell of smoke; they prefer to sacrifice substantial business advantages rather than come into the range of possible suspicion on the part of the authorities. Any man who undertakes to promote the interests, the membership and the usefulness of a business association of any sort in these days will soon discover how prevalent, not to say universal, is this extreme sensitiveness.

"The Sherman Law is the bogy of business today. It is the phantom that blocks the development of legitimate association work in every direction, and the fear of it is apparently strongest in the hearts of the men who have least cause to harbor it, and whose influence is most needed in the kind of industrial teamwork that is supplanting ignorance with intelligence, hatred with fellowship, ruthless and barbaric business warfare with broad, constructive coöperation for the elevation of the ideals, ethics and practices of the whole industry."

You meet this ghost at every turn of the road when attempting to forward the cause of business teamwork. This is the testimony of scores of earnest association workers. Every new prosecution for an infringement of the Sherman Law brings a fresh shudder of fear in the leaders of industry all along the line. The uncertainty of this menace enhances its terrors. The very fact that there is no clearly charted path, no line of procedure pointed out by the finger of authority as the way of guaranteed safety, is perhaps the chief cause of this sensitive apprehension.

There is something in the human mind—and particularly in the business mind—that instinctively shrinks from mystery and uncertainty. It is all very well to say that a clear conscience and a clean record on the part of any man or body of men ought to absolve either from any fear of the law, but the fact remains that it is not so much the fear of conviction as of prosecution that these men feel. They prefer to deny themselves the solid benefits of legitimate and clean-handed business coöperation rather than place themselves in a position where their combination in association work could possibly become the target of official suspicion. Consequently the Sherman Law today stands as the supreme snag in the way of association development.

The representative manufacturer of today wants to obey the law instead of feeing lawyers to fight the law; but, as the situation now stands with regard to the Sherman Law, he feels he is forced to have an expensive lawyer at his elbow to furnish a fresh guess as to the latest and the next definition of that law every time he contemplates a business move that is less than hostile to his competitors. He knows he can manufacture and sell goods at a profit without entering into any combination in restraint of trade, any pooling or price fixing, provided he is given a fair chance to pursue his work along the lines of highest intelligence and efficiency, without fear of falling under official suspicion.

No manufacturer today can operate his business along the lines of highest intelligence and efficiency without teamwork with his competitors, without that coöperative study of trade tendencies and trade problems that is only possible in a well-organized association of the main body of the members of his industry. He must command a bird's-eye view of the vital statistics of his industry, and must be in touch with the best minds and the best methods in that industry, before he can work to the best advantage.

How the handicap of the Sherman Law fear is going to be removed from the pathway of legitimate association development is a riddle in the minds of most leaders of industry; but all believe it will have to be solved, because the association is a vital economic necessity and the way for it will have to be made straight somehow. This is the essence of the opinions expressed in confidential conversation by almost a score of solid business men in as many different lines of manufacture and trade.

The Brake on Personal Initiative

THESE men stoutly assert that the association movement is the most significant and fundamental form of business crystallization that has appeared in American industry since the lid was applied to the unbridled rate favoritism on the part of railroads, which enabled the favored individual or corporation to crush out competition with merciless and mathematical accuracy. And they also insist that the authoritative answer to the question, What is the Government going to do about it? is one of the most far-reaching and important on the calendar of unfinished business in America today.

No fair and reasonable forecast of what that answer may be can be formulated without first getting a clear vision of causes that have fixed the distinctive traits of American business character—that have determined its peculiarities as definitely as a blood line fixes the form, size and characteristics of a strain of cattle. A large manufacturer in the Middle West, who is recognized throughout the country as a leader of the association movement, makes the following observations with regard to the main snag in the way of free and unrepressed association work:

"American history is a history packed full of personal initiative; the individual looms up large in every chapter of it. In our earlier days we were dependent on the individual pioneer and his ability to take his ax and his gun, and hew and fight his way to personal fortune. This made us a nation of individualists. Individualism—once justified—has gone mad. We have overworked our one-time chief virtue until we have now so exalted individualism—in the name of free competition—as to allow, almost to compel, the individual to assert himself against the rights of his fellows and the interest of society.

"Right now we are in the process of changing from this status of almost fanatical individualism—wicked and dwarfing in its selfishness—to that of intelligent social and business coöperation, a coöperation that is also selfish, but enlightened, high in its ideals, and as wide as the world in its conceptions and aims.

"President Wilson has said: 'As I conceive it, private business is nothing else than public service for private gain.'

That hits the nail squarely on the head! To any business man in touch with the real spirit of modern association work, it would seem that Mr. Wilson must have had the association definitely in mind when he made this clear-sighted declaration. This is the new viewpoint, the modern viewpoint of the representative business man who believes in teamwork among competitors, and who realizes that without this kind of coöperation we can make small progress along the line of industrial development and betterment. This sentiment is today accepted in a hundred times more business offices in this country than it was ten years ago.

"It expresses the controlling purpose of the vast majority of voluntary business associations. I know this because my own official and association work brings me in contact, day after day, with manufacturers and business men in almost every line of industry and every kind of association. It is an undeniable fact that business men very generally have come to see that they can best serve themselves by working not only for the common good of their particular industry, but for the good of society as well. That is what real representative modern business association work means. With this new conception and aim, business becomes one of the noblest of the professions and, in its voluntary associations, becomes one of the greatest instruments of social and economic advancement.

"This being true—and it is true—association development cannot be permanently repressed by the fear of prosecution under the Sherman Law or by any other legal provision against combination in restraint of trade. Unfortunately it is true that the free and untrammeled development of association work is retarded temporarily by these fears—and greatly retarded too. Personally I lost all timidity on this point long ago. I believe the thing that is going to uproot this chief snag in the course of full association development is the education of the whole public as to the real purposes and real practices, the spirit and the works, of the representative association of today.

"And I wish that the President of the United States, the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Department of Commerce could have a full and clear knowledge of exactly what is going on in every association in this country. Then every association that is run on right principles and for right and legitimate purposes would have a free chance to forge ahead and attain its full and logical growth; and any associations not so conducted would be snuffed out and cleared from the way of progress."

What the Paint Association Has Done

"THAT there are still some survivals in association form of the old gentlemen's-agreement meetings I am sometimes led to suspect from the actions of individuals high in their councils. An association that bears the earmarks of being a one-man organization becomes a natural object of suspicion and a menace to the cause of legitimate association development; but these organizations—if they actually exist—are few and far between; they are being rapidly pushed off the map by the modern type of association, with its high ideals and clean practices, its broad constructive measures, its efficient and economical methods, and its earnest educational efforts.

"Whenever I find a business man who names the bogy of the Sherman Law as a reason for not taking an active and earnest part in association work, I invariably ask him whether he has any particular and well-founded reason to feel that President Wilson or any member of his Cabinet has failed to understand the real spirit of modern association development; and not a single man to whom this question has been put has admitted having any such reason. Personally I believe that none exists, and that no man need be hindered by fear of the Sherman Law from throwing himself wholeheartedly into clean-handed association work—the kind that is really representative of the modern business association."

Another light is thrown on this snag by the declaration of an experienced association worker, who holds that the tendency of the association is to maintain competition instead of suppressing it.

"At the time," says Mr. George B. Heckel, secretary of the National Paint Association, "when the paint manufacturers of this country organized into an association, the industry was demoralized by certain trade abuses that made existence precarious to the small manufacturer. One abuse in particular played into the hands of the large manufacturer and made it comparatively easy for him to push the goods of his small competitor off the shelves of the dealer. And he did it too—until the whole industry stood aghast.

"Those who had viewpoint and vision enough to see the broad tendencies of the trade could not escape the conviction that we were rapidly drifting toward a situation in which a few big manufacturers would ultimately find it easy to secure a practical control of the industry. Why was this? Because the little fellow could not stand the strain of the bushwhacking warfare—that was why! He was in a struggle—a fight—that was not being conducted on civilized lines. It was purely barbaric.

"The industry was operated on destructive lines wholly—it did not know the touch of a single constructive element at that time. Ignorance, waste and inefficiency prevailed, and the prizes appeared to be up for cunning, stubbornness and the blind strength of the biggest bank account. Naturally the smaller manufacturers with the weaker bank accounts began to waver and fall back.

"This process was rapidly clearing the field of the little fellows and creating a situation in which the little group of big fellows were being pushed together. They had become worn and battered themselves, and had about had their fill of this sort of fighting.

"Then along came the association. The idea looked good to almost every man in the whole abuse-ridden industry; in fact it looked like a lifeboat to a lot of the manufacturers. And it was. There were plenty of them that were headed straight for the rocks at that time. From an inside knowledge of the situation, I cannot doubt that many of the weaker houses in the paint trade would have been snuffed out if the association lifeboat had not happened along just when it did. No more can I doubt that the few big houses in the trade, tired of bushwhacking and trying to strangle one another, were ripe for a get-together movement of the consolidation type.

"This view of the situation is confirmed, it seems to me, by the fact that they were the first to reach out for the gunwales of the association lifeboat and climb in. I verily believe that the association saved the heavy end of the paint-manufacturing industry from falling into the hands of a few leaders simply because they were exhausted by the wasteful and demoralizing methods of guerrilla warfare—not because they were looking for combination and consolidation.

"To my mind, the association saved a very considerable number of smaller houses from going under.

"In a word, the paint association demonstrated that the natural and logical tendency of the modern association is to keep competition alive, instead of stifling it. That is the way it works out in actual practice. This history has been repeated, with interesting variations, in practically every well-organized and vigorous association of manufacturers making the same line of goods.

"Those who bear the responsibility of enforcing the Sherman Law and those who are fearful of this association snag should clearly consider this phase of association achievement. It will help immensely to clear the atmosphere; to place the association movement in its true light and remove timidity from the minds of men who would like to go whole-heartedly into this constructive line of industrial uplift, but who now hesitate because of the chilling shadow cast on their minds by the Sherman Law."

In the two national associations of the automobile industry there have been striking examples of teamwork in preventing competitors from going under. More than one manufacturer in this line, it is asserted by those who are in a position to know, has been saved from financial disaster by direct association intervention, on the big, broad policy that the good of the industry as a whole would be served by reaching out a helping hand to the member in trouble.

In one particular case, it is said, a certain manufacturer found himself drifting on the shoals because he had believed that he was manufacturing his car at a certain cost. Altogether too late for his own welfare, he discovered that he was selling his cars at a loss when he supposed he was receiving a moderate margin of profit on his output.

Through the fellowship naturally developed by association intercourse he was not only provided with financial assistance but with another form of aid that was quite as valuable. Efficiency in manufacture almost invariably travels hand in hand with association fellowship, and through friendly suggestion and cooperation along this line the struggling manufacturer was enabled to locate the leaks in his business—to find out where a large part of his supposed profits were escaping to the scrapheap and evaporating in the assembling room. These examples can be paralleled in practically every association of manufacturers officered by capable and energetic men, actuated by the real spirit of business teamwork and association fellowship.

The Value of Knowing Your Competitors

"THERE is no dodging the fact," declares a prominent manufacturer and association leader, "that it is far more difficult for a small manufacturer, or one that is financially weak, to fail in business or to be pushed close to the wall—provided he has the right sort of stuff in him and commands the respect of his competitors—if he is an active working member of a good, live association than if he is not. This is not so much because the association has the machinery at hand for quick intercommunication and coöperation, as because he knows his competitors and is known by them in an intimate, friendly and personal contact, impossible to competitors outside of an association. It is a plain matter of human nature.

"When you have sat, month after month, beside your competitors, with your knees under the same mahogany, those competitors are simply bound to feel differently toward you when you are in trouble—and to act differently too—than as if they were comparative strangers to you. This is really the big element at the bottom of association work; and when you overlook this element you overlook the main reason why the legitimate voluntary business association helps to keep competition alive and helps to keep the smaller competitors going and in the game.

"True we are all after the dollar; but even the sordid business man is immensely human, and it is a lot easier for him to reach out the helping hand to the distressed competitor who touches elbows with him at the association table than it would be to aid that same competitor if he were a stranger."

The benefit of the association to the smaller manufacturer is an element of association influence on which it is hard to place too great an emphasis. As a stimulus to healthful and wholesome competition, as a support to the smaller and weaker members of an industry, the influence of an association would seem to be beyond controversy.

Just how this works out with the individual is vividly illustrated by the experience of a small paper manufacturer. When he was invited to become a member of the association he declared that the association had no place for the little fellow; that his identity would be completely lost in the organization, and that his influence in it would be "represented by a cipher with the rim torn off"; that he would be completely overshadowed by the big mill and by its representatives in the big centers of trade; and that, anyhow, his big competitors were continually knocking his goods.

The representative of the association, however, was persistent, and finally overcame his objections and persuaded him to join. He found himself warmly welcomed in the

He Found Himself Warmly Welcomed in the Association Gathering

association gathering and was surprised to discover that the big man in the organization seemed especially interested in getting the views and experiences of the smaller manufacturers. They gave the new member individual attention and drew expressions from him on almost every topic that came up for discussion. Finally he caught the association spirit, felt his competitive suspicion fading away, and eventually reached a stage of confidence that permitted him to invite the association's cost experts into his mill to install the uniform cost-finding system already in operation in practically all the big plants in that association and in many of the smaller ones.

Almost instantly he found he was losing money on certain grades of his output that he had been manufacturing mainly to keep up with competition. One of these grades he promptly abandoned; on another he slightly advanced the price; and on a third he reduced the cost through waste-saving methods recommended by the association's experts. Acting on the same advice he was able to make quite a substantial reduction in his overhead expenses.

Previously he had been able to secure considerable business by the granting of special discounts, by making irregular and unnaturally favorable deliveries. He had come to feel that these practices somehow gave him an advantage over certain competitors, and when these matters were threshed out in open association meeting he was inclined to cling to his right to make these discriminations. Here, however, was where the big operators took a firm stand for uniform discounts, for uniform deliveries and for clearly established standards of product.

How the Strong Help the Weak

AFTER these uniform standards of trade practice and output had been in operation for a few months, this small manufacturer was confronted by the fact that the most substantial benefit which had come to him through his membership in the association was probably that resulting from this one point of the association policy, which he had openly opposed.

Then the spring rains descended and the floods came, not only throwing his mill out of operation but inflicting serious damage on his property. When this catastrophe overtook him he naturally gravitated toward association headquarters, and found that many of his competitors, moved by the same impulse, had already gathered there. As the latest arrival he was called on to relate the story of the wreckage at his plant.

"I don't mind the direct loss," he concluded, "so much as I do the fact that I am tied up on certain contracts, with heavy forfeits in case of non-delivery. That's what gets me!"

"Don't worry about that, Jim!" exclaimed a large mill owner, placing a friendly hand on his shoulder. "The high water hasn't hit us yet, and I'll carry your contract for you until you are in shape to resume. All of us who are untouched by the floods must help out the others who are under water. That has already been definitely agreed on by those of us who are in shape to run at full capacity."

After the floods had receded and Jim was in shape to resume operations, his contract was promptly turned back to him by the association brother who had reached out the helping hand.

"I hope you made a fair profit," said Jim, "while you were carrying this contract for me."

"Now what did you want to raise that point for?" laughed the big mill owner. "As a matter of fact we didn't. We actually lost a little, because we were not rigged to produce your particular grade of paper at the best advantage; but that doesn't make any difference—hardly any of the mills that have taken over contracts during this flood emergency made any money on them, for the same and other reasons. I have yet to hear, though, any mill owner who was lucky enough to escape the floods put up a squeal because he has failed to take a profit from the calamities of his fellow members.

"We've learned a lot better than that since we've really become acquainted with each other round this association table. We've traveled quite a way along the road of decent competition since we first got together to do a little teamwork in cleaning up a few trade abuses."

This kind of experience is by no means uncommon; on the other hand, it is quite usual in strong associations, where the members have been drawn closely together in a vigorous and consistent effort to put the product and the practices of the industry on a high plane.

Repeatedly in the paint industry, for example, contracts have been fulfilled in the same manner by manufacturers for their fellow-association members whose plants have been destroyed or temporarily put out of operation by fire; in fact it is not too much to say that there is hardly a typical business association of the modern sort in which these experiences, so foreign to the spirit of the old-time head-hunting species of uncivilized competition, are not continually duplicated.

The contrast between the apparent attitude of the Government of the United States—at least as that attitude is now understood by the rank and file of American manufacturers—toward business teamwork and association organization, and the attitude of other governments in relation to the same matter, affords a fascinating field for study that is not being overlooked by the leaders of the association movement in America.

"So far as the manufacturer is concerned," says the secretary of an aggressive association, "the attitude of our government seems to be, Rub their noses together and make them fight! while the position of those foreign governments that are leading the world's trade is clearly the reverse of this and might be expressed: No fighting allowed."

In those countries, instead of saying to the manufacturers and the members of every industry, "You must not get together," the government says: "You must get together and coöperate in every detail that is calculated to promote the profitable trade of the nation."

Perhaps few association leaders in America have made a more systematic study of the trade-building regulations of foreign nations than has Mr. Arthur C. Hastings, president of the American Paper and Pulp Association, who says:

"To any student of trade tendencies and manufacturing conditions throughout the world, the attitude of the imperial government of Germany, as contrasted with that of our own government, is illuminating. In our own association we are brought into sharp contact with that contrast in a very practical way.

"The growing market to the south of the United States, in the Latin-American countries, affords a vivid example of how these two tendencies conflict and of the results achieved by these conflicting policies. Though it is true that our exports to the Latin-American republics have been growing from year to year, their expansion has been nowhere near that of Germany, who leads the world in her trade with all South American states. The explanation of this is entirely clear to all who understand the treatment given the German manufacturers by the German Government.

"Through their trade organizations in Germany, where tradebuilding is a government function, the manufacturers are not only free to appeal directly to the government for aid in meeting competition with other nations, but their business is conducted directly under the eye of the government in practically every detail.

"Where it is found that foreign competition is so great that German manufacturers in any line are unable to meet prices, the government looks into the matter through proper agents; and if the facts are found to sustain the representation of the manufacturers the government takes a hand and the manufacturer is given special freight rates over the government railroads, so that the goods in question may be delivered to the seaport at a nominal figure; and then a through freight rate over subsidized steamship lines is made so attractive that the manufacturer is able to meet competition.

"There the attitude of the government is briefly this: 'You must not make an excessive profit, but you must make a reasonable profit and enjoy the maximum volume of trade obtainable; and we will help you to secure this.' At every meeting of any body of manufacturers in that country a representative of the government is present. If the profits have been excessive manufacturers are advised to reduce their prices; if the profits are not satisfactory, after due allowances for depreciation for taxes and reserves, they are advised to raise their prices.

"If a body of men makes application for a charter to form a paper company, for example, the government first investigates the condition of the trade, and if it is apparent that anything approaching a condition of over-production exists the charter is denied. Over-competition is as jealously guarded against by the German Empire as combination is guarded against in this country. The result is that Germany, in almost every line of manufacture, is enabled to compete successfully with any and all countries of the world.

"In other words, the German Government believes that intelligent coöperation is better for the public, the manufacturer and the investor than is the ruthless competition apparently being demanded by our own government. This German system has produced a uniform efficiency in all lines of manufacture that is the wonder of the manufacturing world.

"I am not contending that the paternal system by which the German Government regulates its manufactures and stimulates its great campaign of national trade building can be superimposed bodily on the American people; but I do earnestly contend that we can never take our rightful place in the world's trade without something of the same helpful spirit—on the part of our own authorities—the German Government displays toward its manufacturers.

"There is no law, legal or moral, to prevent manufacturers in America from doing their utmost to run their business with intelligence, and with the aim of securing a reasonable profit on the capital invested and the energy expended. Many hardships and much litigation may be required to establish this fact, but it certainly will be established in the end. Trade building in this country can never be developed to its logical proportions until the right of competitors freely and fearlessly to coöperate in every activity for the good of the industry—with the exception of price-fixing and restraint of trade—is fully established."

A Valuable Legal Opinion

THERE is hardly a manufacturer in the United States, now a member of an association or who has the remotest idea of becoming a member, who is not interested to know the legal advice on which the most progressive associations are shaping their course.

Here is a sample taken from a privately rendered opinion by one of the most eminent legal authorities in the United States, formerly connected with the United States Government. It is interesting reading.

"This practice"—a certain trade abuse—"is reprobated by the trade generally as a pernicious one, and the purpose of the resolution is, so far as possible, to make an end of it.

"The association is a voluntary one and its membership is open to all manufacturers. Its way of enforcing the resolution is to impose a fine for the violation of it, the fine being graduated with reference to the quantity of the product involved. Failure to pay the fine is followed by expulsion from the association. The association itself, as such, is not engaged in business, and it has no rule, resolution, agreement or arrangement prescribing in any way the business conduct or action of its members, except the one referred to.

"The resolution certainly is a restraint on the freedom of the members, for it assumes to prohibit the practice in question; but so is every law of the land and every rule and regulation of any association of men. It does not follow, however, that the regulation is therefore a restraint of trade or that it is otherwise offensive to public law or policy.

"Associations of men engaged in the same calling and regulations governing to some extent their conduct in that calling are not new, and they are not discountenanced by the law when their purpose is to promote fairness and integrity in the conduct of business, or to serve the convenience and welfare of the members in any way consistent with the general good.

"The rules and regulations of such an association must not conflict with the positive law, but they may go beyond it and establish a higher standard of conduct. Indeed, a code of ethics in any business that did not go beyond the prescribed penal code of the state would leave that business on a very low plane. "The question, in any case, would be as to the effect of the regulation: Does it operate as a real restraint on trade?

"It is not surprising that these regulations are frequently directed to modes of getting business, for the stress of temptation in any calling is greatest there. Any limitation on methods of getting business is a restraint on competition in that business; but it is not for that reason illegal. The policy of the law is not only that the competition shall be free but also that it shall be fair! The limitation is not illegal unless it hinders free and fair competition.

"The professional men of the country have their associations—local, state and national. Each profession has

(Continued on Page 73)

"Don't Worry, Jim! I'll Carry Your Contract for You"

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

It Was a Red-Letter Day in the Girl's Uneventful Life

IX

IT WAS the middle of November when Anna Gates, sitting on her trunk in the cold entrance hall on the Hirschengasse, flung the conversational bomb that left empty three rooms in the *Pension* Schwarz.

Mid-December found Harmony back and fully established in the lodge of Maria Theresa on the Street of Seven Stars—back but with a difference. True, the gate still swung back and forward on rusty hinges, obedient to every whim of the December gales; but the casement windows in the salon no longer creaked or admitted drafts, thanks to Peter and a roll of rubber weather-casing. The grand piano, which had been Scatchy's rented extravagance, had gone never to return, and in its corner stood a battered but still usable upright. Under the great chandelier sat a table with an oil lamp, and evening and morning the white-tiled stove gleamed warm with fire. On the table by the lamp were the combined medical books of Peter and Anna Gates, and an ash-tray which also they used in common.

Shabby still of course, bare, almost denuded, the salon of Maria Theresa. But at night, with the lamp lighted and the little door of the stove open, and perhaps, when the dishes from supper had been washed, with Harmony playing softly, it took resolution on Peter's part to put on his overcoat and face a lecture on the resection of a rib or a discussion of the function of the pituitary body.

The new arrangement had proved itself in more ways than one not only greater in comfort but in economy. Food was amazingly cheap. Coal, which had cost ninety hellers a bucket at the *Pension* Schwarz, they bought in quantity and could afford to use lavishly. Oil for the lamp was a trifle. They dined on venison now and then, when the shop across boasted a deer from the mountains. They had other game occasionally, when Peter, carrying home a mysterious package, would make them guess what it might contain. Always on such occasions Harmony guessed rabbits. She knew how to cook rabbits, and some of the other game worried her.

For Harmony was the cook. It had taken many arguments and much coaxing to make Peter see it that way. In vain Harmony argued the extravagance of Rosa, now married to the soldier from Salzburg with one lung, or the tendency of the delicatessen seller to weigh short if one did not watch him. Peter was firm.

It was Doctor Gates, after all, who found the solution.

"Don't be too obstinate, Peter," she admonished him. "The child needs occupation; she can't practice all day. You and I can keep up the financial end well enough, reduced as it is. Let her keep house to her heart's content. That can be her contribution to the general fund."

And that eventually was the way it settled itself, not without demur from Harmony, who feared her part was too small, and who irritated Anna almost to a frenzy by cleaning the apartment from end to end to make certain of her usefulness.

A curious little household surely, one that made the wife of the *portier* shake her head, and speak much beneath her breath with the wife of the brushmaker about the Americans having queer ways and not as the Austrians.

The short month had seen a change in all of them. Peter showed it least of all perhaps. Men feel physical discomfort less keenly than women, and Peter had been only subconsciously wretched. He had gained a pound or two in flesh, perhaps, and he was unmistakably tidier. Anna Gates was growing round and rosy, and Harmony had trimmed her a hat. But the real change was in Harmony herself.

The girl had become a woman. Who knows the curious psychology by which such changes come—not in a month or a year; but in an hour, a breath. One moment Harmony was a shy, tender young creature, all emotion, quivering at a word, aloof at a glance, prone to occasional introspection and mysterious daydreams; the next she was a young woman, tender but not shyly so, incredibly poised, almost formidably dignified on occasion, but with little girlish lapses into frolic and high spirits.

The transition moment with Harmony came about in this wise: They had been settled for three weeks. The odor of stewing cabbages at the *Pension* Schwarz had retired into the oblivion of lost scents, to be recalled, along with its accompanying memory of discomfort, with every odor of stewing cabbages for years to come. At the hospital Jimmy had had a bad week again. It had been an anxious time for all of them. In vain the sentry had stopped outside the third window and smiled and nodded through it, in vain—when the street was deserted and there was none to notice—he went through a bit of the manual of arms on the pavement outside, ending by setting his gun down with a martial and ringing clang.

In vain had Peter exhausted himself in literary efforts, climbing unheard-of peaks, taking walking tours through such a Switzerland as never was, shooting animals of various sorts, but all hornless, as he carefully emphasized.

And now Jimmy was better again. He was propped up in bed, and with the aid of Nurse Elisabet he had cut out a paper sentry and set it in the barred window. The real sentry had been very much astonished; he had almost fallen over backward. On recovering he went entirely through the manual of arms, and was almost seen by an oberst-lieutenant. It was all most exciting.

Harmony had been to see Jimmy on the day in question. She had taken him some gelatin, not without apprehension, it being her first essay in jelly and Jimmy being frank with the candor of childhood. The jelly had been a great success.

It was when she was about to go that Jimmy broached a matter very near his heart.

"The horns haven't come, have they?" he asked wistfully.

"No, not yet."

"Do you think he got my letter about them?"

"He answered it, didn't he?"

Jimmy drew a long breath. "It's very funny. He's mostly so quick. If I had the horns, Sister Elisabet would tie them there at the foot of the bed. And I could pretend I was hunting."

Harmony had a great piece of luck that day. As she went home she saw hanging in front of the wild game shop next to the delicatessen store a fresh deer, and this time it was a stag. Like the others it hung head down, and as it swayed on its hook its great antlers tapped against the shop door as if mutely begging admission.

She could not buy the antlers. In vain she pleaded, explained, implored. Harmony enlisted the *portier*, and took him across with her. The wild game seller was obdurate. He would sell the deer entire, or he would mount head and antlers for his wife's cousin in Galicia as a Christmas gift.

Harmony went back to the lodge and climbed the stairs. She was profoundly depressed. Even the discovery that Peter had come home early and was building a fire in the kitchen brought only a fleeting smile. Anna was not yet home.

Peter built the fire. The winter dusk was falling and Harmony made a movement to light the candles. Peter stopped her.

"Can't we have the firelight for a little while? You are always beautiful, but—you are lovely in the firelight, Harmony."

"That is because you like me. We always think our friends are beautiful."

"I am fond of Anna, but I have never thought her beautiful."

The kitchen was small. Harmony, rolling up her sleeves by the table, and Peter before the stove were very close together. The dusk was fast fading into darkness; to this tiny room at the back of the old house few street sounds penetrated. Round them, shutting them off together from the world of shops with lighted windows, rumbling buses and hurrying humanity, lay the old lodge with its dingy gardens, its whitewashed halls, its dark and twisting staircases.

Peter had been very careful. He had cultivated a comradely manner with the girl that had kept her entirely at her ease with him. But it had been growing increasingly hard. He was only human after all. And he was very comfortable. Love, healthy human love, thrives on physical ease. Indigestion is a greater foe to it than poverty. Great love songs are written, not by poets starving in hall bedrooms, with insistent hunger gnawing and undermining all that is of the spirit, but by full-fed gentlemen who sing out of an overflowing of content and wide fellowship, and who write, no doubt, just after dinner. Love, being a hunger, does not thrive on hunger.

Thus Peter. He had never found women essential, being occupied in the struggle for other essentials. Women had had little part in his busy life. Once or twice he had seen visions, dreamed dreams, to waken himself savagely to the fact that not for many years could he afford the luxury of tender eyes looking up into his, of soft arms about his neck. So he had kept away from women with almost ferocious determination. And now!

He drew a chair before the stove and sat down. Standing or sitting, he was much too large for the kitchen. He sat in the chair, with his hands hanging, fingers interlaced between his knees.

The firelight glowed over his strong, rather irregular features. Harmony, knife poised over the evening's potatoes, looked at him.

"I think you are sad tonight, Peter."

"Depressed a bit. That's all."

"It isn't money again?"

It was generally money with any of the three, and only the week before Peter had found an error in his bank balance which meant that he was a hundred kronen or so poorer than he had thought. This discovery had been very upsetting.

"Not more than usual. Don't mind me. I'll probably end in a roaring bad temper and smash something. My moody spells often break up that way!"

Harmony put down the paring knife, and going over to where he sat rested a hand on his shoulder. Peter drew away from it.

"I have hurt you in some way?"

"Of course not."

"Could—could you talk about whatever it is? That helps sometimes."

"You wouldn't understand."

"You haven't quarreled with Anna?" Harmony asked, real concern in her voice.

"No. Good Lord, Harmony, don't ask me what's wrong! I don't know myself."

He got up almost violently and set the little chair back against the wall. Hurt and astonished, Harmony went back to the table. The kitchen was entirely dark, save for the firelight, which gleamed on the bare floor and the red legs of the table. She was fumbling with a match and the candle when she realized that Peter was just behind her, very close.

"Dearest," he said huskily. The next moment he had caught her to him, was kissing her lips, her hair.

Harmony's heart beat wildly. There was no use struggling against him. The gates of his self-control were down: all his loneliness, his starved senses rushed forth in tardy assertion.

After a moment Peter kissed her eyelids very gently, and let her go. Harmony was trembling, but with shock and alarm only. The storm that had torn him root and

branch from his firm ground of self-restraint left her only shaken. He was still very close to her; she could hear him breathing. He did not attempt to speak. With every atom of strength that was left in him he was fighting a mad desire to take her in his arms again and keep her there.

That was the moment when Harmony became a woman.

She lighted the candle with the match she still held. Then she turned and faced him.

"That sort of thing is not for you and me, Peter," she said quietly.

"Why not?"

"There isn't any question about it."

He was still reckless, even argumentative; the crying need of her still obsessed him.

"Why not? Why should I not take you in my arms? If there is a moment of happiness to be had in this grind of work and loneliness ——"

"It has not made me happy."

Perhaps nothing else she could have said would have been so effectual. Love demands reciprocation; he could read no passion in her voice. He knew then that he had left her unstirred. He dropped his outstretched arms.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it."

"I would rather not talk about it, please."

The banging of a door far off told them that Anna Gates had arrived and was taking off her goloshes in the entry. Peter drew a long breath, and after his habit shook himself.

"Very well, we'll not talk of it. But, for heaven's sake, Harmony, don't avoid me. I'm not a cad. I'll let you alone."

There was only time for a glance of understanding between them, of promise from Peter, of acceptance from the girl. When Anna Gates entered the kitchen she found Harmony peeling potatoes and Peter filling up an already over-fed stove.

That night, during that darkest hour before the dawn when the thrifty city fathers of the old town had shut off the street lights because two hours later the sun would rise and furnish light that cost the taxpayers nothing, the *portier's* wife awakened.

The room was very silent, too silent. On those rare occasions when the *portier's* wife awakened in the night and heard the twin clocks of the Votivkirche strike three, and listened, perhaps, while the delicatessen seller ambled home from the Schubert Society, singing beerily as he ambled, she was wont to hear from the bed beside hers the rhythmic respiration that told her how safe from Schubert Societies and such like evils was her lord. There was no sound at all.

The *portier's* wife raised herself on her elbow and reached over. Owing to the width of the table that stood between the beds and to a sweeping that day which had left the beds far apart she met nothing but empty air. Words had small effect on the *portier*, who slept fathoms deep in unconsciousness. Also she did not wish to get up—the floor was cold and a wind blowing. Could she not hear it and the creaking of the deer across the street, as it swung on its hook?

The wife of the *portier* was a person of resource. She took the iron candlestick from the table and flung it into the darkness at the *portier's* pillow. No startled yell followed.

Suspicion thus confirmed, the *portier's* wife forgot the cold floor and the wind, and barefoot felt her way into the hall. Suspicion was doubly confirmed. The chain was off the door; it even stood open an inch or two.

Armed with a second candlestick she stationed herself inside the door and waited. The stone floor was icy, but the fury of a woman scorned kept her warm. The Votivkirche struck one, two, three quarters of an hour. The candlestick in her hand changed from iron to ice, from ice to red-hot fire. Still the *portier* had not come back and the door chain swung in the wind.

At four o'clock she retired to the bedroom again. Indignation had changed to fear, coupled with sneezing. Surely even the Schubert Society —— What was that?

From the *portier's* bed was coming a rhythmic respiration!

She roused him, standing over him with the iron candlestick, now lighted, and gazing at him with eyes in which alarm struggled with suspicion.

"Thou hast been out of thy bed!"

"But no!"

"An hour since the bed was empty."

"Thou dreamest."

"The chain is off the door."

"Let it remain so and sleep. What have we to steal or the Americans above? Sleep and keep peace."

He yawned and was instantly asleep again. The *portier's* wife crawled into her bed and warmed her aching feet under the crimson feather comfort. But her soul was shaken. The devil had been known to come at night and take innocent ones out to do his evil. The innocent ones knew it not, but it might be told by the soles of the feet, which were always soiled.

At dawn the *portier's* wife cautiously uncovered the soles of her sleeping lord's feet, and fell back gasping. They were quite black, as of one who had tramped in garden mold.

Early the next morning Harmony, after a restless night, opened the door from the salon of Maria Theresa into the hall and set out a pitcher for the milk.

On the floor, just outside, lay the antlers from the deer across the street. Tied to them was a bit of paper, and on it was written the one word *"Still!"*

X

IN LOOKING back after a catastrophe it is easy to trace the steps by which the inevitable advanced. Destiny marches, not by great leaps but with a thousand small and painful steps, and here and there it leaves its mark, a footprint on a naked soul. We trace a life by its scars, as a tree by its rings.

Anna Gates was not the best possible companion for Harmony, and this with every allowance for her real kindliness, her genuine affection for the girl. Life had destroyed her illusions, and it was of illusions that Harmony's veil had been woven. To Anna Gates, worn with a thousand sleepless nights, a thousand thankless days, withered before her time with the struggling routine of medical practice, sapped with endless calls for sympathy and aid, existence ceased to be spiritual and became physiological.

Life and birth and death had lost their mysteries. The veil was rent.

To fit this existence of hers she had built herself a curious creed, a philosophy of individualism, from behind which she flung strange bombshells of theories, shafts of distorted moralities, personal liberties, irresponsibilities, a supreme scorn for modern law and the prophets. Nature, she claimed, was her law and her prophet.

In her hard-working, virginal life her theories had wrought no mischief. Temptation had been lacking to exploit them, and even in the event of the opportunity it was doubtful whether she would have had the strength of her convictions. Men love theories, but seldom have the courage of them, and Anna Gates was largely masculine. Women, being literal, are apt to absorb dangerous doctrine and put it to the test. When it is false doctrine they discover it too late.

Harmony was now a woman.

Anna would have cut off her hand sooner than have brought the girl to harm; but she loved to generalize. It amused her to see Harmony's eyes widen with horror at one of her radical beliefs. Nothing pleased her more than to pit her individualism against the girl's rigid and conventional morality, and down her by some apparently unanswerable argument.

On the day after the incident in the kitchen such an argument took place—hardly an argument, for Harmony knew nothing of mental fencing. Anna had taken a heavy cold, and remained at home. Harmony had been practicing, and at the end she played a little winter song by some modern composer. It breathed all the purity of a white winter's day; it was as chaste as ice and as cold; and yet throughout was the thought of green things hiding beneath the snow and the hope of spring.

Harmony, having finished, voiced some such feeling. She was rather ashamed of her thought.

"It seems that way to me," she finished apologetically. "It sounds rather silly. I always think I can tell the sort of person who composes certain things."

"And this gentleman who writes of winter?"

"I think he is very reserved. And that he has never loved any one."

"Indeed!"

"When there is any love in music, any heart, one always feels it, exactly as in books—the difference between a love story and —and ——"

"—— a dictionary!"

"You always laugh," Harmony complained.

"That's better than weeping. When I think of the rotten way things go in this world I want to weep always."

"I don't find it a bad world. Of course there are bad people, but there are good ones."

"Where? Peter and you and I, I suppose."

"There are plenty of good men."

"What do you call a good man?"

Harmony hesitated, then went on bravely:

"Honorable men."

Anna smiled. "My dear child," she said, "you substitute the code of a gentleman for the Mosaic Law. Of course your good man is a monogamist?"

Harmony nodded, puzzled eyes on Anna.

"Then there are no 'good' people in the polygamous countries, I suppose! When there were twelve women to every man, a man took a dozen wives. Today in our part of the globe there is one woman—and a fifth over—for every man. Each man gets one woman, and for every five couples there is a derelict like myself, matelesa."

Anna's amazing frankness about herself often confused Harmony. Her resentment at her single condition, because it left her childless, brought forth theories that shocked and alarmed the girl. In the atmosphere in which Harmony had been reared single women were always presumed to be thus by choice and to regard with a certain tolerance those weaker sisters who had married. Anna, on the contrary, was frankly a derelict, frankly regretted her maiden condition and railed with bitterness against her enforced childlessness. The near approach of Christmas had for years found her morose and resentful. There are, here and there, such women, essentially mothers but not necessarily wives, their sole passion that of maternity.

Anna, argumentative and reckless, talked on. She tore away, in her resentment, every theory of existence the girl had ever known, and offered her instead an incredible liberty in the name of the freedom of the individual. Harmony found all her foundations of living shaken, and though refusing to accept Anna's theories, found her faith in her own weakened. She sat back, pale and silent, listening, while Anna built up out of her discontent a new heaven and a new earth, with liberty written high in its firmament.

When her reckless mood had passed Anna was regretful enough at the girl's stricken face.

"I'm a fool!" she said contritely. "If Peter had been here he'd have throttled me. I deserve it. I'm a theorist, pure and simple, and theorists are the anarchists of society. There's only one comfort about us—we never live up to our convictions. Now forget all this rot I've been talking."

Peter brought up the mail that afternoon, a Christmas card or two for Anna, depressingly early, and a letter from the Big Soprano for Harmony from New York. The Big Soprano was very glad to be back and spent two pages over her chances for concert work.

. . . I could have done as well had I stayed at home. If I had had the money they wanted, to go to Geneva and sing Brunnhilde, it would have helped a lot. I could have said I'd sung in opera in Europe and at least have had a hearing at the Met. But I didn't, and I'm back at the church again and glad to get my old salary. If it's at all possible stay until the Master has presented you in a concert. He's quite right, you haven't a chance unless he does. And now I'll quit grumbling.

"I Am So Glad You are Going to Talk to Me About an American Child"

Scatchy met her Henry at the dock and looked quite lovely, flushed with excitement and having been up since dawn curling her hair. He was rather a disappointment—small and blond, with light blue eyes, and almost dapper. But oh, my dear, I wouldn't care how pale a man's eyes were if he looked at me the way Henry looked at her.

They asked me to luncheon with them, but I knew they wanted to be alone together, and so I ate a bite or two, all I could swallow for the lump in my throat, by myself. I was homesick enough in old Wien, but I am just as homesick now that I am here, for we are really homesick only for people, not places. And no one really cared whether I came back or not.

Peter had been miserable all day, not with regret for the day before but with fear. What if Harmony should decide that the situation was unpleasant and decide to leave? What if a reckless impulse, recklessly carried out, were to break up an arrangement that had made a green oasis of happiness and content for all of them in the desert of their common despair?

If he had only let her go and apologized! But no, he had had to argue it, to justify himself, to make an idiot of himself generally. He almost groaned aloud as he opened the gate and crossed the wintry garden.

He need not have feared. Harmony had taken him entirely at his word. "I am not a beast. I'll let you alone," he had said. She had had a bad night, as nights go. She had gone through the painful introspection which, in a thoroughly good girl, always follows such an outburst as Peter's. Had she said or done anything to make him think—— Surely she had not! Had she been wrong about Peter after all? Surely not again.

While the *portier's* wife, waked, as may happen, by an unaccustomed silence, was standing guard in the hall below, iron candlestick in hand, Harmony, having read the Litany through in the not particularly religious hope of getting to sleep, was dreaming placidly. It was Peter who tossed and turned almost all night. Truly there had been little sleep that night in the old hunting lodge of Maria Theresa.

Peter, still not quite at ease, that evening kept out of the kitchen while supper was preparing. Anna, radical theories forgotten and wearing a knitted shawl against drafts, was making a salad, and Harmony, all anxiety and flushed with heat, was broiling a steak.

Steak was an extravagance, to be cooked with clear hot coals and prayer.

"Peter," she called, "you may set the table. And try to lay the cloth straight."

Peter, exiled in the salon, came joyously. Obviously the wretched business of yesterday was forgiven. He came to the door, pipe in mouth.

"Suppose I refuse?" he questioned. "You—you haven't been very friendly with me today, Harry."

"I?"

"Don't quarrel, you children," cried Anna, beating eggs vigorously. "Harmony is always friendly, too friendly. The *portier* loves her."

"I'm sure I said good evening to you."

Always on Such Occasions Harmony Guessed Rabbits

"You usually say 'Good evening, Peter.'"

"And I did not?"

"You did not."

"Then—Good evening, Peter."

"Thank you."

His steady eyes met hers. In them there was a renewal of his yesterday's promise, abasement, regret. Harmony met him with forgiveness and restoration.

"Sometimes," said Peter humbly, "when I am in very great favor, you say, 'Good evening, Peter dear.'"

"Good evening, Peter dear," said Harmony.

XI

THE affairs of young Stewart and Marie Jedlicka were not moving smoothly. Having rented their apartment to the Boyers, and through Marie's frugality and the extra month's wages at Christmas, which was Marie's annual perquisite, being temporarily in funds the sky seemed clear enough, and Walter Stewart started on his holiday with a comfortable sense of financial security.

Mrs. Boyer, shown over the flat by Stewart during Marie's temporary exile in the apartment across the hall, was captivated by the comfort of the little suite and by its order. Her housewifely mind, restless with long inactivity in a *pension*, seized on the bright pans of Marie's kitchen and the promise of the brick-and-sheetiron stove. She disapproved of Stewart, having heard strange stories of him, but there was nothing bacchanal or suspicious about this orderly establishment. Mrs. Boyer was a placid, motherly looking woman, torn from her church and her card club, her grown children, her household gods of thirty years' accumulation, that "Frank" might catch up with his profession.

She had explained it rather tremulously at home.

"Father wants to go," she said. "You children are big enough now to be left. He's always wanted to do it, but we couldn't go while you were little."

"But, mother!" expostulated the oldest girl. "When you are so afraid of the ocean! And a year!"

"What is to be will be," she had replied. "If I'm going to be drowned I'll be drowned, whether it's in the sea or in a bathtub. And I'll not let father go alone."

Fatalism being their mother's last argument and always final, the children gave up. They let her go. More, they prepared for her so elaborate a wardrobe that the poor soul had had no excuse to purchase anything abroad. She had gone through Paris looking straight ahead lest her eyes lead her into the temptation of the shops. In Vienna she wore her home-town outfit with determination, vaguely conscious that the women about her had more style, were different. She priced unsuitable garments wistfully, and went home to her trunks full of best materials that would never wear out. The children, knowing her, had bought the best.

To this couple, then, Stewart had rented his apartment. It is hard to say by what psychology he found their respectability so satisfactory. It was as though his own status gained by it. He had much the same feeling about the order and decency with which Marie managed the apartment, as if irregularity were thus regularized.

Marie had met him once for a walk along the Graben. She had worn an experimental touch of rouge under a veil, and fine lines were drawn under her blue eyes, darkening them. She had looked very pretty, rather frightened. Stewart had sent her home and had sulked for an entire evening.

So curious a thing is the mind masculine, such an order of disorder, so conventional its defiance of convention. Stewart breaking the law and trying to keep the letter!

On the day they left for Semmering Marie was up at dawn. There was much to do. The house must be left clean and shining. There must be no feminine gewgaws to reveal to the Frau Doktor that it was not a purely masculine establishment. At the last moment, so late that it sent her heart into her mouth, she happened on the box of rouge hidden from Stewart's watchful eyes. She gave it to the milk girl.

Finally she folded her meager wardrobe and

"Thou Hast Been Out of Thy Bed!"

placed it in the Herr Doktor's American trunk: a marvel, that trunk, so firm, so heavy, bound with iron. And with her own clothing she packed Stewart's, the dress suit he had worn once to the Embassy, a hat that folded, strange American shoes, and books—always books. The Herr Doktor would study at Semmering. When all was in readiness and Stewart was taking a final survey Marie ran downstairs and summoned a cab. It did not occur to her to ask him to do it. Marie's small life was one of service, and besides there was an element in their relationship that no one but Marie suspected, and that she hid even from herself. She was very much in love with this indifferent American, this captious temporary god of her domestic altar. Such a contingency had never occurred to Stewart; but Peter, smoking gravely in the little apartment, had more than once caught a look in Marie's eyes as she turned them on the other man, and had surmised it. It made him uncomfortable.

When the train was well under way, however, and he found no disturbing element among the three others in the compartment, Stewart relaxed. Semmering was a favorite resort with the American colony, but not until later in the winter. In December there were rains in the mountains, and low-lying clouds that invested some of the chalets in constant fog. It was not until the middle of January that the little mountain train became crowded with tourists, knickerbockered men with knapsacks, and jaunty feathers in their soft hats, boys carrying ski, women with Alpine cloaks and iron-pointed sticks.

Marie was childishly happy. It was the first real vacation of her life, and more than that she was going to Semmering, in the very shadow of the Raxalpe, the beloved mountain of the Viennese.

Marie had seen the Rax all her life, as it towered thirty miles or so away above the plain. On peaceful Sundays, having climbed the cog railroad, she had seen its white head turn rosy in the setting sun, and once when a German tourist from Munich had handed her his field glass she had even made out some of the crosses that showed where travelers had met their deaths. Now she would be very close. If the weather were good, she might even say a prayer in the chapel on its crest for the souls of those who had died. It was of a marvel, truly; so far may one go when one has money and leisure.

The small single-trucked railway carriages bumped and rattled up the mountain sides, always rising, always winding. There were moments when the track held to the cliffs only by gigantic fingers of steel, while far below were peaceful valleys and pink-and-blue houses and churches with gilded spires. There were vistas of snowpeak and avalanche shed, and always there were tunnels. Marie, so wise in some things, was a child in others; she slid close to Stewart in the darkness and touched him for comfort.

"It is so dark," she apologized, "and it frightens me, the mountain heart. In your America, have you so great mountains?"

Stewart patted her hand, a patronizing touch that sent her blood racing.

"Much larger," he said magnificently. "I haven't seen a hill in Europe I'd exchange for the Rockies. And when we cross the mountains there we use railway coaches. These toy railroads are a joke. At home we'd use 'em as street cars."

"Really! I should like to see America."

"So should I."

The conversation was taking a dangerous trend. Mention of America was apt to put the Herr Doktor in a bad

(Continued on Page 58)

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An International Difference

YOU often hear that the standard of integrity is much higher in English than in American politics, but you are under no compulsion to believe it.

Imagine, for example, that Mr. Underwood bought—on his own account—some highly speculative stock the value of which might be sentimentally—but not directly—affected by the action of the House of Representatives, and next day used funds of the Democratic party, over which he had practically unrestricted control, to buy—on the party's account—a larger amount of the same stock, incidentally paying for the stock he bought on the party's account about fifty per cent more than he paid for that bought on his own account—and that he failed to disclose this use of the party's funds to his associates; also that he invested over a hundred thousand dollars of the party's funds in railroad stock at a time when the Government was about to intervene to settle a strike!

Our own imagining is that Mr. Underwood's political career would be badly damaged. Imagine, further, that the House of Representatives investigated these transactions and, by an overwhelming party vote, found them blameless!

In the House of Lords the other day the former chief whip of the Liberal party stood up to explain transactions on his part fairly analogous to the above. He admitted that his speculation with party funds showed poor judgment, but maintained there was nothing about it which "a fair judgment will hold to reflect in any degree on the honor and integrity of our public life." We suspect the transactions would be considered a tolerably serious reflection over here.

Probably the common notion that Westminster is more scrupulous than Washington is due mostly to the much stricter libel laws over there.

Gold and Labor

HAND in hand with Europe's military competition goes an international rivalry for gold. The latter was especially keen during 1913. Near the beginning of the year the president of the Reichsbank declared that he would increase Germany's stock of the yellow metal by a hundred million dollars before 1914. London and Paris received the announcement with nervous skepticism; but the Reichsbank actually accomplished the feat.

Paris also increased her gold stock by about seventy million dollars; and recently a very eminent English banker pointed with alarm to the Bank of England's meager store—amounting to only a hundred and sixty million dollars.

While the nations were scrambling for gold the output of that metal fell off—the world's production in 1913 being considerably less than in 1912 or 1911. The reason for this decrease in production of an article so insistently demanded by the big nations was that South African mineowners failed to get on satisfactorily with the very cheap labor they employ.

In midsummer there was a strike, which was nominally settled; but the settlement left conditions so little to the liking of labor that the number of hands at work in the Transvaal mines declined from two hundred and thirty thousand in March to a hundred and seventy thousand in December.

There is a labor trouble to everything. You enter a splendiferous dining room, where everything is nicely calculated to suggest reckless expenditure of money. The imposing person who fetches your extravagant dinner and bows sedately over your extravagant tip seems a pampered aristocrat of labor; but in fact a deep grievance rankles behind his shining shirtbosom, and tomorrow he is going to strike for an increase in pay of fifteen cents a day and the right to eat the leftovers on his way to the kitchen.

Cheaper City Travel

FOR a full generation every important American city has been struggling with the knotty problem of local transportation. About a generation ago the cable car began generally to supplant the horse car. Then the trolley superseded the cable. Meanwhile New York and Chicago built very costly elevated syatems. Now New York, Boston and Philadelphia have extensive subways, which, like the elevated, require immense capital investments. And, in spite of all new schemes for hauling city folks about, transportation facilities nearly everywhere are inadequate. Surface car, elevated and subway alike are scandalously overcrowded at certain hours of the day.

It seems that a typical American city can use cheap and rapid transportation to an almost unlimited extent. As soon as the new facility is provided rather more passengers than it can comfortably accommodate are ready to step aboard. With unimportant exceptions, moreover, the traveler in an American city is limited to a choice between the five-cent vehicle, in which he may have to stand, and the expensive cab. The five-cent ride is uncomfortable; the dollar ride is too dear—and there is no article on the market between those extremes.

Probably the next big evolution in city travel will be by way of the motor bus. London has, in round numbers, three thousand of these vehicles operating regularly over nearly three hundred and fifty miles of streets. Last year they carried five hundred million passengers at an average fare of a little less than three cents each. A recent expert investigation shows that the operating cost, including interest on invested capital, was slightly under fifteen cents a mile, against more than twenty-two cents a mile for trolley cars—the trolley cars having, however, a larger carrying capacity.

The capital investment in a motor-bus line is, of course, very small compared with that in elevated or subway systems—in view of which fact a bus company could well afford to pay a handsome tax for the upkeep of pavement.

Newspaper News

TWENTY years ago big city newspapers regarded a hanging as the most important news of their day. Elaborate preparations were made to cover the event with the greatest possible wealth of ghastly detail. In the early morning hours messenger boys raced back and forth between busily writing reporters in the jail, and the newspaper office.

When the trap was sprung the city editor sat with his ear at the telephone and his nerves as taut as a pointing dog's, ready to rush an extra to the street three minutes ahead of his livest rival. If he were three minutes behind he felt forever disgraced.

The current apology was that a hanging was most important news, in which the public was profoundly interested; and because the newspapers had been whetting the public's curiosity for a month beforehand the public was more or less interested.

Nowadays in your metropolitan paper you see only brief mention of a hanging—if you see any mention at all. The papers have found other news to give their readers and their circulation grows. Any newspaper gives its readers only a minute fraction of the interesting and important happenings of the day. Out of twenty events it selects one. As to three-fourths of its contents, what it shall select depends much more on itself than on the public.

Twenty years hence leading newspapers will feel no more bound to print the details of a nasty divorce case than they now feel bound to print the details of a hanging. Private scandals will be as briefly mentioned as executions—if mentioned at all. They will give their readers other news and have more readers than they now have.

The Color Line

CONCERNING race prejudice in general James Bryce recently remarked: "To avoid friction, avoid contact"; in other words, keep races of different colors apart. For the time being that may be the most expedient policy, but it is one which modern conditions tend steadily to make more difficult.

For example, eighty per cent of the teeming population of India depends directly on the soil; and, in spite of some increased prosperity, the general state of agriculture in that country may be judged from the fact that wages for farm labor range from two and a half to five dollars a month.

There is other British territory—notably in South Africa and the American Northwest—where a fairly chronic shortage of common labor for the mines and farms obtains. The celebrated man from Mars would say: "Relieve the pressure in India by sending some of her superfluous labor to the colonies." But white Britons in the colonies do not want these tawny Britons from the dependency. Their coming makes trouble.

On the other hand, as India rises a little in the scale of civilization, high schools and colleges yearly turn out larger numbers of more or less educated natives who resent the prejudice of their white fellow-subjects—and that makes more trouble.

If the East rises in power and civilization she will more and more demand freedom of movement for her labor, as well as for her goods. If she rises high enough she will get it. Separation of the races will be possible only so long as the white race is immensely superior in knowledge and power. Every help we give to Asiatic development tends to make separation less tenable as a permanent policy.

Foreclosing Opportunity

AS USUAL when old acquaintances meet after a long interval, the talk soon turned to companions of other days; and on that score we compared notes. This one had grown rich and famous. That one was flourishing notably. This other now held a tiptop position—married; three children; a success. That one was doing very well. So in running over more than a score of names and a score of years it seemed that Fortune had been very kind to the particular bunch of cubs we were discussing.

Two, it is true, had died of natural causes. One had committed suicide. Another—well, he was just keeping along, with his head slightly above water, but mostly submerged. And of the suicide and the failure there was but one explanation—drink.

It is not good to lie about drink, and like everything else in the world drinking is comparative. Some men's constitutions will withstand an appalling quantity of alcohol. Some men can drink pretty hard and pretty steadily, and yet succeed. Many men can drink moderately without ruining themselves.

It is true, however, that drink is a great handicap. Whoever drinks habitually undertakes to win in a stiff race with a hundred-pound weight strapped to his back. Possibly he can do it; but that is a poor condition for racing. To drink is to erect a barrier to opportunity—to set up hurdles for yourself to jump.

Liquor greases the ways for all other vices. The experienced employer hardens his heart against the young man whose breath smells of whisky—not because he is sentimental, or even moral, but because he does not want handicapped men on his force.

When to Get an Education

THE best time to get an education—perhaps the only time—is any time after one has passed thirty. The stuff that one learns before twenty is not meant to be remembered. It is only a placing of the chutes and an arranging of the bins for the permanent contents. From twenty to thirty one is all torn up with courting, marrying and getting a foothold in life. After that is the time for education—from then on until death or senile debility.

Wisconsin seems to understand this better than any other state, for she more systematically seeks to educate adults; and this great matter of education for those whom age has placed in a position really to profit by it becomes more and more important as every year a greater number of people have the leisure for it.

The eight-hour day is coming in increasingly. Women's working hours are shortened. In some trades the average working day has been reduced by a full fifth in about half a dozen years. This means a vast increase of the possibilities of adult education.

A man or woman past thirty is exactly at the most favorable period for mastering knowledge, training the mind, forming the taste. Some systematic effort is all that is necessary. Notice the silly and tiresome ways in which enormous numbers of people spend some of their holidays.

In that sweaty, weary mob gaping dully at a cheap and stupid spectacle or wandering forlornly in search of amusement where there is only boredom, what a tremendous quantity of good material is going to waste! They know what to do with their working hours, but not with their leisure.

Most of them by a little direction and a little systematic effort might develop some special interest. Boys quickly tire of mere aimless and planless play. Naturally they want a method and a goal in it. Having a goal is exactly what gives zest to the game.

And having a goal is both easy and delightful. To study anything with interest, from logarithms to caterpillars, gives one fun and profit at the same time. Try it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

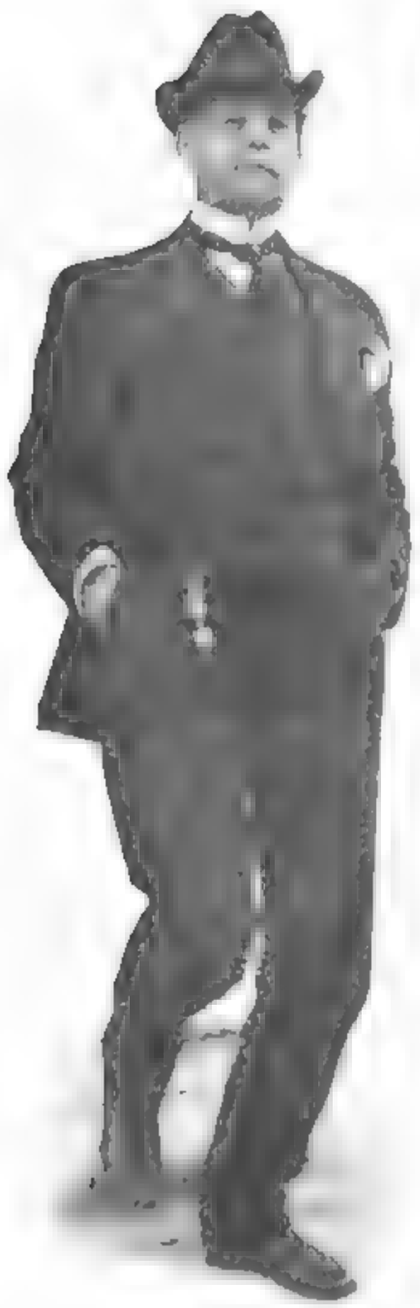


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

He Has a Long and Prehensile Memory

SENATOR Robert Latham Owen, of Oklahoma, is somewhat of a Cherokee and very much of an Indian. The Cherokee in the senator is attenuated to a thirty-second or a sixty-fourth, but the Indian of him is considerably more dominant—say, fifty-fifty or thereabout—that is, he corpusculates one thirty-second but he operates one-half Indian—and at times then some.

We learn from all authorities on the characteristics of Indians—save the Dawes Commission mayhap—that the Noble Red Man has various well-defined traits, and none more clearly marked than patience, pertinacity, persistence, and a long and prehensile memory—or had them in his nobler days.

After a calmly studious consideration of the various activities of Senator Owen, extending over a period of contemplative years, I am constrained to announce at this time that if these are the trends of the Indian then he is not only half Indian in his operations but entitled to be considered as being entirely Indian, so far as his main structure goes, and has various embellishments thereto—such as porte-cochères, pergolas, sunken gardens and all the modern improvements.

Patience, did I say? Well, here is a person—a senator—who has more patience—more real patience—than was combined in the late and eruptive Mr. Job and all the Indians in the Leatherstocking Tales. Like his ancestors, who would sit for days on a trail waiting quietly and stolidly for whatever they were waiting for, he too will sit, for months even, without a sign of restiveness, and wait for the thing to which he is devoting himself to come to pass.

Likewise he will endure, without remark other than pleasant remark, all delays, quibbles, procrastinations, piffling and platitudes, and wait and wait and wait, undisturbed, smiling leniently, placidly, until the juxtaposition of events juxtaposes in accordance with his desires. He is as patient as most of his colleagues are impatient, wherein he frequently puts over a few things on those vorticular statesmen.

And persistent! You may well talk of little drops of water falling day by day and wearing the hardest stone away in the course of their abrasive but leisurely performance! You may well talk of those and similar examples of persistency, who do not know of the assiduity of Owen! He is Lieutenant-General S. Indefatigable Assiduous himself. He never quits! Once Owen starts after a thing, that thing, whatever it happens to be, may as well come along into his camp; for there is no throwing Owen off its trail.

He is as untiring as a Progressive orator; as pertinacious as a Democratic officeseeker; as unremitting as the income tax; as indomitable as the high cost of living. Nothing deters him.

What he is after may not come today or tomorrow, but in his steadfast philosophy it may come in ten years, six months, two weeks and four days from now—hence keep after it! Which he does.

Away back yonder it is likely Owen began something. You knew about it at the time. You forgot it. Everybody else forgot it. It vanished from thought and recollection. Then an event, a circumstance, an incident, a policy brings that subject uppermost. You claw wildly at your memory. You search your innermost self for helpful details. There are none. You meet Owen. "That matter," you say, "you know—I dimly recall ——"

"Yes," he replies precisely—and he tells you all about it; you learn, to your intense astonishment, that he has not only kept the subject in mind, if it is a subject which concerns him in any way, but that he has it in order and has kept it in order every minute of the time since he took it under consideration.

Licking the Currency Bill Into Shape

LET us, for purposes of illustration, take that situation in the Senate when the Currency Bill came over from the House and went to the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which Owen is chairman. Not only was the Senate divided on what should be in the bill, and even more widely divergent as to what should not be in it, but the committee was discordant, peevish and perplexed, not to say perturbed.

Various members had various ideas. Three Democratic members were in open revolt. There was an active and antagonistic Republican minority. Currency legislation always evokes passionate discussion—for money in the abstract and in theory is but a thought anyhow, and when statesmen begin thinking thoughts about a thought the rapids are below them.

Owen was chairman—and is; and he was charged with the responsibility of getting a bill out of the committee and through the Senate. The storm raged for weeks; but he sat there, smiling, ubiquitous, calm, patient—patient?—why, he was patientissimus, the personification of forbearance, as befitted his forbears. All the time, however, patient as he was, he was persistently edging along toward a report; and he secured one not, perhaps, exactly the sort of report he wanted, but a report, which is the main thing. Furthermore, the bill is now a law.

Thus, having demonstrated these congenital traits, let us turn for a moment to the physical attributes of the senator, concerning which, indeed, there is much that might be said. The senator is a very handsome man. He is a business man as well as a lawyer and a banker, and has been a teacher and an editor. He was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, where—if I am not misinformed—his mother, a highly cultured woman of part Cherokee blood, was in school, and where she and her sister married the senator's father and his father's brother. His mother was an artist of talent who painted excellently, a pianist and a singer.

Owen went to Indian Territory and established the first national bank in that country. He served for some years as president of that bank and is still a director. He was successful in collecting several large Indian claims from the Government and is rich.

He was in politics in the territorial days and served as a member of the Democratic National Committee from 1892 until 1896. In that year, as he tells us in his official autobiography, he was a member of the subcommittee that drew the platform—thereby making it known that he was for free silver, though a banker.

He ran for the United States Senate in the first primary held after Oklahoma became a state and won by ten thousand votes. Five years later he won in the primaries by thirty-five thousand and carried the election by more than forty thousand. He is a most effective campaigner, an orator of excellent ability, and has attained a position of considerable prominence in the Senate. One of his feats was a long fight with Senator Bailey on a complicated legal and legislative question which continued for eleven hours and in which he worsted Bailey, who had but two or three votes to support his contention.

Owen is a radical and, in a way, a visionary—that is, he has a strongly developed imagination and projects himself into radical legislative proposals that often seem at variance with his business and banking side. Still, however visionary he may seem, it will always be found that he is willing to take what can be secured rather than get nothing because he strives for all. He is a visionary in a way—but he visualizes; a practical radical; a prudent Progressive whose proposals are always more terrifying than his postscripts.

He is a most interesting person; and, as his persistence and pertinacity extend to his firmly rooted belief in his own excellencies of mind and motive, there is no reason for thinking he will not become more interesting as time goes on. He has a lot of ability—a whole lot—and a wide versatility. He debates courageously and talks informatively.

Furthermore, he is as self-contained as he is self-appreciative—and that combination is rather potent. Before the end of his present term he is quite likely to become a most conspicuous Democrat; and he cherishes a few star-of-destiny ideas.

They say of him that he is cold and unresponsive; but that cannot be so. I find in his record of his achievements that he is an Episcopalian, a Mason of thirty-two degrees, a Shriner, a Knight Templar, an Elk, a Moose, an M. W. A., as well as being a Phi Beta Kappian and belonging to Alpha Tau Omega—all of which, it seems to me, indicate not only sociability but gregariousness.

A Good Roads Drag

GATHERING NO MOSS

An Autobiography

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I PUT in ten years at sea before the mast. Ten more years I served as a diamond-setter. I have been an inventor. In addition to this I have written more than two hundred short stories. My name has appeared as author of stories in every leading magazine in the United States and frequently in the English periodicals. The editor will recall that nineteen of my stories appeared in this publication—a fact I cite to prove that my literary work reached a pretty good standard of quality.

I have had published fourteen books, none of which retailed for less than a dollar. I frequently go into public libraries and see my fourteen volumes strung out in a row. I go to these libraries for books because I have not enough money to buy one. I am broke! I am the rolling stone that gathered no moss.

I am not a spendthrift—never have been one. I have never lived expensively—have never been able to. The only dress suit I have ever owned I still have. I never wear it nowadays, because I have not the things to go with it. In other words I cannot live up to it. I am simply improvident—a poor business man. I have never made five thousand dollars in a single year.

I still write, but I have trouble in selling. I fear that I am a sponge squeezed dry.

I did not begin to write until I was thirty-six years old, and that was a long time ago. I began then—as I have begun everything—because I needed the money. After many years of what my friends are pleased to call a successful literary career I am in the same fix as when I started. As a literary rolling stone it is likely I have gathered some polish, but just enough to make me feel the lack of the moss. That, I fear, I shall never have.

The responsibility for my having been an author is shared by two men—a newspaper reporter and Rudyard Kipling. The former suggested to me that, as I had been a sailor, I might be interested in a sea story written by the latter. He handed me a copy of a magazine containing Kipling's story and urged me to read it. While riding home on an elevated train in New York, after having spent one nickel of my last quarter, I did so.

Up to that time I had never read much fiction and became intensely interested, noting with impatience in one or two instances where the author had made slight mistakes in naming certain parts of a ship's rigging. But that story inspired me. I was out of a job because the failure of my eyes had forced me to give up my work as a diamond setter.

"If a man who has never worked at sea can write a story like that"—I could tell from certain phraseology that he had never been a sailor—"and get money for it," I thought, "why couldn't I, a man of actual experience, write one?"

On my walk from the train to my little flat on Washington Heights, where a frugal dinner of corned beef and cabbage awaited me, I thought of nothing but Kipling's story. It fascinated me. It was the first story I had ever read without a love affair in it.

My First Short Story

MAYBE, I thought, here is the chance for escape from the hardships of tramping from place to place, looking for a job.

As I neared home an idea came to me for a story of my own. It was suggested by Kipling's, it is true, but it was not an imitation. His was a story of strong men up against a problem of life or death, fighting it out. My story was of a tramp, a good-for-nothing Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, who, caught on an icebound and dismasted barge in a winter storm on Lake Erie, rigged a jury foremast and sailed her into Buffalo. I had spent many years as a sailor on the Great Lakes and knew the atmosphere.

At dinner I was so absorbed in my new thought that I answered my wife in monosyllables and actually bolted my food—so anxious was I to get at my story.

While my wife was clearing off the table I went into the kitchen and, using the covered washtubs for a desk, began to write with the stub of a pencil on the backs of a stack of circulars I was to have distributed. On and on through the night I wrote until I had finished the story of eight thousand words just before daylight. Long before that my wife had gone to bed and left me to my new whim, as she regarded it. I slept but two or three hours and then did not rest well, so impatient was I to get downtown with my story.

This Was Too Much for a Man With the Instinct of a Second Mate

At noon I hunted up my newspaper friend and told him what I had done. He granted me the use of his typewriter for transcribing. Up to that time I had never had my hands on a typewriting machine, but I was determined. In two days I painfully pecked out a transcription of my story, which naturally was ragged with errors and misplaced letters. I did not aspire to the magazines then, but took my painfully typed story to a newspaper syndicate, the editor of which received me most courteously. He assured me if I could suit him he would pay as high as two cents a word. Two cents a word! That meant one hundred and sixty dollars!

I went home glorified and waited a week—two weeks—three weeks; and then I called on the editor of the syndicate. He had forgotten me, but said if I had left a story with him I should hear about it through the mails. I waited another week, while the butcher, the grocer, the landlord and the wolf assailed my door—then called again on the editor. He glared at me while informing me that my story would receive due attention, and again said that I should hear from him through the mails. I waited two more weeks and called again.

"Here I am!" I announced. "And I want to know whether or not you want my story."

Unconsciously I was talking like a sailor. He looked up from his desk as though I had insulted him, then let out a roar. He would have made a good second mate, that editor; he was big and strong and self-confident.

"Albert!" he called in a voice that would have reached from the poopdeck to the foretopgallant-yard. "Drop whatever you are doing and get this—gentleman—his story. And give it to him. Hear me? Give it to him!"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert, then a young stenographer but now a successful banker; and he ran down the long line of desks while I paced up and down, with a tingling at the roots of my hair. Then Albert came back.

"What is the name of the story?" he asked.

"The Destruction of the Unfit," I answered in as loud a voice as my lungs and anger would give me. "And my name is ——"

"Hold on!" interrupted the big editor, rising to his feet. "Did you write that story—The Destruction of the Unfit?"

"I did."

"Sit down, sir," he said more kindly. "I beg your pardon. I do recognize you now, but I had lost remembrance of you in the rush of business here. I remember your giving me that story and I assure you I gave it a prompt reading. Though I recognized its worth at the first page I knew it was too long for my syndicate and sent it back to the editor of the magazine." He explained to me that the syndicate and one of the big magazines were operated under the same general management. "It must be there yet," he said. "Just sit here and I'll get track of it."

So I sat while Albert resumed his work, and that big editor spent half an hour hunting up my story. At last he appeared.

"Your story has received the approval of every member of the editorial staff except the editor-in-chief," he said; "and his objection is that it violates all the rules of fiction writing."

I asked him whether he had read it through and he said he had. I then asked him why he had read it and his reply was:

"Because I wanted to know how it came out."

"Isn't that all you want in a story?" I asked, unable to understand the fine points of the writing game. He gave me no satisfactory answer.

"But"—and the big man clapped me on the back—"your story will go. Just wait! A story that an editor will read to the end usually has a chance."

I went home more glorified than ever. Was it possible, I asked of myself, that I was to become an author? Could I teach, preach, tell my fellow men what I knew, and sign my name in print? I could hardly believe it; yet, if so, a wonderful career had opened up for me—a career full of effort and endeavor, of honor, of esteem, of position and acclaim—a career in which work was no longer an expenditure of energy to be followed by bodily fatigue. Work was to be a delight, a pleasure, a fruition. And in this frame of mind, with empty pockets and an empty stomach, I met that big editor a few days later on the street.

"Come in here," he said, "and have a drink with me. I want to tell you something." I followed him in, and across a round table we talked.

After a Year's Work

"YOU are up against the hardest game a human being ever tackled," he began. "Statistics have been compiled which show that tons of ink, tons of paper and miles of typewriter ribbons are wasted each year by would-be writers—for nothing. You have written one good story and it will probably be accepted; but you have wasted nearly two months in the effort. Is it worth while? Can you keep it up? I can't, and I have been writing with more or less success for thirty years.

"Now, as I understand it, you want to make a living. You need money and to get it you are willing to work. Well, strike out! Make out a list of business houses that might give you work and go the rounds every day. Present yourself again and again to the business heads and repeat the formula: 'I want work.' I assure you that in a week's time you'll get it."

I was impressed and was about to follow his advice when the magazine accepted my story on condition that I take twenty-five dollars as remuneration and rewrite it so as to eliminate some of the expressions which, in the editor's opinion, were too technical for the average reader. I accepted, and forgot the other editor's advice in my increased glorification.

I saw no more of that editor for a year, when—again with empty pockets and an empty stomach, but with nineteen or twenty stories to my credit in good magazines—I met him accidentally. He again invited me into a café.

"I am going to drink this one," he said as he raised his glass, "to a fellow who has won. I had no faith in you, for I had seen too many make the same start and drop off; but you are a winner. I know it! Never mind if you are not getting the money." He had surely noticed my shabby apparel. "You'll get it. You've got me beaten and I congratulate you. I've read your stuff and I am mighty proud that I was the first editor to approve it. Here's how!"

Through the long years when an occasional spell of glorification was sandwiched in between the poverty and hardships I have been upheld by that man's good opinion of me more than by ambition, pride or necessity. He is dead now—dropped in the street; but his influence on my mind is still with me. Had I not met him I should not be writing this story.

However, when the big editor said, "Never mind, you'll get the money!" he was wrong. I have made some, it is true; but I have never been able to have enough ahead at any one time to live comfortably and without worry.

My first story—the one for which I received twenty-five dollars—received considerable attention at the time and is now printed in one of my books. Its appearance in a leading magazine made it easier for me to see the editors and also enabled me to get my future stories read more quickly.

When I went home with that first twenty-five dollars my wife naturally was delighted. She saw a future pride in telling people that her husband was an author. It relieved her of having to explain that I had been a sailor and a diamond setter, but that I was temporarily out of employment.

The money did not go far however. We owed the butcher and the grocer more than that and were hard pressed by the landlord besides. No matter how well I succeeded, somehow I seem always to have been pressed by landlords. Still, the money was a temporary relief and, feeling encouraged, I set to work with vim and soon turned out another sea yarn. For this one I received forty dollars and the editor urged me to write more.

Understand you, I was not an educated man and knew little about the rules of English. I had never heard of what is known as style in writing. My work was always laborious. I would get an idea for a plot and would then proceed to put it down in painful style, a paragraph at a time. Unlike most writers, I rarely ever rewrote my stories.

The Trouble the Collie Made

MY VOCABULARY was very limited and frequently I had to look through the dictionaries for the proper word to express myself.

I used to marvel at my newspaper friend, who could sit down at a typewriter and reel off copy by the yard. He never had to hesitate for a word. By instinct, it seemed, he knew how to punctuate.

"It must be great to be able to do that," I said to him one day. "Think of how I have to pore over my words!"

"Yes," he replied, "it does come easy; but you also want to remember that I couldn't write a short story to save my life. I guess I'm too free with my language." I know now that he was.

At the end of my first year of writing I sat down with my wife one night and decided to take stock. I had written something like twenty stories, which later proved to be the cream of all my efforts. For these I had received an average price of forty-five dollars. My year's work had netted me about a thousand dollars—about twenty dollars a week.

To some that may appear better than working as a sailor or even as a diamond setter. I know thousands of good men support families on much less than that; but of those thousands few are authors who have to live in New York. I assure you that living the life of a writer is much more expensive than following the daily walks of a sailor or a diamond setter.

As my name began to appear frequently I had to meet other writers. To be successful at anything one must be in the atmosphere of the thing he is doing. To have a talk with another writer or two usually cost me a dollar. If I did that every day—my average was easily one dollar—it can be seen that three hundred and sixty-five of my thousand dollars went toward social talks with other authors.

Right away I expect some one to say: "That only goes to show the curse of drink!" But I should like some one to tell me how an individual in search of companionship can upset the customs of his fellow men singlehanded! I could not if I had wanted to; and, besides, I had no such inclination. If a fellow writer, meeting me on the street, slapped me on the shoulder and invited me into a café I went—not because I particularly wanted a drink but because I wanted to talk and hear others talk. I needed companionship of that kind. If I remained any length of time I had to extend a drink invitation—and drinks cost money.

It is not my purpose to discuss the drink question. I think that was pretty well explained in a recent story by Jack London. I am merely attempting to explain why a writer's life is necessarily more expensive than that of the average man in less prominent walks of life. Remember, also, that I had been a sailor and had the seaman's love for sociability.

My wife and I went over all this and understood it. My literary success had been gratifying to both of us; but the butcher, the grocer, the landlord and the wolf were still waiting outside. In a year they had not budged an inch. And up to that time I had not encountered tailors. That was a new cloud, which was to come. It came quickly. One of the crosses of my career up to that time was a household duty requiring me to take a big collie dog out for a walk twice a day. I never liked dogs, though I am fond of cats; and that collie became one of the dark spots in my life. Not only did I hate to be seen walking with the dog, but a more serious worry arose.

On account of having to see editors I had discovered that my personal appearance was important. I had but one suit of clothes—a blue one—and during the shedding period, or whatever it is called, the reddish hairs from that collie would get on my blue suit and stay there, no matter how much I brushed it.

"Something has got to be done about that collie!" I said to my wife after we had figured up for the first year of writing. "My clothes are never in condition for me to call on an editor."

My wife would not listen to anything that might cause gloom in the life of the collie; and as that dog was her main joy I had to bear my burden and submit to the continued daily walks.

"Why don't you buy a new suit?" she asked. "I think we can save up enough."

At the outset I told you I had been an inventor, and it was now up to me to exercise inventive powers; but under an electric light inventive genius often goes wrong, as I will explain.

It suddenly occurred to me that if I got a brown suit of clothes—the same shade as the collie—the loosened hairs that fell on me would be unnoticed.

On a credit basis I put this idea into execution; but imagine my chagrin when I discovered that under the electric light of the cheap clothing store I had picked the wrong shade! The flying hairs made my apparel look more shabby than ever!

This was no joking matter with me. I was deadly serious; but when I spoke of it to a fellow short-story writer I thought he would go into convulsions of laughter. I became angry and left him. The next time I met him he started to smile, but seeing the frown coming on my face he apologized for having laughed at my misfortune. He was a humorist. I was not.

"Can you explain to me," I asked him, "why it is that most of our mirth comes from seeing some one suffer?"

"But that is funny, you know—that suit being bought to match the dog!" he insisted.

That Collie Became One of the Dark Spots in My Life

"Maybe so," I agreed; "but will you tell me how I am going to get another suit? Is that funny?" He lent me the money.

Soon after the misfortune of the collie and the brown suit I was invited to a formal dinner. I knew it would be of advantage for me to be present, but this would entail the expense of a dress suit and a high hat. It was impossible for me to stretch my credit that far. There was but one thing left to do—write a story.

In that story I became unconsciously a humorist—at least some of the critics were kind enough to refer to me as one. Really, though, I had no idea of causing laughter when I first began to devise the plot. The question of clothes had suggested it to me.

I had been reading a scientific work on the manufacture and composition of explosives. Always I have made it a point to study those things thoroughly, and when I had finished the book I was pretty familiar with the various stages in the preparation of guncotton. I wrote the story, pointing out scientifically how a sailor on a battleship accidentally sat in an acid mixture, which was being used in making explosives, and discolored his duck trousers.

By trying to whiten them with alcohol and powdered chalk he had unwittingly turned the spot into guncotton. He had a bottle in his hip pocket, and when the boatswain struck at him with a board an explosion followed that blew off the troublesome part of the trousers at a most embarrassing moment.

The Fate of My New Plug Hat

THAT story caused a laugh, notwithstanding my serious efforts to be scientific; and I received sixty dollars for it—received it in time to purchase the dress suit and high hat for the dinner.

At that gathering I met more entertaining men than I had ever seen before. It inspired me—gave me new life. I should have gone home thoroughly happy but for an unfortunate incident that somewhat marred my night.

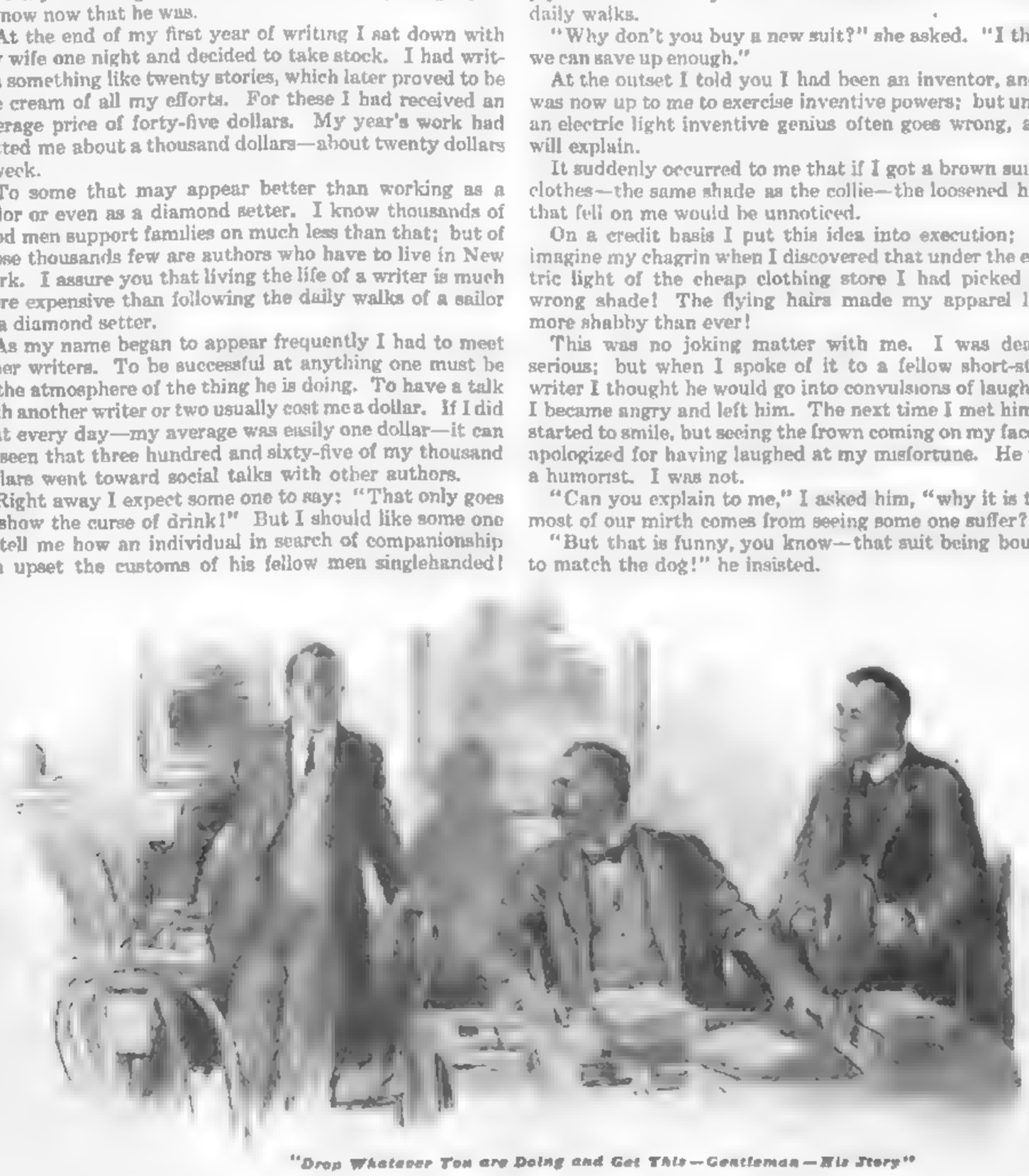
Did you ever see a sailor in a dress suit and a high hat? I realize that I must have looked funny. I am short of stature and still have every earmark of the man before the mast. At any rate one of the other guests became unduly and uncontrollably amused by my appearance. As we walked through the lobby of the hotel he asked to be introduced to me.

When I turned to speak to him he slapped me on top of the high hat and shoved it down over my ears. Though I knew it was a case of too much wine, this was too much for a man with the instinct of a second mate. I landed a blow on his jaw that knocked him half across the room. Friends interceded and he finally apologized—still maintaining, however, that I looked funny. In later years he and I became close friends.

As a literary man I was progressing nicely at this time, but I still had trouble keeping in ready money. At that dinner several men of note told me that I was a coming man. They had read my stories and had liked them. In a way I guess that was true. If some of them had not noticed my work I should not have been invited to the dinner.

When I reached home after the banquet I was flat broke. The dress suit and the few incidentals had absolutely cleaned me out of funds. When I say cleaned out I mean exactly that. I did not have a nickel. The next day I had to walk downtown from One Hundred and Fifty-first Street to Twenty-third Street. Moreover I was too proud or thin-skinned to borrow—and I walked back!

Soon after that my wife, who is a frail little woman, fell ill. I knew how to cook—thanks to my training as a sailor—and we had enough groceries on hand for several meals; but the clothes had to be washed. It was impossible for



"Drop Whatever You are Doing and Get This—Gentleman—His Story"

my wife to do this and there was not enough money on hand to have it done; so I shoved aside the few pages of an unfinished story and undertook the job.

I was not thoroughly familiar with the workings of a washboard and at the end of an hour my knuckles were bleeding from having rubbed against the zinc corrugations—but I had half of the clothes washed. After hanging them out to dry I again started on my long walk downtown. I was desperate and determined to get some money even if I had to get down on my knees and beg it. Being already tired from doing the washing, this was the most fatiguing jaunt of all. From One Hundred and Fifty-first Street to Twenty-third Street is about six miles.

When I finally arrived at the office of the magazine that had bought my first story the bruises on my knuckles had become quite painful, and I was footsore besides. The editor noticed my condition.

"Sit down!" he said. "You look tired and I can see you have had some kind of accident." He was looking at my knuckles.

"It's no accident," I replied; "it's hard luck. I hurt my knuckles washing clothes and have walked here to see whether I could sell you a story and get some money in advance."

He could not believe me at first and I was compelled to go into the details of my hardships. He was a college man who had never missed a meal in his life and was amazed to know that such conditions existed among writers.

"Would ten dollars a week help you?" he asked kindly.

"Would it help? It would be a Godsend!" I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said—"I will put you on the payroll for ten dollars a week provided you will give us the refusal of your stories"—that is to say, I should have to allow his magazine to have the first chance at them.

I agreed to this readily; and, for a year, I took them all to him faithfully. The ten dollars was a port in a storm. I could always count on that, no matter what happened; but, strangely enough, after that not half the stories I submitted to that editor were accepted. Many of them I took elsewhere and sold at a better price.

The best pay I had received for a story up to that time was one cent a word, and in those days payment was not made until publication. Nowadays all first-class magazines pay on acceptance. When I had a story accepted I borrowed money on the prospects—and when the check did finally come I really had nothing. My predicament was very similar to that of the poor clerk who gets into the clutches of a loan shark and can never escape.

The Editor Who Paid in Bicycles

SUMMER came on and I had to have another suit of clothes. Out of the proceeds of one story I managed to save enough to get a seersucker coat and trousers; but the material was bad and before I had tramped round from one office to another for two months there were fringes on the bottoms of my trousers that looked like sets of false whiskers. My coat had wrinkled and drawn so in the back that it threatened to climb over my shoulders any minute.

A neighboring woman who had become a friend of my wife very kindly came to the rescue with a bundle of shirts and other apparel that had been left by a roving son named Thomas, who had gone West and had not been heard of for several years. I took Thomas' shirts and wore them. They were the old-fashioned kind—long-bosomed stiff ones that fastened with studs.

Thomas evidently was long, while I was short; and as the holes for the studs had worn too large my studs, which happened to be small ones, would occasionally slip through. When I sat down the bosom would flare open. I was always apprehensive about this, and every time I took a seat in an editor's office I would grab myself across the stomach and bend the long bosom inward so as to prevent the shirt from popping open at the top. That kept me so busy I often lost the thread of the conversation.

It was in this rigging that I dropped in one day to see an editor who, I had been told, was crazy for sea stories. He wanted a story all right, but explained to me that the magazine was hard pressed for cash.

"Though we haven't much money," he said, "we can give you its equivalent in some articles that we advertise."

"What have you?" I asked with a show of interest. Understand you, I had walked down there from home and my feet were very sore. I was willing to take anything.

The editor took from his desk drawer a printed sheet of advertised articles, and the first thing my eye fell on was the cut of a chainless bicycle. Here was a way to save walking!

"If I can have my choice," I said, "I'll take that"—pointing to the bicycle ad.

"It's a go!" he declared; and I drew from my pocket the manuscript of what has since been regarded as my best story.

I realized that I was letting it go cheap, but that chainless bicycle saved me many a long walk. I was also in style, for at that time the bicycle craze had the country in a firm grip. Broadway was alive with wheels; and mine was of fine make.

With a bicycle to ride and a story off my hands I went home very much encouraged. The weekly ten dollars served to hold off the grocer and the butcher, and I began to turn out another sea yarn. I sold it for just enough to pay up my more pressing domestic debts.

Better Days for Authors

IDEAS were getting scarce now and I found I could not possibly write more than two stories a month. I also got to where I could not begin the writing of a new story until I had sold the last one. The anxiety and uncertainty while waiting an answer from the editor kept my mind off new plots. To make matters worse, right in the midst of one of those lapses I broke the bicycle and had not enough money to have it repaired.

Thus ended my second year in literary life. The butcher, the grocer, the landlord and the wolf were still on the job.

In relating these trials of an author I am sticking closely to the truth, but I am not trying to convey the impression that conditions such as I faced exist today or that all writers had to face them then. Neither am I trying to discourage others from tackling the game.

This was fifteen years ago, and at that time the magazines were not run as they are now. Better prices are paid for fiction today, and the whole literary game is played in a much more businesslike manner. Even the writers are more businesslike.

If I had started out under conditions prevailing in 1914 the chances are my writings would have enabled me to live comfortably. You see, I began to reach the end of my string just as the value of stories began to increase.

Again, I do not attribute my lack of financial success altogether to conditions. Other men prospered while I failed, notwithstanding the fact that they did not gain so much recognition. One author I recall had a way of manipulating the market so as to get a good price for a very ordinary story, and when he put over a good one he would do so with such effect that it was good for three or four more—at the same price. He would also go to see an editor with money in his pocket and feel independent. Some writers are good business men and born salesmen, while others—like myself—are simply writers. With a good business manager I might have been a successful man.

Less than a month ago a man well known in the field of letters told me that when I died he was sure some one would publish all my works in a uniform edition, and that they would have a big sale. That may or may not be true, but it is certain no one will put them on the market now.

Getting back to my narrative, however, the editor from whom I got the chainless bicycle sent for me one day and suggested that I collect my first batch of stories and have them printed in book form. This had not occurred to me before; so I set out with a new ambition. I selected the best of those I had done, got the several magazines to waive their book rights, and took them to a big publishing firm. They were promptly accepted, and in addition I got an order from that house, which also published a magazine, for a story. Things suddenly looked so bright for me that I put my whole heart in that ordered story and it brought me a hundred dollars in cash.

Though the book did not have a big sale it attracted attention, and I began to get letters from editors I had not known before. The book reviewers spoke so well of my first effort that I became unusually glorified; in fact I became vainglorious—had a swelled head!

I could not work for thinking about what I had done, and I bought drinks for those who would listen while I told it. Consequently my funds soon disappeared; but I had paid off my debts and had more than a hundred dollars in a savings bank. I began to think of raising the price of my work and in a way succeeded. The trouble was I could not or did not turn out the stuff. I was busier thinking about myself than about plots for new stories.

I finally settled down and wrote a story about battleships—a satire on the brains that are supposed to run them. It was about the time of the Spanish-American War, and the papers were filled with deeds of valor by the naval officers. I made the mistake of making a drunken sailor the hero of a great naval engagement—or, rather, I made the mistake of picking out the wrong nations.

My story was nothing more or less than a satire on the naval officers of my own country. I offered the story to several magazines, but they would not take it for fear of offending the public, just then in the throes of hero worship. Eventually I changed the story so as to make it a naval battle between ships of Russia and Great Britain.

A Stand for Better Pay

THAT was unquestionably my best piece of descriptive work, and I sent it to a weekly publication which is now the most widely circulated periodical in the United States—it was not then. In less than a week I received a check for sixty dollars for the story. Feeling that I was entitled to more in view of the fact that I had published a book and that my name was worth something, I made the first and only stand of my career for better pay. After a long mental fight with myself I decided not to accept the check and returned it.

"I think I am entitled to more than that," I wrote; "and unless you are willing to pay me one hundred and twenty dollars, please return my manuscript." To write that letter cost me considerable effort and I awaited the reply with much anxiety.

Meantime, though I knew nothing about it in advance, a change of editors had been made and the answer I received was from the new man. He not only agreed to my terms but wrote a cheering letter, telling me that the story was so good he would like to have many more at the same price. That gave me new life.

I was now on the floodtide of my literary career. For the first time in my life I had a year of comparative domestic comfort. It cannot be said that I was altogether happy however. Before I had written ten stories under the new scale of prices it began to dawn on me that after every floodtide there comes an ebb.

I felt myself slipping. Ideas were growing scarcer and scarcer. In my fight against the hardships occasioned by low prices and lack of independence I had drawn too heavily on my store of creative ideas. It is said that every man has in him just so many stories, and I felt that I was nearing the end of my string.

As I have intimated before, I am not and never was a natural writer. It all came hard to me. With this chance of making more money, though, I put my nose to the grindstone and struggled on. I became nervous and irritable. Fears came to me that I was losing my mind.

I have been a close student of psychology and mental phenomena. I know now that I was medically insane, though not legally so. Feeling this way I went to a noted professor of psychology. He had done some wonderful things by hypnotic suggestion. I believe in that.

The professor had heard of me and knew my work. He diagnosed my case as one of brain fag. There was nothing the matter with me, he said, except that I had overtaxed my brain in trying to invent too many stories. After talking a long time he advised me to keep him in mind and said he would do the same with me. At the same time he discussed with me some of the great inventions of the century. He did that with the purpose of influencing my mind in a new direction. He was trying to get my brain out of a rut.

I kept in mind what the professor had said and became

On and On Through the Night I Wrote

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much more content. He was influencing me by hypnotic suggestion. Some of my younger friends smile when I tell them this; but I know the mind of that professor, even though he was a great distance away at times, turned me into a new channel of endeavor—one that kept me from going insane.

The suggestion manifested itself in an unexpected way—it always does. I had to write another story to get a needed hundred and fifty dollars, and I went down the coast many miles to consult a naval officer, a friend, about a new feature that had been added to a battleship. While there I was taken on board a submarine boat which happened to be at anchor in that particular bay. It was then I got the idea of my first invention the periscope.

Now, I believe that nothing but hypnotic suggestion could have made me go down there to see an officer and then find the very thing needed to turn my thoughts into a new channel of invention. If I had gone at any other time the submarine boat would not have been there. Those things are not coincidences. Though no one has definitely located it, I firmly believe there is a law behind them. You cannot make me believe that when one man is thinking of another, and just at that moment sees him coming round a corner, it is a coincidence. It occurs too often.

When I left that boat I was actually enthusiastic. Something new was dawning on me. I even forgot about the condition of the larder at home. While in the lower part of the little boat the lieutenant in command showed me all its workings. It was a great day for me.

"The one thing we need," he said as we came up, "is an apparatus by which we can see what is going on above without having to rise to the surface."

"In other words," I added, "if you could look into a glass down below and, by a series of reflections, be able to view the surrounding surface of the water above, it would make the submarine boat the most powerful of warships."

"Exactly."

"Then I am going to invent it!" I declared; and I left him, knowing absolutely that it could be done. The mind of that professor of psychology was directing me.

At that very moment, though I did not know it, a Frenchman, seated at his desk in Paris, was innocently devising a fantastic yarn that was destined to deal me a crushing blow—a blow from which I have never recovered; one that has made me an old man, lacking energy and ambition.

On the Trail of the Periscope

The officer who explained to me the need of such an instrument as the periscope knew it would have to be composed of a series of lenses in a tube, the end of which must remain above water after the boat was submerged; but he could not discover the shape of the crystal or prism that, by refraction and reflection, would carry the image down the tube, so that it could be seen by looking through the glass at the lower end. That, in a rough way, explains the problem which was before me. An accurate scientific description would be impossible without a diagram.

In the course of my experiments it became necessary for me to make a thorough study of physics—which I had never done at school—and particularly of optics. It took me four months to master that alone.

Meantime I had to be a breadwinner and I was sorely beset to make enough money to keep my wife and myself from absolute want. I saw that, to succeed, I should have to be systematic.

I formulated a plan by which I could work one week on a story and give the next to the invention. In that way I figured I could live and, at the same time, gradually reach the goal for which I was striving.

My mind was in such a condition, however, that I could not work on the periscope while waiting for a story to be accepted. Editors were glad to get my manuscripts, but that continual waiting for acceptances was killing my chances of making a successful invention. Finally I saw the way out—at least it was worth a trial.

Bright and early one morning I called on the editor of a popular magazine, which had published several of my stories, and asked him whether he could use one every two weeks. The idea was agreeable to him.

"But where is the stuff?" he inquired.

"I haven't a story ready," I replied, "but I have one in mind. What do you think of this idea?"

Fifty-Nine Years of Knowing How

"I've Stronger Men Behind those Guns!"

One of the greatest generals of the last century was asked whether he was using better cannon and better powder in one wing of his artillery service than in another, the cannonading being so much more effective.

"Better cannon and better powder, yes," was the reply. "But, the real point is, I've stronger men behind those guns!"

Not stronger physically—stronger in *know-how*. Men who would have fought well with poor guns and inferior powder, but who, provided with the best of both, were invincible.

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I then related in detail the plot of a story—I had not thought of it until that very moment—and he said it sounded like good stuff.

"That's all right," he said. "I'll take that. Go ahead and finish it."

That, in the writing game, is known as offering a story in scenario form in other words an outline. At my suggestion the editor gave me fifty dollars in advance, and, with the story already sold, I quickly turned it out.

Just why this idea had never occurred to me before I do not know. It would have saved me many nights of worry.

For a whole year I did nothing but sell scenarios to that editor and work on my invention. And—what is more remarkable—I managed to make ends meet.

It was at the expiration of a year of experimenting I suddenly discovered that, in addition to other lenses, a cone-shaped glass placed in the end of the tube would do the trick of refracting the light rays as I wanted them. I was beside myself with joy. Working night and day I quickly rigged out a model, and—imagine my delight!—it worked! I had solved the problem! I had invented the periscope!

The Interfering Frenchman

At nine o'clock the next morning I called up the submarine-boat builders and asked for the lieutenant who had talked to me a year before. It so happened he was passing through New York that day and was in the office for just an hour. I had chosen the psychological moment for calling on the telephone.

"I've got it! I've got it!" I shouted over the phone.

"Got what?" he asked in an irritated voice.

"The periscope!" I explained. "I've solved the problem."

He told me to hurry to the office as quickly as I could, as he had but a short time to stay. I got there in exactly forty minutes. Unfortunately on the way down I broke my model and it would not work. He explained to me, though, that a diagram would do just as well, as he understood perfectly what I was after.

"Get your diagrams ready and have them here when I return from Boston—in three days," he said; "and be sure you have them accurate."

I spent three days working on those diagrams and they were complete when he arrived. I sat across the desk from the lieutenant as he unrolled my blueprints, and I shall never forget the expression in his eyes when he looked at the first one.

"You've got it!" he declared exultantly. "The cone-shaped tip solves the problem. I congratulate you."

I told him I had applied for a patent.

"That's all right," he said; "that will protect you until a lawyer can put it through for you. We will help you all we can. If you haven't enough money we will defray all expenses; but, you understand," he said, "you will have to make improvements on this idea, and it will take much of your time. How about it?"

I explained to him my financial condition and told him of my literary work which was necessary to keep me going while waiting for the patent to be issued.

The lieutenant suggested to me that if I could live on fifty dollars a week his company would put me on the payroll for that amount indefinitely, so that I might continue my experiments.

The two years that followed were the happiest of my life. The fifty dollars a week enabled us to live in comparative comfort and I could devote my entire time to the thing I loved—invention. I am naturally of a mechanical turn of mind and am at peace with the world when I can sit down and make things. My friends today often come to my room and marvel at a contrivance in the shape of a sliding board on which I can place my typewriting machine and write in bed.

It was in the midst of these happy moments that the blow fell. And this brings me back to the Frenchman and his yarn.

The lawyers notified me that the United States Government had refused to grant me a patent on the periscope because a story had been published, prior to my application, in a French magazine, which had described fantastically the possibilities of an instrument very similar to the one I had invented.

On account of some international law or agreement in regard to patents, which they explained in technical terms I did not understand, my hopes were blasted. Understand you, this Frenchman did not attempt an invention. He merely wrote that such a thing was possible.

My beloved periscope was now public property, and anybody had the right to proceed with its development. Though the submarine-boat people had treated me generously, my devices were no longer needed. I was out of a job!

Really, I believe it was the saddest moment of my life when I went back to the typewriter and began to lay out a story. Ahead of me I saw the old grind, the weary rounds of the magazine offices, the butcher, the grocer, the landlord and the wolf!

I am not a quitter though. With as much strength and spirit as I could muster I ground out that story and started downtown with the manuscript in my pocket. Four editors turned it down; and then I had to sell it to a cheap publication that paid me less than one cent a word. My punch was gone!

Though I have written along in a desultory way for several years that punch has never returned. The first-class periodicals turn my stories down and I finally have to sell them to the cheaper—yes, cheapest—ones. Instead of being recognized as a writer of originality I am looked on as a hack.

Less than a month ago I went to the office of a first-class magazine to get an answer on a sea story I had submitted a week before. After waiting nearly an hour in the reception room the editor sent for me. He was a young man a stranger to me. Over his desk hung a large portrait of myself, done by a well-known artist, a personal friend of mine.

An Author to Imitate

The young editor did not know me from Adam's house-cat; in fact he had never heard of me, though my portrait hung over his desk. I must admit, though, I do not look like that portrait now.

"I'm sorry we can't use that story of yours," he said; and wearily I reached for the manuscript.

"By the way," he went on, "if you intend to continue writing sea stories, why don't you read a book I have here? It will give you an idea of how to write one."

He handed me a beautifully bound volume of sea stories—my own book, a collection of my best stories!

I did not have the heart to tell that young man I was the author of the book, and he was not observant enough to see that the name on my story and that on the book were the same. He would not have believed me if I had told him. I took the manuscript and went on to the next editor.

I went away from there thinking of my past triumphs—literary triumphs. I wanted that young editor to keep that book and read it. It might do him some good. Then I thought—Had it done me any good?

My portrait hangs in the office of many editors, it is true. My books are in the libraries. Some relatives of the future generations—I have no children—may be kind enough to point to my works with a slight feeling of pride. That is all I can hope for.

Of this world's goods I have none. I never have had any and I never shall have any. I have led an improvident life. The other night, supperless, I went to my stuffy little hall bedroom, weary of the world. I looked in the mirror and saw I was an old man.

I lighted my pipe and stretched myself on the bed.

"Why is this?" I said to myself. "Why is it that, with all your toil, you have accumulated nothing but passing fame?"

I thought and I thought—and finally an answer came. At first it was jumbled, but gradually it came out in a sentence of four clear-cut words. I guess that is the answer:

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: It so fell out that a lawyer in a Southern state, who was employed as a local attorney by a railroad company, was given a legal assignment by the Department of Justice. As an employee of the railroad he was entitled to a pass over its lines within the state at least, and mayhap to all that railroad's ports of call. Anyhow he had a pass at the time of his entrance into the service of the Government, and he prized that pass highly, because he is personally of a frugal turn of mind. So he wrote to the attorney-general somewhat in this fashion:

"*Honored and Respected Sir:* Referring to my selection for service in your department and the obligations thereunto pertaining, I beg to say that in my capacity as counsel for the Palm, Palmetto & Pineapple Railroad I am seized of a personal pass over the lines of said road.

"Understanding, as I do, the statutes in such cases made and provided, which forbid the acceptance of railroad courtesies by Government employees, I write to ask whether an exception can be made in my behalf. I shall be obliged to do considerable traveling in pursuance of my official duties, and if I am allowed to retain this pass I can save Uncle Sam a good-sized sum of money that I shall otherwise be forced to expend in traveling expenses. I am strongly in favor of strict economy in the conduct of our Government affairs and trust you will assent to the reasonableness of my request."

Well, when John Suter got that letter he ran excitedly to Attorney-General McReynolds and said:

"Chief, I have been in Washington for a great many years and have seen and heard many things, but I have the honor to report that here is a new one on me."

"The same being?" spake the attorney-general in an inquisitorial manner.

"The same being a letter from a man who actually wants to save money for the Government instead of spending it." And John handed across the missive.

Money Enough for All

Though it may be, Jim, that the patriot who wrote the letter not only desired to save money for the Government by using his treasured pass but also had it in mind that he could save a little for himself on his personal trips, I mention the incident as a preface to comment on the action of the House of Representatives recently in appropriating twenty-five million dollars for rural roadbuilding and sending the same meré bagatelle through with cheers.

As I understand it, the text of this bill appropriates the said twenty-five million dollars for roads in various sections of the country; and, as I know it, the purpose of the bill and the motive of it and the reason for it at the time is the appropriation of twenty-five million dollars for the political salvation of various and sundry persons in the House of Representatives—that is, the bill is for politics first and for such roads as may incidentally be constructed, and it is also for the purpose of giving jobs to persons who will use their jobs to aid in the reëlection of the sponsors of the bill and their favored friends who voted for it.

Roads we may have, but statesmen must be returned. The defenses of the bill were numerous and fervent, and it was passed by a large vote, to the accompaniment of groans of distress from the vicinity of the White House, where there is a sincere desire for economy. The bill is entirely for the purposes of the rural representative; for, as Representative Stevens, of New Hampshire, a Democrat, put it in the debate:

"This bill appeals to every man who wants good roads. It appeals to every man who wants the support of his constituents. If this bill is passed we can go back to our homes and say to our constituents: 'We have brought back many thousands of dollars to be expended here for good roads.' That would be a great help to the individual congressman seeking reëlection; but,

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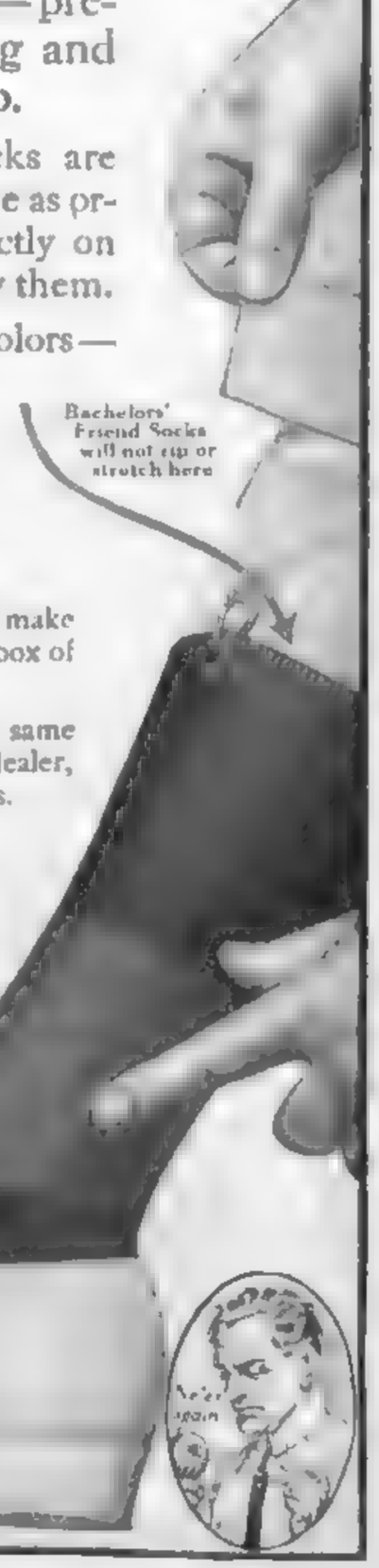

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This magneto is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. Built by the largest manufacturers of rowboat motors in the world. Capacity for 1914, 60,000 "Evinrudes." Has been adopted by twelve governments, including U. S. A. Weight about 50 pounds, may be carried like a suit case. For sale at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers' Everywhere.

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gentlemen, if you go back home to your constituents with a chunk of pork in one hand and a fifty-million-dollar deficit in the other hand you will find it entirely different."

Everybody is for good roads and nobody begrudges legitimate appropriations therefor; but when the estimates are greater than they ever were, and the revenues are likely to be smaller than usual owing to tariff and other legislation, it is hard to convince the leaders of the dominant party that the individual politics that backed this bill, though fine for the shaky representatives, has any particular merit in a national and party sense. Still the boys must be helped back—and you know who helps those who help themselves.

Now of course the Senate will take a whack at it; and if the Senate needs support as much as the House needs it the Senate will pass the whole thing along to the President. About that time look out for an explosion, as the almanacs used to say on the calendar date of the Fourth of July.

Where Editing Would Help

What we need, Jim, in the Capital at this time is a managing editor—a citizen who shall maintain a desk over which the various literary and legislative offerings of the exalted Democracy shall pass before being submitted to a critical country and a censorious minority.

For example, there was that day—not so long ago—when three several parts of this Administration threw the ball over the grandstand, with the bases full of runners from the opposition. There was a day for you, Jim! Do you remember the old story about the man who was told that his wife was dead, his son had been drowned, his house had been burned, his barn blown away by a cyclone, and the bank with his money in it had failed? All he could think of to say was: "This seems too ridiculous!" Well, when this exhibition of bush-league politics came, all the President could think of to say was that it was a whimsical turn of affairs.

You will probably recall that this Administration was allowed to administrate and put in an administrative position in some measure because it claimed that the various legislative reforms in the patriotic and aggregated mind of the Democracy, and in its platform, would decrease the oppressively high cost of living. That was the slogan: Put us in power and we'll cut down the prices! To that end the Democrats passed a tariff bill; and every Democratic orator said prices would fall, that living would be cheaper, and so on. Well, on this day, without consulting anybody who has the politics of the party in mind, one of the bureaus maintained under this Administration—this Administration that has been in power since March 4, 1913—came gayly out into the spotlight with a set of statistics issued by government authority showing that that bureau had investigated the prices of living for the period between October 12, 1912, and October 13, 1913—being for the most part the first year of the New Freedom—and that it had found that prices never were so high as in that year, and that they were getting higher.

Imagine the joy with which Jimmie Reynolds seized on that, Jimmie being the official seizer of things that discredit this Administration, in his Republican-committee capacity, and how gleefully he sent it out as an official statement by this Administration showing that what this Administration promised was all bogus! Just think that over! Mr. Wilson's subordinates hand him one in his revered ribs—and his party, also!

But that was not all—oh, dear, no! On the same day the Industrial Commission—or the Commission on Industrial Relations—woke from its torpor and announced that, as a result of its investigations it could state officially—officially, Jim!—that this country is largely populated by starving workmen unable to get jobs, and that something ought to be done! What do you know about that as a bouquet for an Administration that is claiming its efforts have brought about the dawning of a better industrial day? Whimsical, eh? Oh, very! And then some!

Likewise, an intellectual giant connected with another department handed out, in order to impress on Mr. Wilson that the presidency is just one darned thing after another, a cute little anti-Asiatic statement about immigration, which came at the exact moment when Japanese and other complications were pressing, and had official sanction, so far as this statement-maker could give it—and also had a lively tendency to stir up things nicely. All in one day, James! And thus do we perceive some of the pitfalls that beset the path of the guardian of the destinies of the people, as well as the person who is mostly concerned with the future success of the Democratic party.

Nor did that finish it; for a few days later the Interstate Commerce Commission baldly and without explanation announced that it had suspended the increase rate tariffs filed by the railroads for another six months from March twelfth to September twelfth. The rate situation is critical and important. The market took it that this meant no rate increases and everything went off a point or more. If these high and mighty commissioners had been to the trouble to add forty words to that suspension notice stating that it meant nothing but a compliance with the law which gives the commission power to suspend for six months at a time, and had no bearing on the rate-increase question, a lot of money that was lost would have been saved.

You may think there is a lot of enjoyment concealed about the job of being president of the United States; but if there is, not many of the men who have held the job have been able to find the joy; and not one of them has escaped finding—or having found for him—the vast quantities of grief the place entails.

Here is President Wilson, warmly supported by the country, trying to conduct an efficient and economical Administration, and—necessarily from our very system of government—being kept to a keen edge on the politics of it all—and it is all politics—vexed and harassed by pork-crazy legislators and glory-seeking subordinates, whose only conception of their duties in the premises is to get all they can for themselves in the way of patronage and publicity. And if what they do makes it harder for the president—oh, well, he's president and on him must fall the responsibility.

Mr. Barrett's Neat Invention

You see, the Democrats hereabout have not awakened to the fact that, so far as this present restoration of their party to power is concerned, the Democracy, *per se*, has not gained strength throughout the nation. The people are all for Mr. Wilson—not for the party he belongs to. And, though the President deprecates this and holds that he is merely a party member, the fact remains that the Democracy is no higher in favor than it ever has been, but that he is extremely popular.

However, those are the fortunes of politics and the frailties of folks. Turning, therefore, to happier things, have you heard of the latest triumph of John Barrett, who, as director of the Pan-American Union, inhabits Mr. Carnegie's neat little palace down at the edge of Potomac Park? John gives his parties there; and he gave one the other night that must have caused every Pan-American breast to heave convulsively with joy, for it was a swell affair, with the maxixe and the tango and the rest of them—as was excellent, for Brazil and Argentina are in the union, you know.

That isn't the triumph, though; albeit John, in delicate compliment to the secretary of state, released a lot of doves about the place—one dove for each Pan-American brother, save Mexico alone, and that dove was a crow. What John did was to put over an innovation in the way of securing assistant hosts. He handed each male person present a card that authorized him to introduce himself to any lady present, show her his union card—Pan-Am.-Union, you understand—and immediately whirl her off—if you can call it whirling—into the hesitation, or the fish crawl, or the Barrett walk, which is a new dance invented by John and consists of a quick gliding motion, such as John uses to get in front of the camera when a photographer appears.

The idea was this: John tried out his cards of introduction. They worked. Now whenever any of our lemon-colored neighbors of the Union yearn to go to war with any of their lemon-colored neighbors, John plans to send down a bunch of his introduction cards and have the combatants use them in the way of facilitating closer acquaintance, the polite amenities, and enabling them to talk over the joys of peace—thus avoiding hostilities through the medium of courtly and courteous intercourse.

John's invention makes Mr. Bryan's universal peace propaganda seem rather trifling, don't you think?

Yours ironically, BILL.

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This NEW 1914 Hoosier is a wonder of convenience; has places for 400 articles; has 40 labor-saving features—17 entirely new; so scientifically arranged that it saves even reaching; yet enormous sales at small profit keep the price lower than that of an ordinary cupboard cabinet.

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6—The Emergency Shelf.

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(8) **The "Money Tray,"** on the upper right door, is divided into three compartments. One is labeled, "change"; one, "milk ticket"; one, "miscellaneous." You can keep all your milk or bread checks here and the small change you need for daily bills. This will save you many trips for your pocketbook.

(9) **Eight crystal glass spice jars** with air-tight screw lids are a part of the regular Hoosier equipment. Notice their wide mouths, especially made to admit a spoon. Four have patented sifter tops that are air-tight except when in use. Notice particularly that they are located at the very finger tips of your right hand.

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What is Call Money?

By ROGER W. BABSON

AN IRISHMAN answered this question by saying that call money is "the kind when you call for it you never get it, and when you get it it is always called"; and I think there is a good deal of truth in his remark. Certainly people who do not need it are able to get it, and the people who do need it are usually unable to get it. Moreover when one wishes to borrow call money the banks urge him to borrow time money; and when he desires to borrow time money they often insist on loaning him call money. The result of all this is that the business man looks on call money as he does on heaven—he believes in it, but it seems to be a long distance away.

The demand for call money comes from three distinct sources, which may be briefly described as follows:

1—Every bank is justified in carrying a certain proportion of its funds in demand loans—that is, loans which can be paid at any time. If one borrows from a bank for six months on receivables the bank must not disturb the borrower during that period, however tight and scarce money may be.

If, for instance, John Jones borrows five thousand dollars of a bank, discounted at six per cent on the first of January for six months, and a panic should come in April, causing the deposits of the bank to be heavily withdrawn, the bank should not disturb John Jones in any way, but obtain money to pay depositors from other sources. These other sources may be represented by cash on hand or salable securities: but the best other source to which to turn in an emergency is the demand-loan account.

In times of panic a bank should strengthen its cash resources instead of reducing them, and it is impossible to sell bonds and stocks at such a time without severe loss.

Hence every bank should have a certain amount of money loaned on call—or on demand, as such money is referred to in certain sections of the country. In other words, to carry out the above illustration, the bank might loan John Jones five thousand dollars for six months, and then two thousand dollars additional on demand, with the understanding that he would pay the latter amount whenever the bank requested it.

The loan of five thousand dollars would be known as a time loan, and the loan of two thousand dollars would be known as a demand or call loan. Or, to use technical terms, the loan of five thousand dollars would be classified by the bank as time money, while the two thousand dollars would be classified as call money.

Advantages of Call Money

As a banker, I am very much in favor of these call loans, believing that the bank with the greatest proportion of such loans is in the most liquid condition and could most readily pay its depositors in times of panic. It, therefore, will be seen that there is a legitimate place in banking for call money, and banks are justified in insisting on a certain amount of such loans.

On the other hand, it may readily be seen that such loans are often difficult to obtain. The very fact that the bank desires to loan John Jones two thousand dollars "on call," in order to be able to get it back in a time of panic, is enough to make John Jones hesitate about borrowing the two thousand dollars on call; for the very time when John Jones does not want to be obliged to pay it is during a panic. Therefore, in order to have demand loans of any use to the bank, they should be of a kind that can quickly be paid in time of emergency.

Hence, if you lie to your bank when borrowing time money, do not lie when borrowing call money; in fact do not borrow money on call unless you have the equivalent of the loan always in cash, or in the same as cash, so that under any circumstances you can pay the loan when it is called. Probably today many banks have so-called demand loans that are really not demand loans; if so they should be changed into time loans at once, as it is a great mistake for any banker to fool himself concerning the liquid qualities of his loans and investments.

2—In addition to the fact that banks have a legitimate use for demand loans, many business men are likewise justified in using this character of financing for a certain portion of their funds. For instance, I know a builder who has recently purchased a large amount of copper to use in connection with the erection of a certain plant.

The copper was sent to him with a bill-of-lading attached; and in order to obtain proper terms the builder was obliged to pay for it before it left the hands of the selling agent. He had sufficient funds on deposit to pay for the copper; but, instead of drawing this money out of his bank, he decided to borrow some money from his bank to carry this copper while it was being transported and held in storage for use on the job; and, in fact, until he received the money therefor.

Now copper is as good as money and is considered splendid collateral by banks. Hence, as the builder did not know whether he would receive pay for this copper in two weeks or two months, and as the amount involved was large, he arranged a demand loan with his bank, thus borrowing call money to carry the copper.

The builder did not wish to borrow money for six months when he might receive pay for the copper in six weeks. Moreover he felt that if the bank should demand payment of the loan before he received pay for the copper he could readily replace the loan elsewhere—or, if forced to do so, could sell the copper. He also carried a deposit equal to the call loan, which could be drawn on if necessary. Consequently this man borrowed call money and was thus able to pay his loan the day he received his check, thus saving interest.

Hints to Borrowers

At this point let me pass along a hint to borrowers of call money—namely: Borrow call money of the bank with which you deposit, so that if it demands payment at a time when you do not wish to pay you can reply: "All right; I'll pay that loan, but I must draw on my deposit to do so." When you make this remark you will find the bank is not so anxious to have the call loan paid. Moreover this is a warning to banks that it is much better for them to have their call money loaned to persons who are not depositors. Hence I say to the young business man: Borrow call money of the banks with which you deposit and borrow time money from outside banks.

Brokers borrow a large amount of call money for carrying stocks, as call loans enable them to increase or decrease their indebtedness every day, as their customers buy or sell their securities. This saves the brokers a large amount of interest money, as they are not obliged to pay interest on money not needed; and it is also a great convenience for them.

If forced to pay these demand loans during a panic it might be necessary for them to sell the securities or else call for additional margin—but this loss would come on the customer rather than on the firm; and so the brokers have not much to worry about. Numerous other illustrations might be given to show that call money is often as great a convenience to borrowers as to the banks themselves.

3—In order to be honest with readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I must state there is also another reason that some banks should carry a certain amount of loans, made to directors as demand or call loans, and that is because these directors do not care to have it generally known they are borrowers. If I borrow a thousand dollars on a four months' note and renew the same from time to time—as it becomes due every four months—my name is periodically publicly read to the investment committee and also to the board of directors.

If, however, I borrow call money and give a demand note, such a note has no real maturity; and consequently after a first reading it never again comes before the board of directors, or even the investment committee. The loan might remain in the bank for years and years, until every one had almost forgotten it. Directors might remember that it was read when it was granted; but, not knowing it was a demand loan and not hearing it read again, they would naturally assume that it had been paid at the end of four or six months.

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Of course such call loans are not liquid and really are not call loans in any sense of the word, but are made call loans simply as a subterfuge. Semiannually, or quarterly, the borrower is sent a statement of the interest, but the loan does not again come before the directors and often not before any of the officers. This is, without doubt, an illegitimate practice.

Hence one cannot tell from the statement a bank publishes what proportion of its call loans are of the good class or of this subterfuge class. Therefore when examining a bank it is very important to go through the demand and call loans. Though such loans are supposed to be the finest in the bank, they often contain some of the poorest notes and even overdue paper on which it is impossible to collect.

In the local country bank the rates of interest are usually the same to every one, averaging about six per cent. Good notes and bad notes, friends and enemies, customers and competitors, young men and old, corporations and individuals, are all jumbled together at a flat rate of, say, six per cent. Of course when a bank knows a man must have the money it sometimes screws him up to pay a higher rate, though often, to get a new depositor, a bank will grant a rate a little under the market as a bait to catch new business; but the man who is stuck soon gets wise and insists on the same rate as the other fellows pay. Likewise as soon as the bank gets the new depositor firmly within its grip it makes him pay as high as other people pay.

City banks, however, use much more sense and reason in making rates of interest. The poor risk—the man who must renew his notes when due—is charged more and should pay more than the good risk, who can pay his notes when due. Moreover there is a distinct rate for time money and another rate for call money, which rates are quoted in the metropolitan journals each day. The time rate is more or less constant, but the call rate changes continually; and the various call notes are marked up or down each day as the interest rate on call money changes.

How Bankers Handle Loans

The average business man, however, is often perplexed because one day he notes that time money is six per cent and call money four per cent; while the next time he looks he finds that time money is four per cent and call money six per cent. Sometimes the rates for time and call money go up and down together; but often they cross each other, and it takes quite an athlete to keep up with them. There is, however, good reason for this; and one should understand the why and wherefore thereof.

Briefly this difference in rate depends on the bankers' private forecast of the future. Bankers pretend to be unable to forecast money rates; and when you and I attempt to get an opinion out of them on the subject it is like trying to get blood out of a turnip. However, every banker who differentiates in rate between time and call money is continually forecasting the money market.

If bankers think that money is to become dearer and that rates, as a whole, are to increase, then they will try to loan call money because the call-money rate can be raised from day to day by the bank, while the time-money rate is fixed for the duration of a loan.

Consequently if you interview your local banker, the Honorable Jonathan Astorbilt, as to his rates for time money and call money respectively, and he tells you the rate for time money is four and a half per cent, but he will loan you some money on call at three per cent, be careful! Remember that as soon as rates go up to six per cent he will immediately call your loan or raise the interest rate on it to six per cent. Thus, instead of paying only four and a half per cent for the life of your loan, you will pay three per cent for perhaps one month and six per cent for the rest of the time.

On the other hand if the Honorable Jonathan Astorbilt tells you that time money is five per cent and call money is six per cent, that means the Honorable Jonathan thinks rates are to be easier and consequently is endeavoring to lead you into a trap so that you will borrow on time instead of on call. If the banker loans you money on call—in this case at six per cent—then, when rates decrease to four per cent, he would be compelled to mark down your rate to four per cent. Consequently he endeavors to tie you up at five per cent for so long a period as possible.

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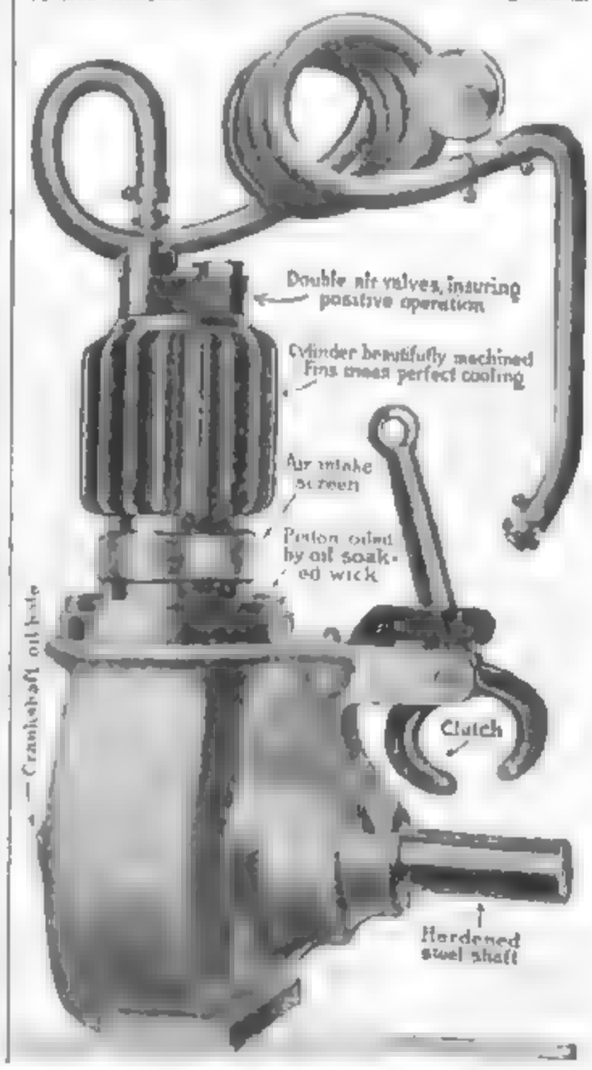
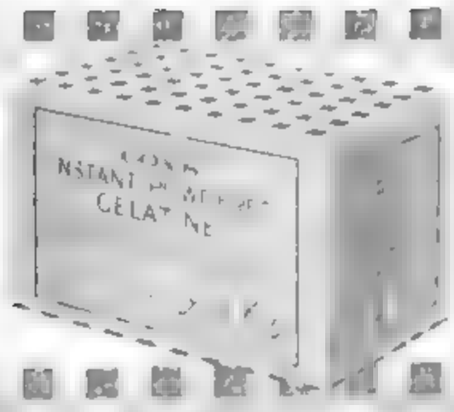
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Beloit, Wisc.

17 Branches, also Service Stations in all cities and large towns.


Double air valves, insuring positive operation
Cylinder beautifully machined Fins mean perfect cooling
Air intake screen
Piston oiled by oil soaked wick
Clutch
Crankshaft oil hole
Hardened steel shaft



COX'S Gelatine, sold in red, white and blue checker-board boxes, is famous for purity and wholesomeness.

It is a wonderful help in making many desserts and delicacies. It also gives a touch and a zest to the more substantial dishes—soups and meats, jellies, salads and savories. Be sure you get

COX'S
Instant Powdered
GELATINE

It dissolves instantly in hot water. Sold by grocers everywhere—10c for the small size, and 15c for the large size package.

Write for *Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery*, compiled by Marion Harris Neil. Nearly 200 tested recipes.

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. E, 100 Hudson St., New York City
Sole Agents in U. S. A. for J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland

Chocolate Spanish Cream—4 to 6 persons

If the bank is figuring interest for the month of February it figures only by the month and insists there are thirty days in February! If, however, it is figuring interest for March it forgets all about this monthly basis and insists on figuring by the day, and counts thirty-one days for March!

The circumstances that cause a difference in the rates for time money and call money also make a difference in the rates for three-months, four-months, six-months and one-year money. When bankers think money is to become tighter and in greater demand they ask higher rates for longer periods, and year money then costs the borrower more than four-months money. Conversely when bankers think money is to become easier they give special inducement for your loans, and softly urge their customers to borrow for a longer period.

In this connection there is one feature of the new Banking Act that will mean a revolution in Wall Street call-money methods. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, indicated this quite clearly when he pointed out before the Senate committee that the law will minimize the call-loan market and "will turn hundreds of millions of dollars from call loans into commercial channels. It will lessen if not entirely reduce the advantage that borrowers on stock-exchange collateral have over commercial borrowers."

It is necessary, in order more fully to appreciate this statement, to understand that call money represents the reserves of banks, which are necessarily carried to meet sudden demands. The banks maintain these reserves by refusing to put their loanable funds out on time.

Concerning this a Wall Street authority said, before the passage of the Banking Act:

"Call loans are sometimes available at one or two per cent when time money and commercial paper command upward of five per cent. Should the new currency bill become a law in its present form, reserves will be maintained more generally through the machinery of the regional banks; and it will not be necessary to reserve anything like such a large volume of funds in the form of call loans."

Money as Merchandise

"Country banks will have less inducement to send their funds to New York to be loaned out on call for their account, and New York banks will find encouragement to utilize their funds in the form of fixed maturities at the higher rates that will be available. This, in turn, will mean that Wall Street will have to go from a call-money to a time-money basis.

"Still further it will mean more stable money rates for all business and will be apt to provide a steadying influence on Wall Street speculation as a whole. This also may mean a weeding out of some brokerage houses, as it necessarily will follow that houses of good credit, even where stock-exchange collateral accompanies their applications, will be able to secure cheaper accommodations than those in which the credit basis or moral hazard is not so acceptable."

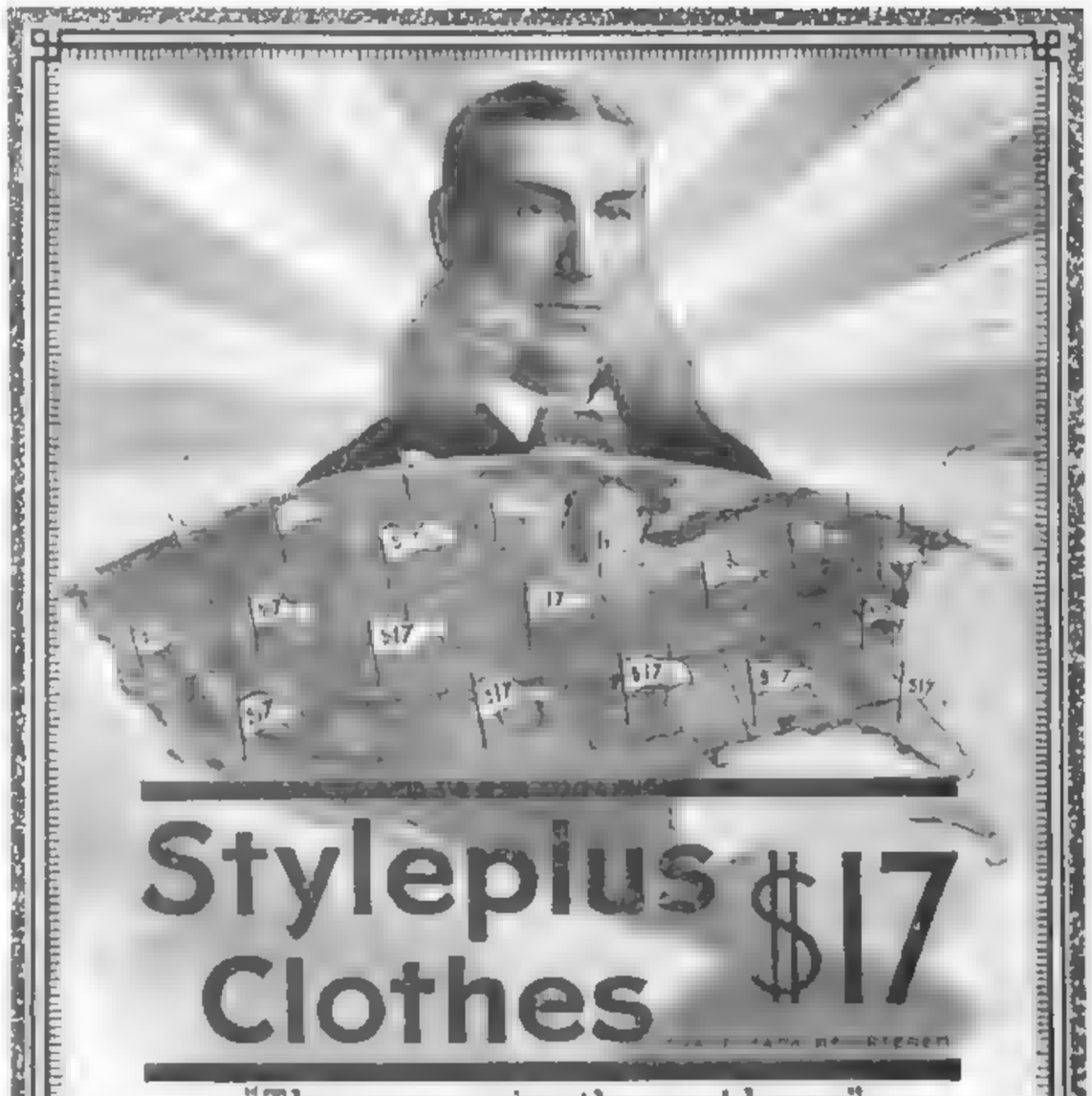
The closing point I wish to make for the young business man is that he should be on his guard when negotiating with local banks, as when trading horses or dickering for real estate. Bankers are as honest and as unselfish as the rest of us—but not more so. We are all human.

The moral of all this is that the young business man should study fundamental conditions and seasonal changes in order to have ideas of his own regarding financial matters. He should have an idea of his own relative to the trend of money rates as well as to the future of any commodity market.

Money is only a commodity—it is nothing more or less than merchandise. The banker is simply a man who buys and sells it. Therefore the young business man should study the money market as he studies any other feature of his business.

The trend of money conditions can readily be ascertained by noting each week the condition of the New York banks and the reserve they are carrying. Once every two or three months the comptroller's report is published covering all the banks in the country. This shows very clearly the condition of all the country banks.

Other factors, such as foreign exchange and gold movements, serve as barometers for forecasting fair weather or storms; but of those things I must treat in another article.



Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over."

The dawn of a new day came in the clothing industry when Henry Sonneborn & Co. launched Styleplus Clothes $17! The day of genuine all-wool, perfect-fitting, long-wearing clothing *for $17.* The day of *real* style combined with *real* economy.

And now everywhere—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—men are seeking the store that flies the Flag of Styleplus! In each leading town only *one* progressive merchant is privileged to sell Styleplus Clothes $17. Join the army of smart men who are saving $3 to $8! Visit the Styleplus Store in your town.

You can tell a genuine Styleplus by the Label in the coat, the Ticket on the sleeve, and the Guarantee in the pocket.

Send for our book, "As Others See You."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO. Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

To every Man who cares about

You know instinctively when the woman you are with is "*Well Dressed*"—just as she knows when you are.

May be you don't understand the why's and wherefore's.

Maybe (and most likely) you couldn't *describe* her coat or suit half an hour after you leave her.

There's a feeling of satisfaction and pride in her appearance, or there's a feeling of indefinite but no less unpleasant uncertainty.

There is no surer way to please a woman—sister, sweetheart or wife—

Than to be *interested* in her clothes.

Say *Wooltex* to her.

You know what the great ready-to-wear clothes makers have done toward giving *you* style and quality and satisfaction in *your* clothes at a fair price.

The H. Black Company, makers of coats, suits and skirts, have done as much—probably more than this for women.

WOO

the highest typ
at $25 00 to

The Store That Sells Wo

the appearance of any Woman

For no concern in the world has so highly developed a style organization as that which produces *Wooltex* coats, suits and skirts.

Smart—pleasing—and so well made they are guaranteed to give two full seasons' satisfactory service.

The coats and suits pictured here will give you some idea of how she would look in this season's Wooltex models.

Ask her to go to The Store That Sells Wooltex in your city—and see them.

Better still—go with her yourself.

And if (as you will find) the prices are far less than you would expect to pay for clothes with that indefinable air of high character which you will find in these Wooltex garments—

You will be all the more appreciative.

L T E X

tailored coats and suits
$55.00 — In Your Own City at
oltex coats—suits—skirts

JIMMY Pipe joy is yours *right off the bat* if you'll beat it to the nearest shop and buy some Prince Albert. Here's tobacco *every* man can smoke and smoke all he wants without a tongue-bite. You'll be one of millions of men who, through pure joy, call

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Such smokings, such jimmy pipe sunshine! Why, you just can't believe how much fun there is in that old "hod" of yours. Take our say-so, jam it brimful of P. A. and make some fire, and you'll join the Prince Albert band in your town before sunset!

Never forget that P. A. is *reason-why* tobacco. It can't bite, because that bite is *cut out by a patented process!* No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!

Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors. You can get P. A. in every civilized country in the world.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

FOR any man who has a family and not a fortune, by far the most important of all investments is life insurance. For a young man who has no family it is a good investment too; for he can, so to speak, invest his youth and health in it, and later on he may have dependents when youth and health are gone.

No insurable man, with wife and children who would be deprived of their support by his death, can afford to go without life insurance for a day; in fact I believe it would be a good thing to make life insurance compulsory for married men without fortune.

Eugenics proposes that a doctor's certificate of sound health shall be a condition precedent to the issuance of a marriage license. I would make the prospective bridegroom show his life-insurance policy too. If it is to the interest of society that only healthy parents have children it is equally to the interest of society that some provision be made for the child's support in case the father dies.

There is still a good deal of silly prejudice against life insurance among young, sentimental and inexperienced women. They call it taking blood money for a husband's death. That is nonsense. If every wife felt that way, and every husband were guided by his wife's feeling, there could be no life insurance, and thousands of women and children who are now somewhat provided for would be plunged into beggary.

Life insurance is really the simplest and surest thing in the world. That it is not universally so understood is largely due to past sins of the life-insurance companies themselves. In the palmy days before the Hyde explosion, when the big companies were striving to accumulate the greatest possible mass of assets, life-insurance agents seldom clearly explained the business.

Instead of talking straight life insurance they talked endowments, annuities and various other investment frills. They boasted of their company's big dividends; insisted that the insured in their company did not have to die in order to win, and in general strove to create an impression that a life-insurance company might be a sort of magic cornucopia out of which the policyholders could take more money than they put in.

As practically all life insurance is mutual—whether the company be nominally mutual or one with capital stock—the policyholders cannot possibly take out more than they put in, plus accumulated interest at about four per cent; and in any form of straight life insurance you do have to die in order to win.

A Simple Illustration

Turn, for example, to the vital statistics of Massachusetts. You will find that for years the annual death rate per thousand has never been less than fifteen or more than seventeen. Suppose the state undertook to pay one hundred dollars on every death. There would be nothing uncertain about its calculations. It would say:

"Not less than fifteen or more than seventeen people out of every thousand will die this year. To be on the safe side we must provide for the higher number, which will entail an expenditure of seventeen hundred dollars for each thousand inhabitants. So we will levy a tax of one dollar and seventy cents on each inhabitant, and that will provide a fund sufficient to pay one hundred dollars on every death."

It is astonishing how evenly death falls on people under modern conditions when great plagues are unknown. In any large, populous area just about the same number in a thousand die each year. In all civilized countries, it is true, the death rate tends to fall, but the decline is gradual; and it would be perfectly practicable to insure *en masse* the population of any state or civilized country. The amount of death benefits to be paid could be figured out with substantial accuracy years in advance.

There is a great difference, however, in the death rate at different ages. Taking the whole registration area of the United States—that is, the area comprised in those states which keep vital statistics—nearly one-fifth of all the deaths are of infants under one year of age. More than twenty-seven out of every hundred deaths are of children under five years of age; but children from five to nine years of age account for little more than two out of every hundred deaths.

The life-insurance actuaries have been studying these vital statistics for a century and checking up by the experience of the companies. Thus they have constructed mortality tables that show with substantial accuracy the greatest number of persons out of every thousand of a given age and living under ordinary conditions that will die in a year.

Of any three policyholders of the same age and in good health on January first one may die during the year and two survive; or two may die and one survive; or all three may die; or none may die. Of any ten policyholders of the same age one may die during the year; or nine may die; or death may take all ten, or none. But out of ten thousand policyholders of the same age the number that will die during the year may be accurately foretold.

The Arithmetic of Insurance

Suppose now a hundred thousand men twenty-one years old should get together on January first and agree to pay one thousand dollars to the heirs of each of them who died during the year. Turning to the mortality table they would find that seven hundred and eighty-five was the largest number that would die in a year; so they must provide that number of benefits—or seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars in all. Each of them contributes seven dollars and eighty-five cents, thereby making up a fund that will surely pay all the death claims accruing during the year. There is no guesswork or uncertainty about it.

Suppose they wish to continue the arrangement another year. The death rate will be a trifle higher that second year, because they are older. At the same time there will be fewer of them to contribute to the fund, because of the number that died the first year. Consequently each one will have to contribute a little more the second year than in the first.

So in each succeeding year, as the death rate mounts and the number of survivors declines, the yearly contribution rises higher and higher until finally there would be a solitary survivor ninety-odd years old, who would dutifully pay one thousand dollars into the fund at the beginning of the year, which sum his heirs would receive when tardy Nature finally removed him.

Nobody likes an arrangement under which he pays more and more every year. So the actuaries equate the payments the average life would make and spread them evenly year by year. Thus—allowing interest at the rate of three per cent, which is disregarded in the preceding paragraphs—a man aged twenty-one is entitled to a thousand dollars insurance for that year on contributing seven dollars and sixty-two cents to the fund; but twenty years later, when he is forty-one, he must contribute nine dollars and seventy-one cents—in another ten years fourteen dollars and eleven cents—in another decade twenty-eight dollars and three cents.

However if at twenty-one he begins by paying fourteen dollars and seventy-two cents he may continue paying that same sum—neither more nor less—every year. At first, so to speak, he pays too much; but as he gets older he pays too little, and the accumulated overpayments of his early years make up the deficits of his older years.

I have taken the figures of the American Experience Table of Mortality, which is commonly used by life-insurance companies, and have disregarded expenses and fractions. There are other tables yielding somewhat different premiums; but the main point is that insuring lives is perfectly simple and certain, because out of a large number of people the proportion that will die in any given year can be foretold with substantial accuracy; and to tell how much each one should contribute in order to meet the death claims that will accrue in any year or in any number of years is a mere matter of arithmetic.

The life-insurance company is merely the custodian of the fund its policyholders

NECKWEAR, identified by the name "Cheney Silks" in the neckband, is being shown in pleasing variety at leading men's shops. Wash ties—tubulars, open-end scarfs and other fashionable styles and designs. Ask to see them.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street
New York

Brooks Rocker No. 23
Our Factory Price
$9.75

Save a Considerable Portion of Your Furniture Money!

Buy Direct from the Factory!

Other people all over the world are saving money the Brooks way. They are getting furniture that will last for [illegible] - the largest [illegible] in the world [illegible] Navy [illegible] are furnished with [illegible] furniture [illegible]

Brooks "Master-Built" Furniture

[illegible] at a saving because we are [illegible] not a mail order house. We are also originators of the sectional method. All our furniture is

Shipped In Easily Assembled Sections!

Put Together in a Few Minutes!

This saves a big part of the packing costs and freight charges. It reduces the factory floor space we would need if we shipped all our furniture completely assembled. No wonder we can save you money.

Write For Free Furniture Book

It shows over 100 attractively priced pieces of fine furniture for Home, Office and Club. Mail a postal for it *now*.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 2833 Bust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

[illegible] Table No. 317

Our Factory Price
$24.50

Solid Quartered Oak, 30 in. high. Top, [illegible]

make up in order to pay one another's death claims. These contributions to the fund are called premiums.

As a matter of fact all conservatively managed companies base their premiums on a death rate considerably higher than the actual one. They want to be on the safe side. Also they add to the premium a certain "loading" to cover expenses; and this loading is rather more than expenses actually come to.

In short they collect from their policyholders every year more than is really necessary to meet the death claims and pay expenses. And the next year they hand back this overcharge, together with interest, in a rebate that is miscalled a dividend. This rebate has, in fact, no resemblance to a real dividend, but is merely an overcharge, collected in order to keep on the safe side, which is handed back when the year's business has shown that it was not needed.

This is straight life insurance, to which, however, a great many investment features may be added. Our hundred thousand young men, referred to above, find that seven dollars and eighty-five cents—or seven dollars and sixty-two cents if interest at three per cent be allowed—will create a fund sufficient to pay one thousand dollars to the heirs of each of them who dies during the year. "But," they say, "we want something left over at the end of the year."

So each of them pays in two dollars more, and at the end of the year, besides meeting all death claims, they have a fund of two hundred and six thousand dollars, supposing the bank in which the fund is deposited allows them three per cent interest.

In the same way the life-insurance company finds out from its mortality tables how much you must pay in order to carry straight insurance on your life. Then, if you want the company to pay you a thousand dollars in cash at the end of twenty years—or any other sum at the end of any other period—it will figure out how much, in addition to the straight life premium, you must pay in order to create the amount you want to receive in the specified time.

If You Only Knew ——

Or, if you want to stop paying premiums at the end of ten or twenty years, the company can easily calculate how much more you must pay each year in order to accumulate in ten or twenty payments a sum equal to what you would have paid in if you had continued paying every year during your expectancy of life.

All these things are simply investment features added to straight life insurance; and straight life insurance is nothing more or less than a mutual agreement among the policyholders to contribute in just proportions, as established by mortuary statistics, to a fund that will surely meet the various death claims accruing against it.

Assessment insurance is exactly the same sort of mutual agreement in a crude form. As we have seen above, if our hundred thousand young men adopted assessment insurance, and admitted no young newcomers to their ranks, their payments would steadily increase year by year, until finally one hoary survivor paid in the whole amount of his policy.

Generally speaking it may be said that assessment insurance is good for the time being, and a man who cannot meet the higher payments of old-line insurance should certainly take assessment insurance; but the insurance that is based squarely on the experience of mortality and which does not depend on the taking in of young members is best.

You may insure today and die tomorrow, in which case the company will pay you a great deal more than it received from you—or you may insure today, at the age of twenty-one, and live to be ninety-five, in which case you will have paid the company more than it pays your beneficiary; but it is absolutely immaterial to the company whether you die the day after you insure or live to be ninety-five, because out of all its policyholders only a certain number will die in a given year and only a certain number will live to be ninety-five. It gets the average.

If, beginning at twenty-one—or any other age—you reach just the average length of life you will have paid in as much as your beneficiary receives—interest considered. If you knew you were going to reach just the average length of life you would be as well off to put your premiums in a savings bank; but you do not know. Hence the necessity of life insurance.

No loss of Accuracy through Changes in Temperature

CENTRIFUGAL force is an absolutely reliable means of *accurately* measuring car speed. It is constant, unvarying, in winter and summer, in high altitudes and low. It is this force that controls every movement of the

Jones Speedometer
Centrifugal Principle

Geared to the Truth

From hub to dial the Jones Centrifugal Speedometer represents one continuous, unbroken, metal-to-metal contact, through which the exact speed of the road wheel is directly passed up to the recording hand. It is literally geared to the truth.

Few Parts and Strong

The Jones Centrifugal Speedometer has few parts. It is simple and proof against the destructive effect of vibrations.

It is Read Without Effort

The indicating hand moves steadily over the clock-face dial which is easy to read from any part of the car. Many other noteworthy features, such as the instantaneous trip reset, give increased convenience.

Backed by a Service and Guarantee of Known Integrity

The H. W. Johns-Manville Company now control the selling and marketing policies of the Jones Centrifugal Speedometer. Johns-Manville Service Branches, in practically every principal city of the United States and Canada, are equipped to handle with expert efficiency all matters pertaining to adjustments, repairs and replacements. The J-M Guarantee Tag attached to each instrument is your assurance of satisfaction. When you specify Jones equipment you are assured of a principle giving absolute reliability and a Service that is established rather than promised.

Write nearest Branch for booklet.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Brake Lining, Spark Plugs, Electric Lamps, Speedometers, Horns, Fire Extinguishers, Carburetors, Dry Batteries, Vaporizers, Auto Locks, Fuses, Tapes, Packings, etc.

Akron
Albany
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Charlotte
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Cleveland
Columbus
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Dayton
Denver
Detroit
Duluth

Johns-Manville Service Branches in 49 cities assure satisfactory Service to Jones Speedometer owners.

Galveston
Houghton
Houston
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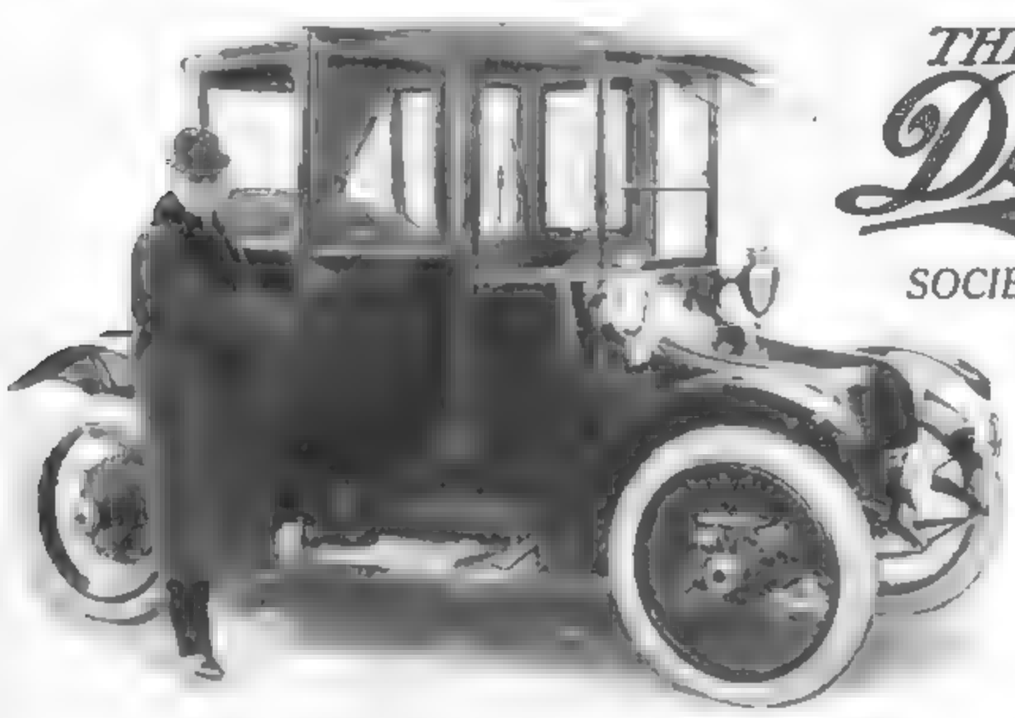
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Louisville
Memphis
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans
New York
Omaha
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland, Ore.
Rochester
St. Louis
St. Paul
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Seattle
Syracuse
Toledo
Washington
Wilkes-Barre
Youngstown

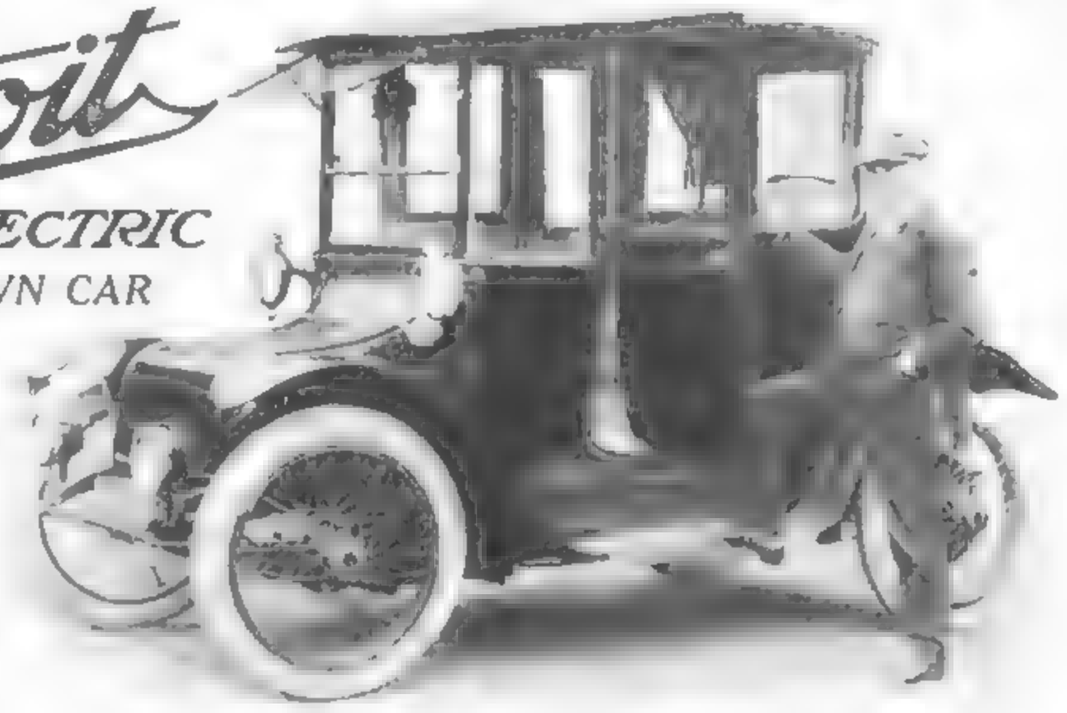
THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Henry Ford and Thos. A. Edison buy

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
SOCIETY'S TOWN CAR



Henry Ford and His New 1914 Detroit Electric
Equipped with Edison Batteries and Houk Wire Wheels



Thomas A. Edison and His New 1914 Detroit Electric
Equipped with Edison Batteries and Houk Wire Wheels

How Would You Like to Have these Master Minds Help You Choose Your Electric Car?

Think what a great privilege it would be to have the advice of Henry Ford, the world's greatest automobile manufacturer, and Thomas A. Edison, the world's greatest electrical authority, in settling the problem of which electric to buy.

Of course, it would be impossible for each individual buyer to secure a personal consultation with these two experts, but we can offer to you the result of their investigation and the benefit of their expert judgment on electric cars.

Three Times the Choice of Ford and Edison

Both of these men have thoroughly investigated the electric car problem for themselves. Mr. Ford has owned three Detroit Electrics; and this is the only make of electric car he has ever owned.

Mr. Edison has owned three Detroit Electrics; and these are the only electric cars he has ever owned since we placed our cars on the market.

When Mr. Ford wished to present Mr. Edison with a gift in keeping with the friendship and esteem which exists between them, he selected a Detroit Electric because he knew that this car was the choice of Mr. Edison—as well as himself.

Advice Worth Millions

Why not be guided by these two men in choosing your electric? Their repeated purchases of Detroit Electric cars furnish the strongest endorsement they can give.

It is equivalent to what their advice would be if you were able to take them with you as you examine electric cars and choose the one you will buy.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison are only two of many men of national prominence in the automobile world, who, after thorough investigation have purchased Detroit Electric cars.

A partial list of these critical owners includes:

Henry B. Joy, President, Packard Motor Car Co.
C. J. Moore, Operating Mgr., Packard Motor Car Co.
James Couzens, Treasurer, Ford Motor Co.
C. H. Wills, Factory Mgr., Ford Motor Car Co.
Wilfred C. Leland, Sec'y and Treas., Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Lee Counselman, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr., Chalmers Motor Co.
George W. Dunham, Chief Eng., Chalmers Motor Co.
J. Frank Duryea, Vice-Pres. & Factory Mgr., Stevens-Duryea Automobile Co.
Howard Marmon, President, Nordyke & Marmon Automobile Co.
S. J. Kuqua, Vice-Pres., Cole Motor Car Co.
J. Walter Drake, Pres., Hupmobile Motor Car Co.
Gilbert W. Lee, Director, Lozier Motor Co.
Charles J. Butler, President, Morgan & Wright Co.

Probably never before in the history of the automobile business has any one manufacturer been able to offer such concrete proof of the universally satisfactory design, material and workmanship of his product as is shown by the choices of such men as these.

These Men Know

These men know the advantages of a manufactured car as compared with an assembled one. They realize the advantage of the Detroit Electric chainless direct shaft drive power plant, of which principle we are originators and which is now in its fifth successful season.

They appreciate our large powerful motor; our patented braking system with positive automatic cut-out switch, assuring the greatest safety.

They understand the advantages of using pure aluminum plate in bodies, window sash and fenders. They appreciate the quiet, refined elegance of the upholstery, painting and general appointments of the Detroit Electric.

High Quality—Large Production

The Detroit Electric is, first, last and always a quality car. Yet, because of our volume of business, the Detroit Electric is not overpriced—nor even high priced.

Large production and scientific methods of manufacture enable us to produce and sell the Detroit Electric at from $300 to $500 lower than is asked for electric pleasure cars which, we think, do not compare with the Detroit Electric in quality. Every third electric pleasure car built is a Detroit Electric.

Detroit Electrics are **manufactured,** not assembled cars. We build our own motors, bodies, rear axles, front axles, controllers, batteries, etc. Our factory is the largest and most completely equipped electric pleasure car factory in the world.

The Car of the Year

Detroit Electric cars this year—as always—offer you the highest possible perfection in motor car building—utmost elegance and beauty in design and finish, the most modern features of convenience and luxury, the best of electrical engineering practice in power, speed, endurance, economy, safety.

The Detroit Electric cars purchased by Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison are equipped with the celebrated Geo. W. Houk wire wheels (patented), for which we have obtained the exclusive rights for use on electric pleasure cars. Furnished on order at an extra charge.

A wide range of choice is offered in our list of models.

With Bevel Gear Axle:

Victoria	$2300
4-Pass. Brougham Rear Seat Drive	2550
5-Pass. Brougham Front Seat Drive	2800

With Worm Gear Axle:

Gentleman's Roadster	$2500
4-Pass. Brougham Rear Seat Drive	2850
5-Pass. Brougham Detroit Duplex Drive	3000

(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Be guided by the example of Ford, Edison and these other motor experts. Call on our nearest dealer or branch and see the Detroit Electric for yourself. You will find our representatives the highest class of automobile dealers in their respective cities. Catalog on request.

Members of the Rise Leaders of the World Association

The Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Builders of the Detroit Electric

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles

Member of the Rise Leaders of the World Association

THE COURTS AND THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

(Continued from Page 10)

one-sixth of the population, leaving five-sixths, or eighty-three per cent, without direct voice in the expression at the polls. In such an election there are generally about twenty-five per cent of the electorate who have a right to vote who do not exercise the privilege. The percentage of the electorate who vote in state, congressional and municipal elections, other than presidential elections, is usually considerably less. When we come to referendums, either of constitutional amendments or of statutes, the total vote frequently runs down to less than thirty per cent of those voting for candidates for office at the same election, and rarely, except on one or two topics, like that of the liquor question, reaches more than seventy-five per cent. That is what may be expected in the compulsory referendum involved in the recall of decisions. It is difficult enough to formulate an amendment for the consideration of the people after it has been discussed by a legislature or a constitutional convention, but here a question without discussion or special framing by amendment in a legislative body is to be plumped at the people from the often-tangled record of a lawsuit. The question is to be given to them within a few months after it has arisen and they are expected to thread out the difficulties that it takes competent lawyers to master and then give an intelligent vote on the pros and cons of the conflict between a statute and a constitution.

This very difficulty of understanding the issue is what makes such a difference between the referendum vote and the vote for candidates. Under these conditions, what justification is there for the eloquence—I might almost say for "the grandiloquence," using the same term which Mr. Roosevelt applies to Mr. Wilson's language in the New Freedom—that he uses on the subject of appealing to the people? Such a referendum as that used to establish an exception to constitutional uniformity is probably merely giving to a minority of an electorate an opportunity to create an exception to a constitutional guaranty that may have the most serious and injurious effect upon the comfort and happiness of more than the eighty per cent of the whole people who have no part in the vote at all. What the Progressive party loves is not control by a majority of the electorate, but control by a small and intensely interested minority, who know what they want and get it in the failure of the majority to understand the importance of the issue and to take the trouble to vote upon it. Public opinion is not generally indicated with any degree of certainty by the result of one election in which only a minority of the electorate expresses that opinion. An expression at an election may perhaps give some measure of what public opinion is, if it is accompanied by a general acquiescence of the press and in the pulpit and in the other ways that public opinion makes itself manifest, and that is what Mr. Justice Holmes meant by a "preponderant" public opinion.

New York's Sensible Method

He certainly did not mean the prevailing vote of a mere active minority of a registered electorate who are affected, it may be, by some temporary concrete issue or some irrelevant suggestions that arouse their prejudice and lead to their action. In the political history of great issues in this country like that, for instance, of the money question, it has often taken years and a succession of elections, some one way and some another, finally to settle what public opinion really is.

The method fixed by the constitution of New York is the sensible method for amendment to the constitution, and that is what the people of New York have pursued in reference to the question of the Ives case. It may be truly said that the decision of one legislature, followed by the decision of another legislature and then a referendum, much more truly represents public opinion and the real views of the entire people than would a single popular election without the benefit of the discussion in the legislature and without the formulation by amendment and discussion of the issue in such a simple way that the people can understand it. The same is true of the method provided for amending the Constitution of the United States by which an amendment is passed by two-thirds of each House of Congress, and then goes to the states to be adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states. The judgment of two-thirds of the senators and of the representatives and of the members of the various legislatures as to what the whole people desire is very much safer to follow than the mere expression of a minority of the electorate such as we should have in a referendum like that proposed by Senator Bristow. The truth is that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The voters themselves have shown which method they prefer by the greater number who vote for members of their representative assemblies than upon measures referred to them.

From what I have said, it seems to me clear that the new invention of the recall of decisions should be denied a patent, not because it is not novel, for it certainly is that, but for entire lack of utility. In so far as it is to be used as a means of changing the fundamental law, the end is much more safely, much more fairly and much more effectively reached by the present methods of amending constitutions. In so far as its inventor intends it to be the equivalent of a judicial hearing and a judicial judgment affecting the parties in "the specific case at issue," it is a fantastic travesty, impossible of operation, lacking every element that, since men conceived the idea of a court and of its administering justice, has been indispensable to this conception and outside of the widest definition of due process of law.

An Epigram Analyzed

Men who are advocating this so-called direct method of government, of whom Mr. Roosevelt is the leader, assert that those who oppose the direct method are unwilling to abide the results of a popular government unless the people do the wise thing. I quote from one of Mr. Roosevelt's followers, writing to an opponent of the principle of recall:

"I suppose the real difference between you and me on this question is that you believe that the safeguards of life and liberty are antecedent to and superior to any law; whereas I believe that all law is the expression of the will of the community and that the will of the community can be changed, even in the directions which seem to be inadvisable. You are trying to conceive of a popular government in which the people can have their way, unless they want a bad way; and I adhere to the old Calvinistic doctrine that the right to choose well does not exist unless it includes the right to choose ill also."

This is one of those epigrammatic statements that sounds well but that, like so many epigrams, has much in it that is not so. It does not fairly state the difference between those who favor the recall and those who insist on orderly procedure and time and deliberation in the amendment of constitutions in order properly to determine considered public opinion. The latter contend that the recall vote "in a specific case at issue" would be altogether lacking as a proper criterion of what public opinion is under the conditions I have already described, of personal prejudice, of misunderstanding, of hasty action, irrelevant sentiment and demagogic appeals which would generally be present at such an election. The real difference is that the progressive favors a rule by minorities whereas the conservative progressive favors a rule by ascertained majorities, by real public opinion, and not by a false appearance of public opinion stirred up by the prejudices of the hour. This Progressive correspondent I have quoted shows that he really advocates a government by minorities, for he says:

"The general experience is that the requirements of a considerable absolute vote for constitutional amendments and the like often prevent the passage of measures distinctly desired by the state."

In the one case he complains of the opponents of recall that they are not willing to let the people do what they wish to do if it is bad. In the other case he proposes to let a minority of the people rule, if what they do is desired by the state. Well, who determines what is desired by the state? Is it

What Butlers Bring

to the tables of the rich, the humblest mothers can serve if they know it.

Kings can command no greater food than oats, for Nature never grew it. And a dollar a pound could never buy more luscious oats than Quaker.

Here is the food of foods—a fountain of energy. Immensely rich in elements of which brains and nerves are made. And here—in Quaker—is the utmost in this food.

Here are big flakes with a rich, luscious flavor found in the plumpest grains alone. And the cost of this breakfast—the world's greatest breakfast—is one-half cent per person.

Quaker Oats

The Large, Luscious Flakes Alone

Always Say Quaker

If you want a delicious dish, with rich taste and aroma, it must be made only from the cream of the oats.

Puny grains lack flavor, so we discard them all. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker.

Then we use a long process which enhances that flavor and keeps it all intact.

We do this to foster the love of Quaker Oats. We do it so children, who need oats most, will come to delight in this dish.

Now millions of people from all the world over send here to get these flakes. Nowhere else do they find an equal flavor. Not even in Scotch oats. In the British Isles, Quaker Oats outsells any other brand.

Yet these choice oats cost you no more than oats far less delicious. All that is necessary is to say you want Quaker.

We promise you always just the rich, plump grains, and the flavor which won the world.

Now a 25¢ Size

Now we put up a large package for 25 cents. It lasts nearly three times as long as the 10-cent size. And by saving in packing it offers you

10% More For Your Money

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

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5261

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An Initialed Box of Nobility Chocolates

If you've a sweet tooth with an instinct for the best in candies—ask for Nobility Chocolates.

Their dull-polished chocolate jackets are smooth, firm and rich. And their creamy fillings are as soft and pure and deliciously full of surprise flavors as the most expensive candy materials can make them.

Nobility lovers call them satin-smooth. Only the purest, freshest candy-things blended by expert candy-makers can bring that smoothness to *one* taste. That's why they're *worth* a dollar the pound—$1.25 on the Pacific Coast and in Canada. No two chocolate varieties the same in any pound box.

Write Initials Plainly in Roman Capitals—A B C—Like That

If you don't find them at a nearby dealer, we will send by Parcel Post (postpaid), on receipt of full retail price, a pound or two-pound box of Nobility Chocolates—and on each box shall appear in raised gold letters the initials of the one to whom you wish to present it—or your own initials if you prefer.
Write initials selected plainly in Roman capitals
A B C—like that, so that there may be no mistake.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY
253 Washington Street, North
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To Dealers in High-Grade Confectionery
Write to us using your letterhead and we will be pleased to send you details of our special introductory offer to you.

the whole people or a minority of the people? Is it the Progressive party and those who file the initiating petition?

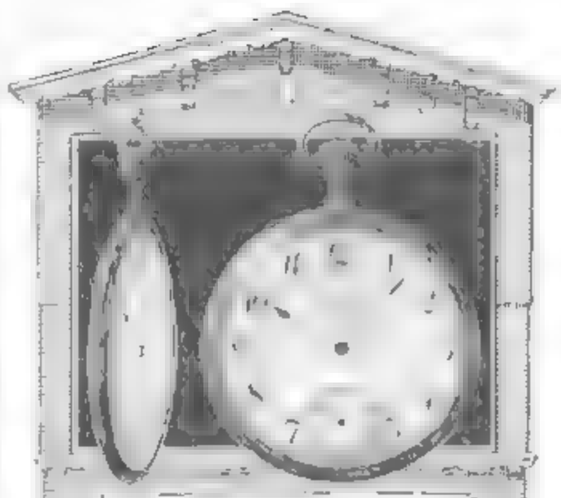
It is no answer to say that those who do not vote against an amendment forfeit their right to complain of minority control. The electorate, whose qualifications the law fixes, are given the franchise in order to act for the whole people, that is, to represent them. Their failure to vote does an injustice to those whom they represent and who are entitled to have the benefit of their judgment. It is impossible by law to compel a majority of the electorate who neglect their duties to perform them. Such laws are ineffective. The more numerous the calls upon the electorate to perform these duties, the more they neglect them, and it is plain that with the primaries, the initiative, the referendum and the frequent elections, they are becoming wearied of and indifferent to the duty of voting. The only way to avoid the travesty on popular government involved in a rule of minorities is to impose on majorities only those electoral duties which they will discharge. Such duties they do discharge fairly well where they are limited to the election of officials to important offices at reasonably long periods. This is merely applying the principle of the short ballot which the Progressives profess to favor. The short ballot is utterly at variance with the initiative and the referendum, which are also part of the Progressive creed, except in cases where an issue can be stated in a line, like "wet" or "dry" in a liquor-law controversy, or like "bonds" or "no bonds" in the incurring of legal obligations.

A Self-Imposed Restraint

Mr. Roosevelt has a good deal insidious to say about "divine right" of judges, in order to give their authority the same unpopular character as absolute monarchical power. The phrase is bright and catchy, but of course most unjust. Judges, when they are vested with the power to decide between man and man and between man and society, are vested with a divine function of independent judgment as to what is just and right and equitable, as to what is meant by the people in their constitutions, what is meant by them in their statutes, and what is the effect of the traditional or common law handed down from the past and acquiesced in by the people. If the people do not approve the interpretation and declaration of the judges as to the law, its amendment is completely within their ultimate control. The constitution is a self-imposed restraint upon the action of the people and their agents in the legislature. It is imposed generally when the issues are impersonal, when deliberation upon general principles is possible, and under conditions in which the people are free from the prejudice of specific cases. It is imposed upon the recommendation of a constitutional convention or a legislature containing the delegates of the people who discuss, formulate and amend the proposed restraints that the people are thus invited to impose upon themselves, and then it is submitted to ratification by the electorate at the polls.

Now it is impossible for a constitution to cover in its letter every phrase of its application. It must be construed by some one and its meaning in special cases must be declared by some authority. And there are no men better fitted for this task than independent judges who are schooled their life long in the construction of legal language, who are bred in the atmosphere of institutions of civil liberty, and who under their oath exercise their judgment in accordance with their best lights of experience and patriotism. It is said they legislate in their construction of the constitution, in their interpetation of laws and application of the traditional or common law to individual cases arising. I don't care whether it is called legislation or whether it is called interpretation. It is one of the most valuable and indispensable functions that courts perform. Without their action in this regard, any one who knows and understands the operation of law, fundamental and statutory, or customary, must know that there would be the greatest inconvenience. Indeed government would be largely ineffective. The courts must devise and adopt intelligible reconciliation between constitutions and statutes and between statutes and the actual conditions to which they are supposed to apply, and by analogy extend the application of common law to new conditions which the common law before has never met.

This may give rise to so-called "judge-made" law. But it is generally the best law



One-half actual size

Standards in watches have changed

Many a man today who used to be satisfied with a watch that was "Railroad Standard," or a watch "like my father carried," is replacing it with that standard of today for a gentleman's time-piece—the

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Built as a, *[illegible]* thin model watch by [illegible] thinness [illegible] has become today the standard gentleman's time-piece.

Thousands have written for the interesting "Story of the Gruen Verithin"—you should have one, too. With it we will tell you how you can obtain a Gruen Verithin—as not every jeweler can sell you one of these beautiful accurate watches.

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Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Canadian Branch: [illegible] American Factory: [illegible]
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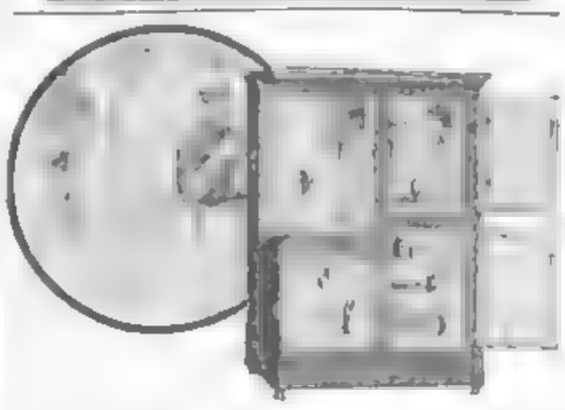

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Any McCray may be arranged with outside icing door to be iced from rear porch—which keeps the iceman with his muddy tracks outside the house.

McCray Sanitary Refrigerator

[illegible] Sanitary linings of Opal Glass, Porcelain, White Enamel or Odorless White Wood which give scrupulous [illegible] circulation of pure, cold, dry [illegible]

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No more lost key troubles. No buttons to fumble. Just turn knob as directed. 40,000 combinations possible. No one can open yours but you. Operated as easily in dark as in light. **AGENTS MAKING 100 PER CENT PROFIT** Sells on sight in city or country. Write today for terms of free samples. A postal card will do.
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we have, and its creation and existence are absolutely indispensable to smoothly working and justly working government. Without it constitutions and statutes would be ineffective. With the crude legislation of the initiative and referendum especially, law enforcement would be at a standstill if courts did not by construction supply the manifest omissions and pare down palpable inconsistencies. To one who wishes to verify this, I commend an examination of the difficulties that the poor supreme court judges of Oregon are struggling with in enforcing such laws.

Mr. Roosevelt in his South American addresses describes, as if it were a new and recently acquired one, the power exercised by courts when confronted by a palpable inconsistency between a written constitution and an act of a legislature, to decide that the act is invalid. He says: "In the United States the courts have gradually assumed certain powers which are purely political. These powers are in no sense judicial." The power was asserted and exercised from the beginning of our government and was formulated for all time in Chief Justice Marshall's judgment in Marbury vs. Madison. Mr. Jefferson in the denunciation and diatribes that he uttered against the great court which was headed by the great expounder of the Constitution exceeded anything that even Mr. Roosevelt has said in his attacks upon judges. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Jefferson was moved to call the courts who aroused his criticism usurpers of political authority and thieves of jurisdiction.

In this respect Mr. Roosevelt's position lacks the novelty that must be freely accorded to his recall of judicial decisions. In regard to the latter, Mr. Jefferson in his wildest imagination never conceived such an instrument for a civilized government of laws.

Nobody seeks to deny to the people the right to change the effect of the decision of a court on either the fundamental law or the statutory or common law as it may operate in the future, or the wisdom and necessity of the people's having ultimate power in this regard. That is what legislatures are for and that is what constitutional conventions are for. That is what popular elections held to ratify constitutional amendments are for. But we who oppose the recall of decisions know the important part that independent and courageous courts and judges play in the vindication of individual rights and the maintenance of personal liberty secured by constitutions for the happiness and progress of society, and we are not willing to acquiesce in the substitution for the deliberate judgment of trained lawyers in the interpretation of such constitutions and in the interpretation of statutes, of the fitful and uncertain vote of a probable minority of an electorate that cannot in the nature of things understand the frequently complicated issues thus arising.

Judicial Hands Tied by Law

The agitation against the judges is chiefly in those states where they have short terms and are frequently reëlected.

Accompanying the movement in favor of electing judges for short terms instead of appointing them for life was a desire by state legislatures to reduce the powers of a judge in the trial of cases. Under the English common law and under the Federal system a judge is the ruler in his own court. The trial by jury is a recognized division of authority between the judge and the jury, in which the judge lays down the law and helps the jury to consider the facts by pointing out the strength or the weakness of the evidence on each issue, and sometimes by expressing opinion on the issues of fact; but he always finally leaves the ultimate facts to the jury as an independent tribunal. Instead of maintaining this time-honored method of jury trial at common law, state legislatures have cut down the power of the judge so that now in many states he has little more power to exercise than the moderator in a religious conference. In some states he is required to deliver a written charge before argument of counsel, and in others he is permitted only to accept or reject the statements of the law as given by counsel. His opportunity for usefulness is curtailed, his impartiality made the subject of suspicion by most unwise restrictions, and the trial is turned over largely to the control of the lawyers and the little restrained discretion of the jury. The result has been the perversion of justice in jury trials, the infusion into them of much maudlin sentiment and irrelevant considerations, and a dragging out of the trial to such a length that if it be a civil case the cost of litigation is greatly increased, and if it be a criminal case the public come to treat it as a game of wits and eloquence of counsel rather than the settlement of a serious controversy in a court of justice. Neither the dignity nor the effectiveness of judicial administration under these conditions impresses itself upon the public. Thus the action of the legislatures and of the people themselves, now to be supplemented by the judicial recall and the recall of judicial decisions, injures the independence, power and effectiveness of their judges and brings about the very results the people complain of.

The real defects in our present civil system are a failure to dispatch business and a failure to furnish judgment at a small cost. In cases involving a comparatively small amount I am glad to say that a great step forward has been made in the organization of such courts as the municipal court in Chicago where, under the guidance of an efficient chief justice, all the great business of such a city involving comparatively small amounts is disposed of under the executive supervision of the chief judge, who distributes to the judges under him the business according to its necessities and exercises such authority over them as to permit no delay in dispatch. Similar courts will doubtless be established in other jurisdictions and justice will be made quick and cheap. Workmen's compensation acts with their executive machinery will remove much litigation from the courts.

"Confusion Worse Confounded"

The slowness of judicial procedure in civil cases and the cost of it are such as seriously to hamper a poor man in asserting his rights and put him at a great disadvantage in a controversy with an opponent of means. Litigation should be made cheap; and the socialistic, wasteful and misdirected appropriation of funds from public treasuries to establish pensions for various classes in the community might much better be applied to the practical reform of making private litigation less costly to the poor litigants. I made recommendations to Congress on these subjects which are practical suggestions in the interest of the poor litigants, but not one of them has as yet been adopted. The cost of patent litigation is a most indefensible obstruction to the protection of the poor but deserving inventor and might be easily remedied by action of Congress. The fathering of such litigation, however, would not have the effect of making its promoter a friend of the people as that phrase is understood.

The truth is that legislative acts have so hampered the courts and made them so subject to popular clamor, and given juries such entire freedom from instruction and assistance by the courts, that justice has been often defeated in giving effect to the emotional impulse of "the specific case in issue" of which Mr. Roosevelt is such a shining exponent. If the "reforms," of which Mr. Roosevelt is to be regarded now as the great advocate, were to take place, the defects in our administration of justice would only be intensified. The secret of their existence lies in the very spirit prompting the disastrous changes that Mr. Roosevelt recommends which would only be cumulative in making "confusion worse confounded."

When one compares the amount of most important business that is done in the English courts with that which is done in this country, especially in the state courts, he begins to realize the necessity there is for having trained and expert judges and for giving to them complete control in their courts, so as to prevent irrelevant diversions and to hold counsel down to the disposition of the real issue in the case. But I do not despair. Mr. Roosevelt has undoubtedly begun at the wrong end, and has seriously injured the administration of justice in this country by his unfounded criticism of the courts, and the lack of confidence in them for a wrong reason, that he has inspired. Still there may come out of the feeling aroused by his unjust attacks and his fantastic remedy, such a popular scrutiny of the real defects in our administration of justice as to enable us to secure a real improvement and thus enable the courts, by a long, hard struggle, to regain the confidence of the public of which Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party have unjustly sought to deprive them.

Make Your Summer a Continuous Round of Pleasure With a Caille

Go fishing, hunting, picnicking, pleasure boating—go anywhere over river or lake, forgetting distance, forgetting all the back-breaking, hand-blistering work of rowing. Leave the rowing to your Caille Portable Boat Motor—the simple, sturdy, safe little Motor that clamps to the stern of any private or rented row boat, immediately turning it into a reliable little launch, capable of running 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. The

Caille Portable Boat Motor

weighs but 55 lbs. and can be easily carried in our handy carrying bag, like a grip. It generates 2 horse power. Starts with a turn of the fly wheel. Is steered with a rudder, like a launch—not by the propeller. This gives you complete steering control even after power is shut off. The rudder is of our folding, stone-dodging type [Pat. applied for]. It rises over obstructions and then drops back in place again. The weedless propeller is protected by a substantial fin. The speed is instantly regulated by a convenient little lever. The motor can be easily adjusted for any angle or depth of stern. Can be supplied with batteries or reversible magneto. Fully guaranteed. Runs in salt or fresh water. So simple that women and children operate it with perfect safety. Made in the largest two-cycle marine engine plant in the world. Send for beautiful catalog giving details.

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These are designed for pleasure and work boats in sizes from 2 to 30 horse power—one to four cylinder types. The 8 H. P. Unit Power Plant shown herewith is typical of the graceful Caille design. It embodies a reversing gear mounted on same bed as engine, insuring perfect alignment of shaft and ease of installation. All working parts are enclosed preventing splash of oil and catching clothing. This is the ideal outfit for the average pleasure boat.

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Some years ago we passed a "Pure Wool" law in our shops. Since then we have been known as "The House with the All-Wool Policy."

Here you see how we test for cotton. A sample of each of our fabrics is boiled in caustic soda and water. If a residue remains, it is proof that the fabric is adulterated with cotton and must be rejected. If the fabric dissolves completely, then we know it is pure wool.

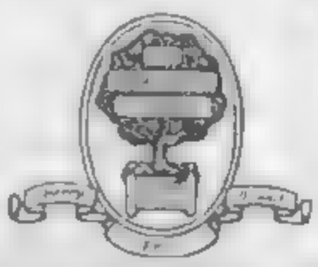
The sun can't subtract from the color of any Kirschbaum Suit. Before the cloth in your Kirschbaum Suit was approved by our Inspectors, it was tested by a week's exposure on our roof and by the Nitric Acid test shown here.

Fast color is guaranteed by the Kirschbaum ticket on the sleeve, regardless of the price of the suit.

IN A VERY FEW WEEKS you will have bought your new Spring Clothes. Will they be satisfactory—worth what you paid? There are three things that you get with Kirschbaum Clothes.

(1) The honest intent of the retail merchant who sells them to you—
(2) The little silk woven label bearing our name—
(3) A printed guarantee of satisfactory wear.

If Kirschbaum Clothes serve you well, you know how to get the same make of clothes again. If they don't, go back to the dealer. He will promptly make things right. We are conducting our business on the basis of "the-wearer-be-served." Not for moral reasons alone, but because that basis is good business.



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Can you suggest a better basis?

If not, you cannot do better than decide on Kirschbaum Clothes.

They are as good as they look—and as sound as the guarantee that goes with them.

The Kirschbaum Guarantee insures pure woolens, fast colors, thorough shrinking by the original London cold-water process, hand tailoring, and silk thread sewing at all points of strain. In a word—a dollar's worth for every dollar.

Name of the nearest Kirschbaum dealer will be sent you on request.

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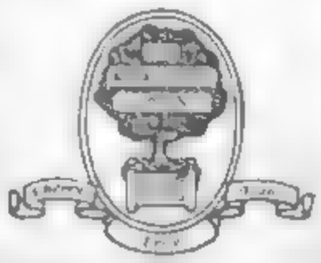

Original painting copyright, 1914, A. B. Kirschbaum Co

If you ripped open the collar and lapel of a Kirschbaum coat you would find hundreds of tiny stitches put there by *hand*. That explains why these parts fit so well and hold their shape.

We could save thousands of dollars every year by using cheaper workmanship. But we prefer to maintain our *guarantee*.

Coats have haircloth in their fronts. This helps to keep away wrinkles. But the ordinary haircloth is stiff. It may prick through the coat front. You pull the coat. The resistance it offers tells the haircloth.

We avoid this trouble very effectively. We sew tape (as shown here) along the edges of our haircloth. The hair never loosens. That is why the fronts of an old Kirschbaum coat are still smooth and unwrinkled

"The best loved tobacco ever smoked in America"

"No Bite, No Sting, No Bag, No String."

Fill up your pipe with Stag,

old man, and light up. Life is short, and real, lasting good things only come along once in a while.

So don't delay.

See how you like a tobacco that's just as fresh and tempting the last smoke of the day as it is the first.

See how you like a tobacco whose fragrance isn't "built up" but comes straight and pure from the growing leaf.

See how you like a tobacco entirely free from any artificial process, yet without a hint of "bite" or roughness.

These amazing new qualities have answered the question, "Why should a man smoke Stag?" for many thousands of smokers in the past year. They will answer it for you, to your everlasting satisfaction.

Convenient Packages: The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidors, and the Pound Glass Humidor.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 16)

Speaking of bathing reminds me of washing; and speaking of washing reminds me of an adventure I had in Vienna in connection with a white waistcoat—or, as we would call it down where I was raised, a dress vest. This vest had become soiled through travel and wear across Europe. At Vienna I intrusted it to the laundry along with certain other garments. When the bundle came back my vest was among the missing.

The maid did not seem to be able to comprehend the brand of German I use in casual conversation; so, through an interpreter, I explained to her that I was shy one white vest. For two days she brought all sorts of vests and submitted them to me on approval—thin ones and thick ones; old ones and new ones; slick ones and woolly ones; fringed ones and frayed ones. I think the woman had a private vest mine somewhere, and went and tapped a fresh vein on my account every few minutes; but it never was the right vest she brought me.

Finally I told her in my best German, meantime accompanying myself with appropriate yet graceful gestures, that she need not concern herself further with the affair; she could just let the matter drop and I would interview the manager and put in a claim for the value of the lost garment. She looked at me dazedly a moment while I repeated the injunction more painstakingly than before; and, at that, understanding seemed to break down the barriers of her reason and she said, *"Ja! Ja!"* Then she nodded emphatically several times, smiled and hurried away and in twenty minutes was back, bringing with her a begging friar of some monkish order or other!

I would take it as a personal favor if some student of the various Teutonic tongues and jargons would inform me whether there is any word in Viennese for white vest that sounds like Catholic priest! However, we prayed together—that brown brother and I. I do not know what he prayed for, but I prayed for my vest.

The Land-Pirates of the Tyrol

I never got it though. I doubt whether my prayer ever reached heaven—it had such a long way to go. It is farther from Vienna to heaven than from any other place in the world, I guess—unless it is Paris. That vest is still wandering about the damp-filled corridors of that hotel, mooing in a plaintive manner for its mate—which is myself. It will never find a suitable adopted parent. It was especially coopered to my form by an expert clothing-contractor, and it will not fit any one else. No; it will wander on and on, the starchy bulge of its bosom dimly phosphorescent in the gloaming, its white pearl buttons glimmering spectrally; and after a while the hotel will get the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of a flour barrel, and will have a bad name and lose custom. I hope so anyway! It looks to be my one chance of getting even with the owner for penalizing me in the matter of baths.

From Vienna we went southward into the Tyrolese Alps. It was a wonderful ride—that ride through the Semmering and on down to Northern Italy. Our absurdly short little locomotive, drawing our absurdly long train, went boring in and out of a wrinkly shoulder-seam of the Tyrols like a stubby needle going through a tuck. I think in thirty miles we threaded thirty tunnels; after that I was practically asphyxiated and lost count.

If I ever take that journey again I shall wear a smoke helmet and be comfortable. But always between tunnels there were views to be seen that would have revived one of the Seven Sleepers. Now, on the great-granddaddy-long-legs of all the spidery trestles that ever were built, we would go roaring across a mighty gorge, its sides clothed with perpendicular gardens and vineyards, and with little stone towns clustering under the ledges on its sheer walls like mud-daubers' nests beneath an eave. Now, perched on a ridgy outcrop of rock like a single tooth in a snaggly reptilian jaw, would be a deserted tower dominating the whole picture, and making a fellow think of the good old feudal days when the robber barons robbed the traveler instead of as at present, when the job is so competently attended to by the pirates who weigh and register baggage in those parts.

"What Paint is That?"

"Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil."
"What do you put in to make it so white?"
"Not a thing. Carter needs nothing to make it white, nor to make it *wear* either."
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"It certainly will. Any paint will get dirty in time but this will always be just as much whiter than ordinary white paint as it is now."
"Here's my card. Come around and see me tomorrow. I want my house painted just as white as this one."

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Strictly Pure
White Lead

is widely used by painters who are sufficiently skilled to mix their own colors. They have found that it not only makes a clear, pure, white paint, but that colors come out with a new beauty when mixed with Carter as the base.

Carter is strictly pure and has all the good qualities of old fashioned white lead but is whiter and finer because it is made by a modern process that enhances the beauty of paint and increases its efficiency.

If you are interested in an attractive color scheme for your home ask your painter or paint dealer to show you *"The Paint Beautiful"* portfolio, which shows twelve modern houses in up-to-date color combinations.

Send for free copy of "Pure Paint, a Text-Book on House Painting," which covers the whole subject in condensed form for the busy man, and is illustrated with four plates from *"The Paint Beautiful."* Get this book before you paint again.

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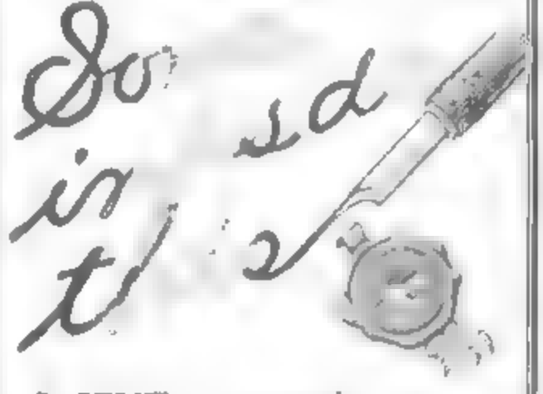

NEXT to a sputtering pen an anæmic ink is the worst plague known to all who write. Carter's Inx, long ago, laid this trouble by the heels. Carter's Inx flow smoothly, gum up less, corrode less, and dry into permanent records that defy time.

Now there is a new Carter's Ink made especially to settle the bother of having one ink for fountain pens and another for inkwell use.

Carter's Pencraft

Combined Office and Fountain Pen

Ink

flows freely enough for fountain pens and has just body enough for steel pens. It writes a brilliant dark blue and dries an intense, non-fading jet black.

Stationers say Pencraft Ink fills a great need. You will find it at your dealer's in various sizes at prices from $1.00 (quart) to 15c per bottle—the larger bottles are the truly economical, satisfying way to buy ink. Buy a large bottle for home use.

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Then—whish, roar, eclipse, darkness and sulphureted hydrogen!—we would dive into another tunnel and out again—gasping—on a breathtaking panorama of mountains. Some of them would be standing up against the sky like the jagged top of a half-finished cutout puzzle, and some would be buried so deeply in clouds that only their peaked blue noses showed sharp above the featherbed mattresses of mist in which they were snuggled, as befitted mountains of Teutonic extraction.

And nearly every eminence was crowned with a ruined castle or a hotel. It was easy to tell a hotel from a ruin—it had a sign over the door.

At one of those hotels I met up with a homesick American. He was marooned there in the rain, waiting for the skies to clear, so he could do some mountain climbing; and he was beginning to get moldy from the prevalent damp. By now the study of bathing habits had become an obsession with me; I asked him whether he had encountered any bathtubs about the place. He said a bathtub in those altitudes was as rare as a chamois, and the chamois was entirely extinct; so I might make my own calculations. But he said he could show me something that was even a greater curiosity than a bathtub, and he led me to where a moonfaced barometer hung alongside the front entrance of the hotel.

He said he had been there a week now and had about lost hope; but every time he threatened to move on, the proprietor would take him out there and prove that they were bound to have clearing weather within a few hours—because the barometer registered fair. At that moment streams of chilly rainwater were coursing down across the dial of the barometer—but it registered fair even then. He said—the American did—that it was the most stationary barometer he had ever seen, and the most reliable—not vacillating and given to moods, like most barometers, but fixed and unchangeable in its habits.

The Thermometer of Sixty-One

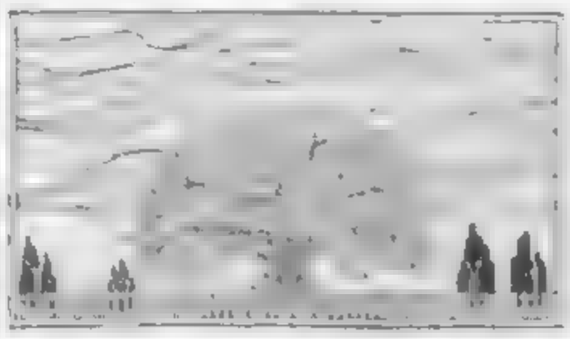
I matched it, though, with a thermometer I saw in the early spring of 1913 at a coast resort in Southern California. An Eastern tourist would venture out on the windswept and drippy veranda, of a morning after breakfast. He would think he was cold. He would have many of the outward indications of being cold. His teeth would be chattering like a Morse sounder, and inside his white-duck pants his knees would be knocking together with a low, muffled sound. He would be so prickled with gooseflesh that he felt like Saint Sebastian; but he would take a look at the thermometer—sixty-one in the shade! And such was the power of mercury and mind combined over matter that he would immediately chirk up and feel warm.

Not a hundred yards away, at a drug store, was one of those fickle-minded, variable thermometers, showing a temperature that ranged from fifty-five on downward to forty; but the hotel thermometer stood firm at sixty-one, no matter what happened. In a season of trying climatic conditions it was a great comfort—a boon really—not only to its owner but to his guests. Speaking personally, however, I have no need to consult the barometer's face to see what the weather is going to do, or the thermometer's tube to see what it has done. No person needs to do so who is so favored naturally as I am. I have one of the most dependable soft corns in the business.

Rome is full of baths—vast ruined ones erected by various emperors and still bearing their names—such as Caracalla's Baths and Titus' Baths, and so on. Evidently the ancient Romans were very fond of taking baths.

Other striking dissimilarities between the ancient Romans and the modern Romans are perceptible at a glance.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The third will appear in an early number.



Now's the Time to Repair Winter's Wear

Ordinary wear and tear during the winter months naturally mean scratched woodwork and dulled floors. Then there is that room or two you've been promising to do over "next spring." In others, there are odd painting jobs, which taken altogether mean a great deal toward keeping up the house. This time ask the decorator in your town to give an estimate based on the use of

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Uniform excellence of quality, and the satisfactory results they give, make Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes popular with decorators and economical for owners. You can specify Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Varnishes, without hesitation, knowing that the man who does your work will indorse your good judgment.

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Indian Motocycle

Over Night Service

THE delivery of an Indian Motocycle to a purchaser is only the beginning of a transaction—not its end. The Indian policy includes the belief that no matter how great the individual value of the machine sold to a rider this worth should be still further enlarged by Service.

The buyer of an Indian gets a top-notch machine—*but, better still, he gets a service co-operation which keeps it at the top-notch point of efficiency during its lifetime.*

Indian Service is not name-only Service. Operating through 2700 dealers and Service Stations the world over, it is the largest and most completely organized group of motorcycle specialists ever engaged in Motorcycle Auxiliary Work. It is an adequate, courteous aid in thousands of ways—quick to respond—accurate—well-trained—liberal in help which incurs no obligation—fair in its charges when they have to be made.

This year the Indian has opened 4 new branches which, taken in conjunction with 2700 Indian stores and the 6 original Indian branches, make possible what may be truly designated as OVER-NIGHT SERVICE.

By the enlargement of our Service Plan practically every rider and dealer can get in touch with a Main Service Station within 24 hours.

Indian Main Service Stations are actually factory extensions. They have parts instantly ready—quickly make repairs—alertly and efficiently attend to all wants.

Just as the 1914 Indian establishes a new standard of motorcycle values, so does the 1914 Service Organization with its Over-Night Service achieve a new basis for all service efforts.

Wherever you tour on an Indian there is a Service Station within convenient reach. Indian Service is International Service. It is always spreading—attaining—in the interests of the rider.

The inception of the Over-Night service phase is but one more example of our purpose to make the Indian-mounted man the surest-mounted and the most happily-mounted man on the road the world over.

To enjoy your motorcycle most, get it plus service.

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A YEAR IN BOHEMIA

Continued from Page 5

I was beginning to see that Mrs. Marston meant to pursue him, to "run through him," as Rhoda Sheldon put it, and I meant to fight that. To make my position on that point stronger I intended to yield to Grant on every other one.

"Indeed, I've been thinking a good deal about it," I said. "We do owe a lot, and it's not only that: these people seem to like us, and I want them to like our hospitality. I was thinking of giving a breakfast some Sunday."

"A breakfast! That's going some!" he said.

He looked at me beamingly, and I saw with a hurt feeling that he had not believed I was sufficiently sophisticated to dare a breakfast, especially when I had never attended one.

"I never saw a situation yet that you couldn't rise to."

The praise helped me, but it hurt too. It hurt that I should value it so much, and should have had to get it by acting a part.

"Will you even invite the people you don't like?" he asked.

"Yes; Teddy Sigerson can come. He won't want to put his arms round me," I said.

"We'll send Helena off to spend the day with some one of her friends," he said. "I know you'll be a great success as a hostess."

We gave the little dinner for Mrs. Marston, and she sat at Grant's right and looked wonderful. I know that Rhoda Sheldon felt sorry for me; and again I resented her pity. I determined that I would not let her talk to me of Grant and Mrs. Marston, no matter how outrageously Mrs. Marston behaved. I did not have to make an opportunity for those two to be alone together. They made it themselves, melting away into his study.

When every one had gone I said to Grant:

"Well, what was this vital matter Mrs. Marston had to consult you about?"

"Do you know," he said blankly, "we never got to it. We were talking of other things."

"Perhaps you got to it without knowing it," I said.

"No, we didn't," he said in a puzzled tone. "That must have been what she meant by what she said when she was leaving—something about consulting me about that other matter."

"You'll have a chance at the breakfast on Sunday," I said.

I think now that the one reason why Mrs. Marston left me at peace between Tuesday and Sunday was that she had to go to her place on the Hudson to placate her husband for a few days. He was to go abroad before long on business, and, so Rhoda Sheldon said, she wanted to be sure of a cash balance during his absence.

The Sunday breakfast went off well from the standpoint of Bohemia. Grant made a splendid host, and Mrs. Marston flattered him and pursued him quite openly.

Two or three days later Grant said to me casually:

"Well, I had tea with Mrs. Marston this afternoon, and we discussed that vital matter, which was not so very vital after all."

My blood sprang into my face.

"Where did you have tea?"

"At her flat."

The time had come for the fight to begin.

"Grant," I said gently, "I don't think you ought to go to another woman's house without your wife."

He looked at me steadily, unsmilingly. How hard it was to see his blue eyes cold to me!

"It would be wrong if I had one single feeling of disloyalty to you. I don't love any woman but you, and never shall. But I don't see why I can't have women friends, just because I'm married."

He would never have said that a year before.

"The woman friend should belong to both of us," I said firmly. "I don't think a man ought to be with any woman and not have the feeling that if his wife were there he would be having a better time."

I left the room. I expected him to come after me and tell me how much I had helped his career, and how much he loved me, and I think he would have done so if some one had not called him up on the telephone. After that dinner was served, and Grant went to bed early.

Grant went to see Mrs. Marston twice a week for several weeks, telling me punctiliously each time. He also met her in other people's houses, and I saw with my own unwilling eyes how deep their interest in each other was. I kept hoping that she would carry out Rhoda's prediction and tire of him. I kept hoping for some new man to appear who would be as attractive to her as Grant.

One day, after we had known her about three months, Grant came to me with a non-committal air and said:

"Dollie, Mrs. Marston is going to have a week-end party at her house on the Hudson beginning this afternoon. Some mighty brilliant people I've never met will be there. I'd like to go."

"I am not invited to this party?"

"No; she gave me a note to give you. She has only a limited amount of room—I'm speaking of places at the table, of course. The people are mostly men, and the women are themselves all professionals of some sort. No one is asked who isn't doing something in the arts."

I broke into tears.

"Grant," I pleaded, "don't go. You'll break my heart if you do. I can't bear it any longer. I want you to give up Mrs. Marston."

He soothed me tenderly.

"You're nervous, dear; you're not yourself or you wouldn't ask it," he said gently. "It's to meet some English writers I'm going. It just happens to be her house."

I went weeping into Helena's room and locked the door. Presently he came and tried it.

"Aren't you going to let me in, dearest?" he asked.

"Are you determined to go to that party?"

"I'm determined to meet the men I've always wanted a chance to know," he said in a grim tone. Then he added tenderly: "Dollie, let me in. I want to kiss you good-by."

I did not answer. I heard him go down the hall and into our room. I could feel him packing his dress-suit case. I heard him go into the hall again, and there was a pause while he put on his hat and coat. Then he opened the front door and slammed it shut after him.

While he was away I suffered unspeakably. I had no grounds for leaving him yet; and in any case I should not have wished to leave him. What I wanted was our old life back, when I and the children and his work had been quite enough to make him happy. I am sure Rhoda guessed what I was going through. She would have been glad if I had confided in her, but I steeled myself against that.

One afternoon Mrs. Sigerson called. Somehow I think she must have felt my silent sympathy for her, because she was always glad to see me. She looked quite different on this day. There was a kind of peace in her eyes. Thinking of my own problems I wondered vaguely if she had found at last her consolation in religion.

When she rose to go she took both my hands in hers.

"This is a good-by call," she said. "I'm going to the country."

Still with my mind on Grant, I wondered if she had decided at last that her lot was unbearable, and if she were going to leave her husband.

"It's pretty early to go to the country," she said; "but —— Well, Mrs. Hollister, I've never quite felt as if you were just a new friend. So I want to tell you: the best thing in the world is going to happen."

I stared at her.

"A baby," she said, blushing. "Of course I want to take the best care of myself possible, and so I'm leaving all this noise and late hours."

I kissed her, glad with all my heart at her miracle.

"Children are the best things in the world," I said with dim eyes.

And as I talked to her of her own happiness I felt vaguely comforted myself. This poor woman had had nothing all these years. I still had Grant more than any other woman had him, and the children were mine entirely.

After she had gone I had a long session with myself, trying to be fair to Grant and to our Bohemian world. I went over in my mind the number of couples I knew who were apparently happy in each other, and I gave them credit for that, assuring myself

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The oils specified have been thoroughly proven by practical demonstration.

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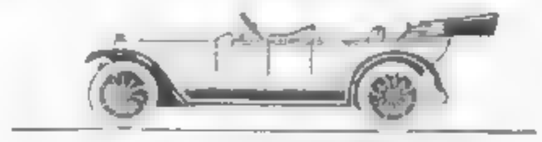
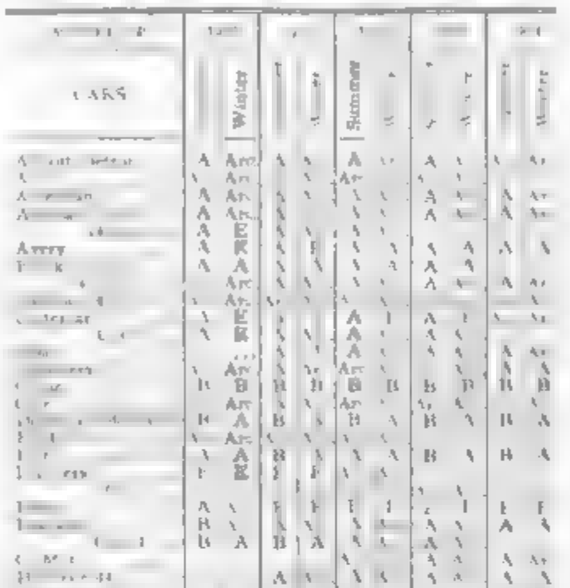


Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil ... Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.



The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are: **Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", Gargoyle Mobiloil "B", Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic".**

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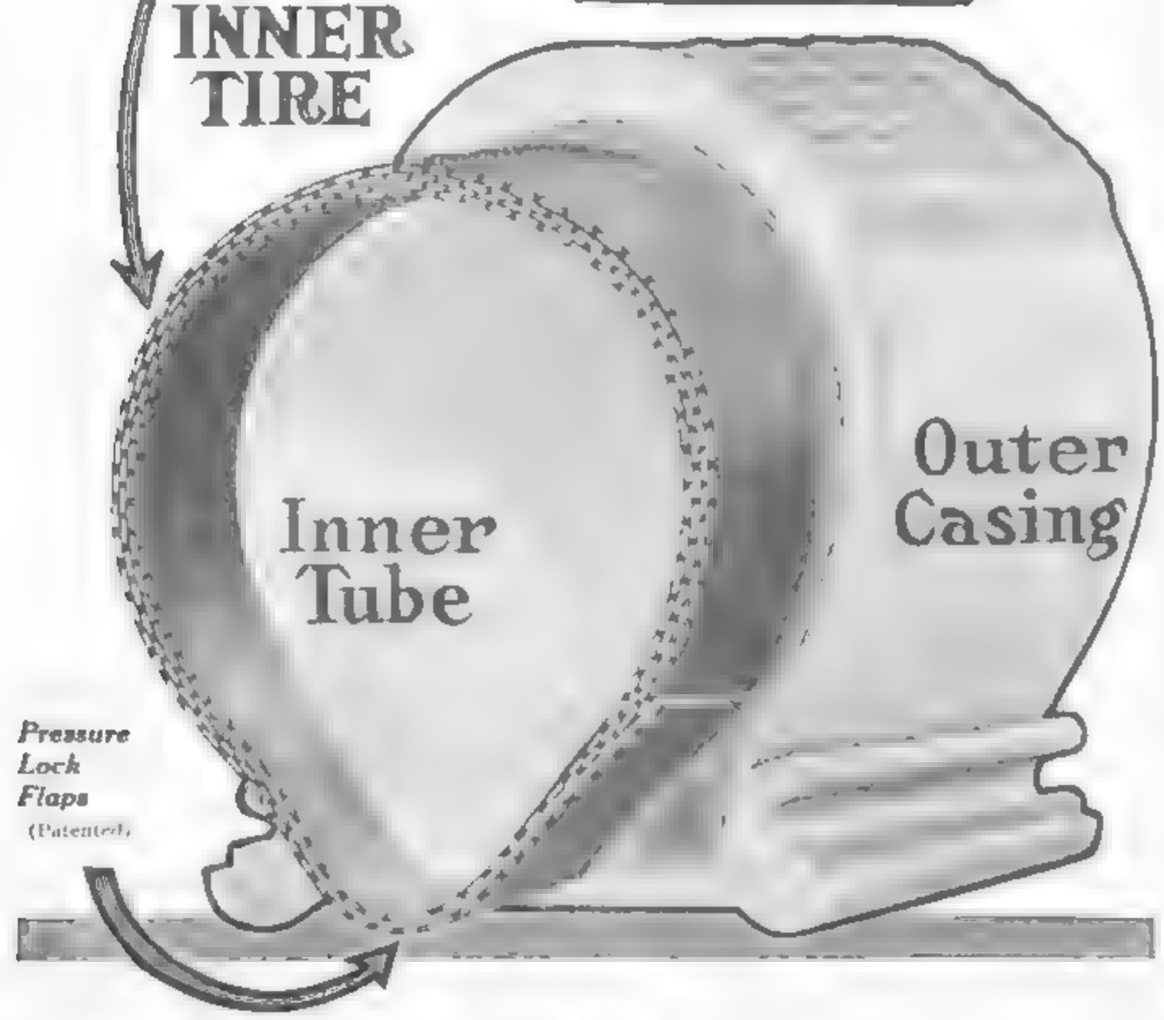
INTERLOCK



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Statistics show that over $100,000,000 worth of tires are "scrapped" each year, because of blow-outs in the fabric, and every motorist knows that most of these blow-outs (probably 90% of them) occur before the rubber tread is more than half worn out.

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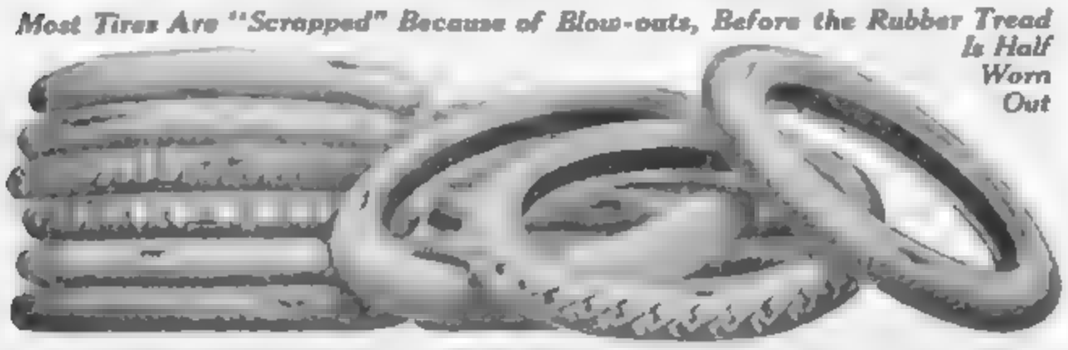
Most Tires Are "Scrapped" Because of Blow-outs, Before the Rubber Tread Is Half Worn Out



DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE COMPANY, 502 W. 11th St., Auburn, Ind.

that they were mismated with the partners they had discarded and were united with their true consorts. I told myself that the married couples who were having love-affairs with other people were doubtless doing it with each other's consent and were not hurting each other. I said that those who were merely philandering were not doing any harm, not even Grant and Sophie Marston. I said that I had greatly overrated the misery of the wives who were unhappy. I told myself that the women like Sophie Marston, whose theory it was that love should be free, were doubtless sincere, and not merely assuming a point of view for the sake of being popular with free-thinking men. I said I did not feel so badly myself—and all the time I knew I didn't believe a word of any of it.

Grant wrote a very affectionate letter, saying he would be home on Tuesday. I planned to be out with Helena when he arrived. I thought it might do him good to wait for me a little while. It was the first time in my married life that he had not found me waiting for him. Besides, I did not want to meet him alone.

He heard Helena and me at the door and came out of the study to meet us. The hall was dark, so he did not see my face, but he felt my response to his embrace, and kissed me with more ardor than he had shown for a long time. But I understood. He was grateful because I had forgiven him. Still I was thankful. Helena's face changed; the child had felt that things were not quite right between her father and me. Grant told us about the people he had met, and I showed interest, but I did not mention Mrs. Marston's name, nor did he.

I judged that Mrs. Marston returned from her houseparty on Thursday, because though he was working on a story for which an editor was hounding him Grant left it to go out that afternoon. He ate very little for dinner, and that meant that he had had tea, and Sophie Marston was the only person who had ever been able to get Grant to drink tea. Heretofore he had been careful to tell me when he had been with her; so I saw that the houseparty had marked a fresh stage in our lives. He never again told me when he had been alone with the siren. It had been something to know; it only added to my misery to keep thinking: "Is he with her this evening?"

The next evening we dined in Mr. Knight's flat, from which he had punctiliously cleared away all signs of the latest Mrs. Knight. He put Grant beside Mrs. Marston, explaining to me that it was his way to make people happy. He put me between Archie Sheldon and Sigerson. I dreaded the time when Sigerson would begin to refill his wine-glass, but to the surprise of all of us he left when dinner was half over, explaining that he had to go out of town.

"'On some adventure brave and new?'" quoted Knight.

"Going up to join Mary for over Sunday," Sigerson said.

No one believed him but me. I thought perhaps some belated sense of chivalry might have awakened in him, and inspired him to help his wife through a day or two of her waiting for the miracle.

This was early in March. During the month Grant was frequently away from home in the afternoons. I contrived that we should have engagements with various members of our group almost every evening. That did not keep Grant away from Sophie Marston, because she was nearly always present, but at least he did not see her alone so much as he otherwise would have. I had another object in all this evening dissipation—I wanted to wear Grant out. He was working hard, for the editors were as appreciative as ever of his stories. Besides, it cost enormously to live in New York; we were saving nothing. No other man in our group except Sigerson put in so much time in social doings as Grant; they couldn't and keep up their work. I hoped the time would come when Grant's mind would flag and he would have to rest, and rest at home.

Perhaps a fortnight after that Grant remarked one Thursday morning that he was going off that afternoon for the week-end. He did not say where, nor did he look at me when he made his announcement. The next evening Rhoda and Archie called. I was surprised to see Archie, thinking he would have been with Grant at Sophie's. I said as much to Rhoda when we were alone for a moment.

"I'm afraid it's a very small houseparty this time," Rhoda said. "She'll probably

(Continued on Page 57)

Check The Speed of Your Motor Boat

YOU cannot guess the exact speed of your motor boat any more than you can guess the exact time of day. You cannot tell what your boat can "do" unless you check her engine revolutions per minute. Also you have got to know how much gas and oil she eats up to get a line on the cost of keeping her in operation. The

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is the most reliable engine speed indicator made. It indicates R. P. M. accurately and forever. It always shows you the precise speed and power of your boat under all conditions. Water, wind or weather cannot affect it. It never varies. It is absolutely trouble proof for life.

It is a handsomely designed instrument made especially for motor boats. It can be mounted directly in front of the driver where it is always in plain sight, or can be mounted anywhere else in the boat that you desire. The complete instrument consists of a split pulley for attaching to the propeller shaft, a combination pulley and swivel joint connected with the propeller shaft pulley by a coiled wire belt made of the finest piano wire. The transmission from the swivel joint to the revolution indicator is by the flexible shaft.

Dial reads from 200 to 1500 revolutions per minute.

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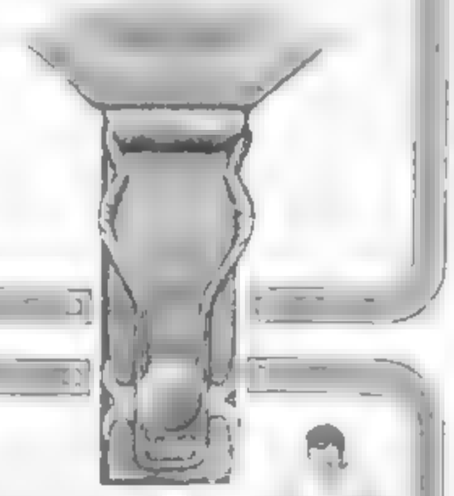
No metal can touch you

button and clasp shown below, is very important. It holds the sock between rubber and rubber; can't possibly tear; holds with absolute security.



Be Sure You Get
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No metal can touch you
A. STEIN & CO.
Makers
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Get the Personal Touch

If this particular advertisement can induce you to go to the nearest Mitchell dealer and take a ride in his demonstrator, then the object of the advertisement has been accomplished for we think the Personal Touch will sell the car.

No sensible twentieth-century man will buy *anything* direct from an advertisement. The real purpose of advertising is not to create a *demand* or make a *sale* but to create *a desire to see* the article advertised.

The claims we make for this car are so many and they will sound so bombastic and egotistical in print that we haven't the heart to inflict them on you. The only way to prove the car is by *Demonstration* and the only way to make a demonstration is to get you in the car and *let you run it yourself.*

Sitting at the wheel of the *Mitchell you get the feel of the car.* You will understand after you have run the car a mile or so just what we mean by superb mechanism, ease of control, prompt response and knowledge of power. You will understand without being told what we mean by sturdy build, engineering balance and proper distribution of strength and resistance to road strain. But no amount of advertising or printed matter can possibly make you understand or appreciate these features. You've got to *see* and *feel* to know.

Running the Mitchell yourself you will get the *personal touch*—you will *know* just what the action is whereas if you let someone else run it you will be accepting hearsay evidence. And we want you to know that it is a risky proceeding to invest a lot of money in an automobile on hearsay. Any automobile looks good when it is running by you yet half of them will reveal coarse mechanism if you sit in the driver's seat and get the feel of the whole affair

We welcome the personal demonstration. It leaves nothing whatever to chance. It's the only way to buy an automobile and the only way to sell one. If we were not absolutely sure of what the personal drive will do we would try the advertising and the hot-air plan of sale. But this car has performed so admirably for every man who has bought one that we know what it will do for you. *So we don't fear the personal touch.*

Now then, if the personal demonstration pleases you—if the car performs to your satisfaction and you are sure of its action, don't buy until you ask yourself this most important question: "Will the maker of this car live up to the moral responsibility that every honest manufacturer should feel and observe? What is there behind him to prove that he will?"

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The families that created this concern eighty years ago, *own it yet.* The reputation they gained half a century ago for decency and honor remains intact today. This is your guarantee of insurance. This is the undeniable asset that goes with every Mitchell car and makes your purchase an investment rather than a speculation.

No motor car is cheap. Nothing in the form of a vehicle that costs over a thousand dollars is cheap. Some cheap cars are awful cheap and some are mighty expensive whether cheap in price or not. So that to get the full worth of your money and to be assured that you are not making a mistake, take the personal demonstration and ask who is behind the car that you are asked to buy.

Go to your nearest Mitchell dealer today and borrow his demonstrator for half an hour. Sit at the wheel yourself. See how it feels to drive a car that has the real quality in it. If there isn't a Mitchell dealer in your neighborhood, write us direct at once and we will find a way to give you this *personal demonstration.*

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Electric self-starter and generator—electric lights—electric horn—electric magnetic exploring lamp—mohair top and dust cover—Tungsten valves—Jiffy quick-action side curtains—quick-action two-piece rain vision wind shield—demountable rims with one extra—speedometer—double extra tire carrier—Bair bow holders—license plate bracket—pump, jack and complete set of first class tools.

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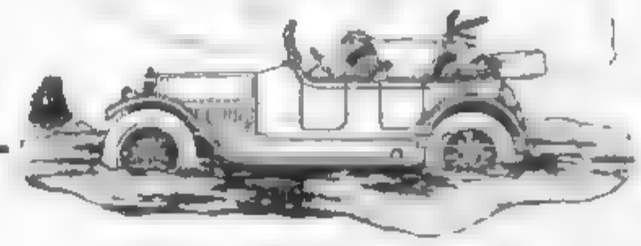

Unlimited financial Stability. Ask your banker.

Now Open

FORT DEARBORN HOTEL

CHICAGO *Every Room an Outside Room with Private Bath or Private Toilet, at $1.50 to $2.50 per Day*

Economical luxury is now at your service in the FORT DEARBORN HOTEL, just opened in Chicago. ***Five hundred rooms,*** all with outside air and light—and each with private bath or toilet. Filtered iced water on tap in all rooms.

Rates at the Fort Dearborn Hotel:
Single—$1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50.
Double—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.

Located in "the center of all Chicago"—in the midst of the Insurance, Financial, Wholesale and Retail Districts.

One block from the Board of Trade. Forty feet from the La Salle Street Station. Within three blocks of sixteen railroad terminals.

The Fort Dearborn is the only hotel in Chicago with direct rapid-transit transportation from its door to every part of the city, including Chicago's great Live Stock Market.

Built of steel and concrete—absolutely fire-proof—absolutely safe.

Our experience in building the three-million-dollar HOTEL SHERMAN only two years ago enabled us to bring the FORT DEARBORN to a standard of construction and equipment never before reached in a moderate-priced hotel.

Traveling business men are cordially invited to inspect the new Fort Dearborn, whether they wish to register or not. Interesting illustrated booklet on request.

Telegraph or write for reservations, addressing the FORT DEARBORN HOTEL, La Salle St. at Van Buren.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY, Chicago

Owner and Operator of the HOTEL SHERMAN and the FORT DEARBORN HOTEL in Chicago

(39)

(Continued from Page 54)

have her stepsons there to play propriety. Her husband won't be home till June, she told me."

That night, I think, was the most wretched of my life, though there have been some pretty bad ones. About five Helena slipped into my room.

"I felt you were not asleep, mother," she said in a wistful, troubled tone.

I held her close in my arms, trying not to let her feel me weeping. Whatever happened I still had my children.

But it appeared that I still had my husband too. He turned up at luncheon, remarking that he had to cut short his holiday because he had so much work to do. I knew he had taken his work with him. He had stopped reading his stories to me, on the ground that it wasn't always convenient. It had been one of my griefs that he doubtless occasionally read them to Sophie Marston.

I guessed why he had come back: he had been Sophie Marston's only guest, and he had wanted to be faithful to me. A year before I would not have believed that I could be so grateful because my husband had resisted temptation. I should have thought it impossible that he could be tempted. Yet I looked at him now, as he sat in his study, frowning over a manuscript, with his mind not on it but on Sophie Marston. I looked through a crack in the door, and knew that he wanted to be away from me and with that other woman, and yet I was thankful. In my moments of calm reasoning I knew he really loved me, and did not want to lose me and the children. But I also knew that he resented having to be faithful to his bond. It was thinking of that which gave me wild moods, when I felt sure that he did not love us, but would have been glad to spend the rest of his life with Sophie Marston.

I was ready to fight now, with every weapon I had, but I could think only of one—Tommy. I went to see the headmaster at his school and arranged to have him come to New York for week-ends whenever I should send for him. By Thursdays I was always a bundle of nerves, sensitive to Grant's slightest movement and look. One Thursday morning I saw him glance at the bureau underneath which he kept his dress-suit case, and I said cheerfully:

"Tommy's coming home tomorrow, Grant, to stay till Sunday night. What shall we do to amuse him?"

"Oh, say, is he?" he asked. "I was going to be out of town."

I said nothing, and he added quickly:

"Of course I can put it off."

I happened to know from Rhoda that it was Sophie Marston's habit to have a house-party every week during the spring and summer; but the tiny party for herself and the particular current man came only occasionally. She really cared a little bit about appearances. So I felt safe for at least three or four weeks. She would not want Grant with a crowd if she could get him alone. I hurried out and telegraphed that Tommy was to come down. Grant was very fond of the boy, who adored him, and we really did have a very pleasant family party until Sunday.

It was a month later, some time in May, when the same thing happened. This time Grant was annoyed.

"Why didn't you tell me he was coming?" he said sharply.

"Why didn't you tell me you were planning to be away?" I retorted.

Grant stayed with us, but he was so unlike himself that Tommy, who was a candid boy, remarked to me that he thought we should have had a better time without father, and that if any of the fellows at school had walked round with a grouch on him the size of father's, the other fellows would have given him something over which he should worry and get a wrinkle.

Evidently Sophie had changed her plans to give Grant more quickly his long deferred week-end, for in a fortnight he remarked as early as Monday that he was going away on Thursday for a few days.

"I am so sorry, Grant," I said, "but Saturday is Rhoda's birthday, and I told her I'd let Tommy come down on Friday. She adores him."

I knew Rhoda would let me assign her a birthday at any time. Grant looked at me sharply.

"It seems to me it must disorganize that boy's work to let him come to New York so often," he said.

"He's been down only twice since Easter," I replied; "and it is good for him to see us."

"It's mighty awkward, his coming just now," he said.

"If you prefer it, Grant," I said, "Helena and I can go up to Connecticut to see Tommy. He need not come here if it interferes with your plans."

"Now you needn't be disagreeable, Dollie," he said; "an engagement is an engagement. You know very well that Tommy is more to me than my plans. My wife and children come first with me and always will."

He said it defiantly, as if he were challenging something inside himself. His declaration of affection was made so cantankerously and with so little emotion that I think I was not to blame for not getting much comfort out of it.

He made no move to leave us, and on Friday when Tommy came he began to live the part of a devoted parent. On Sunday morning I heard him packing his grip, and he went away just before noon. Vaguely Helena understood that he ought not to go.

"I wish you'd stay with us, father," she said wistfully. "It isn't so nice as it used to be when we were always together Saturdays and Sundays, all four of us."

He kissed her without looking at her.

"This is something I've got to do, dear," he lied.

While Grant was gone I made plans for our summer vacation. We had rented our Illinois house furnished to a number of women teachers; they would be leaving in a fortnight. I wanted to return at once. What I hoped was that the old friends, the old associations, might bring Grant back to a realization of how far he had sunk from our old ideals. What I meant to say to him was that he was getting behind in his work, and that ten weeks in a quiet place like our old home would enable him to catch up with the expectations of his editors. I supposed I should be saying all this to him on Tuesday, which was the day he always returned. But he did not come back until Thursday.

What I went through during those two days I dare not think of even now. Somehow I was certain that Grant had failed me. He turned up at dinnertime, greeted Helena and me affectionately, almost boisterously, and brought us each a present—a ring for Helena and a pendant for me. He showed them to us after dinner. When Helena had exclaimed over hers to her heart's content, she ran off to the flat above us to show it to one of her girl friends. After she had gone Grant said to me heartily:

"Well, Dollie, dear, aren't you going to say something nice about the pendant?"

I put it back in its box and laid it on the table between us.

"I am going to accept it from you only on one condition—that you come home with the children and me week after next."

He gave me a hard look, as if he were trying to find out just what my words meant.

"I have promised to stay in the East for a month," he said.

"You have seen very little of the children this year," I went on, "especially of Tommy. I say nothing of my need of you; but your children need you, and I am beginning to be afraid that you need them."

"I'll be with them for six weeks," he pointed out.

"It won't do, Grant," I said tensely. "Don't you understand? I'm making terms. I take this trinket—and I think you understand what that means—I take it only if you will come with us this summer as a husband and father should."

Grant looked at me harshly. It seemed to me incredible that it could be he and I looking at each other across such a gulf—two people who had loved each other so well and been so close, and who were now so hostile. I was fighting to possess him wholly, to keep him absorbed in his work and the children and me. He was fighting to keep us, but to have that other woman too. Staring tensely at each other we waited, each for the other to yield. Looking at his handsome face, with no tenderness in it now, I longed to weep, to beg him to love me and take my forgiveness for his unfaithfulness. I did not mean to speak, but in spite of myself I said:

"Come with us—or else give her that pendant!"

Grant muttered something angrily, put the pendant in his pocket, seized his hat and left the house. Then I knew that what Rhoda Sheldon had prophesied had indeed come to pass. I had brought my splendid attractive husband to New York and had lost him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

High Hills on High Gear

The wonderful reserve power of its Overhead Valve Motor makes the Buick the wonderful hill climber that it is and the expression, "you can make it on high with a Buick," is always heard wherever hills abound. It takes power on the hills and we guarantee the Buick Overhead Valve Motor to develop more power than any other motor of equal size—American or Foreign make.

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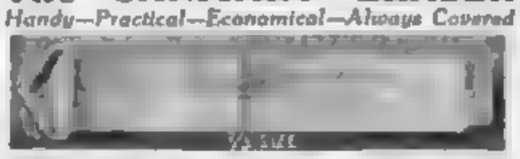

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IRVINE SEED CO.
769 Lakeview Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

humor or to depress him, which was even worse. Marie, her hand still on his arm and not repulsed, became silent.

At a small way station the three Germans in the compartment left the train. Stewart, lowering a window, bought from a boy on the platform beer and sausages and a bag of pretzels. As the train resumed its clanking progress they ate luncheon, drinking the beer from the bottles and slicing the sausage with a penknife. It was a joyous trip, a red-letter day in the girl's rather sordid if not uneventful life.

Semmering was getting near. They were frequently in darkness; and between the tunnels were long lines of granite avalanche sheds. The little passage of the car was full of tourists looking down.

"We are very close, I am sure," an American girl was saying just outside the doorway. "See, isn't that the Kurhaus? There, it is lost again."

The tourists in the passage were Americans and the girl who had spoken was young and attractive. Stewart noticed them for the first time and moved to a more decorous distance from Marie.

Marie Jedlicka took her cue and lapsed into silence, but her thoughts were busy. Perhaps this girl was going to Semmering also and the Herr Doktor would meet her. But that was foolish! There were other resorts besides Semmering, and in the little villa to which they went there would be no Americans. It was childish to worry about a girl whose back and profile only she had seen. Also profiles were deceptive; there was the matter of the ears. Marie's ears were small and set close to her head. If the American *Fräulein's* ears stuck out or her face were only short and wide! But no. The American *Fräulein* turned and glanced once swiftly into the compartment. She was quite lovely.

Stewart thought so too. He got up with a great show of stretching and yawning and lounged into the passage. He did not speak to the girl; Marie noted that with some comfort. But shortly after she saw him conversing easily with a male member of the party. Her heart sank again. Life was moving very fast for Marie Jedlicka that afternoon on the train.

Stewart was duly presented to the party of Americans and offered his own cards, bowing from the waist and clicking his heels together, a German custom he had picked up. The girl was impressed; Marie saw that. When they drew into the station at Semmering Stewart helped the American party off first and then came back for Marie. Less keen eyes than the little Austrian's would have seen his nervous anxiety to escape attention, once they were out of the train and moving toward the gate of the station. He stopped to light a cigarette, he put down the hand luggage and picked it up again, as though it weighed heavily, whereas it was both small and light. He loitered through the gate and paused to exchange a word with the gateman.

The result was, of course, that the Americans were in a sleigh and well up the mountainside before Stewart and Marie were seated side by side in a straw-lined sledge, their luggage about them, a robe over their knees, and a noisy driver high above them on the driving seat. Stewart spoke to her then, the first time for half an hour.

Marie found some comfort. The villas at Semmering were scattered wide over the mountain breast, set in dense clumps of evergreens, hidden from the roads and from each other by trees and shrubbery separated by valleys. One might live in one part of Semmering for a month and never suspect the existence of other parts, or wander over steep roads and paths for days and never pass twice over the same one. The Herr Doktor might not see the American girl again—and if he did! Did he not see American girls wherever he went?

The sleigh climbed on. It seemed they would never stop climbing. Below in the valley twilight already reigned, a twilight of blue shadows, of cows with bells wandering home over frosty fields, of houses with dark faces that opened an eye of lamplight as one looked.

Across the valley and far above—Marie pointed without words. Her small heart was very full. Greater than she had ever dreamed it, steeper, more beautiful, more deadly, and crowned with its sunset hue of rose was the Rax. Even Stewart lost his look of irritation as he gazed with her. He reached over and covered both her hands with his large one under the robe.

The sleigh climbed steadily. Marie Jedlicka, in a sort of ecstasy, leaned back and watched the mountain; its crown faded from rose to gold, from gold to purple with a thread of black. There was a shadow on the side that looked like a cross. Marie stopped the sleigh at a wayside shrine, and getting out knelt to say a prayer for the travelers who had died on the Rax.

They had taken a room at a small villa where board was cheap, and where the guests were usually Germans of the thriftier sort from Bavaria. Both the season and the modest character of the establishment promised them quiet and seclusion.

To Marie the house seemed the epitome of elegance, even luxury. It clung to a steep hillside. Their room, on the third floor, looked out from the back of the building over the valley, which fell away almost sheer from beneath their windows. A tiny balcony outside, with access to it by a door from the bedroom, looked far down on the tops of tall pines. It made Marie dizzy.

She was cheerful again and busy. The American trunk was to be unpacked and the Herr Doktor's things put away, his shoes in rows, as he liked them, and his shaving materials laid out on the washstand. Then there was a new dress to put on, that she might do him credit at supper.

Stewart's bad humor had returned. He complained of the room and the draft under the balcony door; the light was wrong for shaving. But the truth came out at last and found Marie not unprepared.

"The fact is," he said, "I'm not going to eat with you tonight, dear. I'm going to the hotel."

"With the Americans?"

"Yes. I know a chap who went to college with the brother—with the young man you saw."

Marie glanced down at her gala toilet. Then she began slowly to take off the dress, reaching behind her for a hook he had just fastened and fighting back tears as she struggled with it.

"Now remember, Marie, I will have no sulking."

"I am not sulking."

"Why should you change your clothes?"

"Because the dress was for you. If you are not here I do not wish to wear it."

Stewart went out in a bad humor, which left him before he had walked for five minutes in the clear mountain air. At the hotel he found the party waiting for him, the women in evening gowns. The girl, whose name was Anita, was bewitching in pale green.

That was a memorable night for Walter Stewart, with his own kind once more—a perfect dinner, brisk and clever conversation, enlivened by a bit of sweet champagne, an hour or two on the terrace afterward with the women in furs, and stars making a jeweled crown for the Rax.

He entirely forgot Marie until he returned to the villa and opening the door of the room found her missing.

She had not gone far. At the sound of his steps she moved on the balcony and came in slowly. She was pale and pinched with cold, but she was wise with the wisdom of her kind. She smiled.

"Didst thou have a fine evening?"

"Wonderful!"

"I am sorry if I was unpleasant. I was tired, now I am rested."

"Good, little Marie!"

THE card in the American Doctors' Club brought a response finally. It was just in time. Harmony's funds were low, and the Frau Professor Bergmeister had gone to St. Moritz for the winter. She regretted the English lessons, but there were always English at St. Moritz and it cost nothing to talk with them. Before she left she made Harmony a present. "For Christmas," she explained. It was a glass pintray, decorated beneath with labels from the Herr Professor's cigars and in the center a picture of the Emperor.

The response came in this wise. Harmony, struggling home against an east wind and holding the pintray and her violin case, opened the old garden gate by the simple expedient of leaning against it. It flew back violently, almost overthrowing a stout woman in process of egress down

(Continued on Page 61)

Type your bill. Stop! It is footed—total proved

This latest Remington time-saver ends a needless waste of clerical time

From now on bills and statements will be written-out and footed-up simultaneously.

One operation does it.

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But look!

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If the typist prints a wrong total, an error-signal at once calls a halt.

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The bill—neatly typed and complete—is mailed without a moment's time spent on addition, subtraction or total-proving.

* * * *

This marks a tremendous advance in billing and accounting.

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This machine does *your* work *your* way.

You can start using it tomorrow—without altering your accounting system in the slightest.

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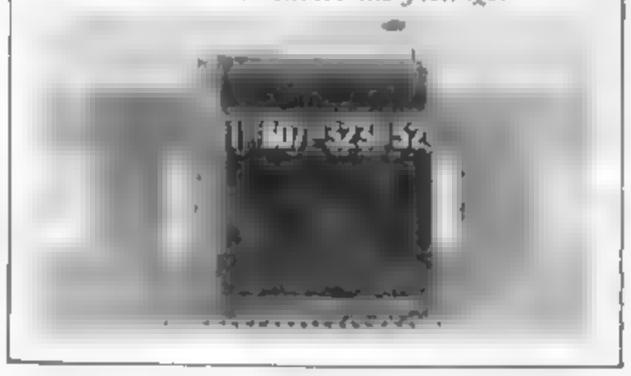

The only change it forces is a change from human inaccuracy to mechanical precision—from time-waste to time-saving.

* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter is

(1)—always ready as a complete easy-running typewriter, for letter writing.

(2)—always ready as a quick adder and subtracter, for listing.

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Each is a member of the famous Remington family.

Each is a complete easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature.

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Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

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Ninety-three per cent of the automobile makers of this country specify MAZDA lamps for their cars. The electric lighting system of your car is standardized for MAZDA lamps and is guaranteed only when these lamps are used.

Car makers have tested NATIONAL MAZDA lamps and found them scientific in construction, dependable in use and uniform in light and quality. Their tests are your safeguard—not only for your own convenience but for your own protection and ultimate economy.

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NATIONAL MAZDA Miniature lamps are packed in Blue Convenience-Cartons similar to those in which you buy lamps for your home, office, store or factory.

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Are you darkening your house with obsolete carbon lamps or inefficient tungstens? Are you wasting current, paying too much and getting insufficient light of low grade?

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But make sure of NATIONAL QUALITY. Look for the name NATIONAL etched on every bulb—the guaranty of efficiency, scientific construction, good service and uniformity

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OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
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Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality

(Continued from Page 58)

the walk. The stout woman was Mrs. Boyer, clad as usual in the best broadcloth and wearing her old sable cape, made over according to her oldest daughter's ideas into a staid stole and muff. The muff lay on the path now and Mrs. Boyer was gasping for breath.

"I'm so sorry!" Harmony exclaimed. "It was stupid of me; but the wind —— Is this your muff?"

Mrs. Boyer took the muff coldly. From its depths she proceeded to extract a handkerchief and with the handkerchief she brushed down the broadcloth. Harmony stood apologetically by. It is explanatory of Mrs. Boyer's face, attitude and costume that the girl addressed her in English.

"I backed in," she explained. "So few people come, and no Americans."

Mrs. Boyer, having finished her brushing and responded to this humble apology in her own tongue, condescended to look at Harmony.

"It really is no matter," she said, still coolly but with indications of thawing. "I am only glad it did not strike my nose. I daresay it would have, but I was looking up to see if it were going to snow." Here she saw the violin case and became almost affable.

"There was a card in the Doctors' Club, and I called ——" She hesitated.

"I am Miss Wells. The card is mine."

"One of the women here has a small boy who wishes to take violin lessons and I offered to come. The mother is very busy."

"I see. Will you come in? I can make you a cup of tea and we can talk about it."

Mrs. Boyer was very willing, although she had doubts about the tea. She had had no good tea since she had left England, and was inclined to suspect all of it.

They went in together, Harmony chatting gayly as she ran ahead, explaining this bit of the old staircase, that walled-up door, here an ancient bit of furniture not considered worthy of salvage, there a closed and locked room, home of ghosts and legends. To Harmony this elderly woman, climbing slowly behind her, was a bit of home. There had been many such in her life; women no longer young, friends of her mother's who were friends of hers; women to whom she had been wont to pay the courtesy of a potted hyacinth at Easter or a wreath at Christmas or a bit of custard during an illness. She had missed them all cruelly, as she had missed many things—her mother, her church, her small gaieties. She had thought at first that the Frau Professor Bergmeister might allay her longing for these comfortable, middle-aged, placid-eyed friends of hers. But the Frau Professor Bergmeister had proved to be a frivolous and garrulous old woman, who substituted ease for comfort, and who burned a candle on the name day of her first husband while her second was safely out of the house.

So it was with something of excitement that Harmony led the way up the stairs and into the salon of Maria Theresa.

Peter was there. He was sitting with his back to the door, busily engaged in polishing the horns of the deer. Whatever scruples Harmony had had about the horns, Peter had none whatever, save to get them safely out of the place and to the hospital. So Peter was polishing the horns. Harmony had not expected to find him home, and paused, rather startled.

"Oh, I didn't know you were home."

Peter spoke without turning.

"Try to bear up under it," he said. "I'm home and hungry, sweetheart!"

"Peter, please!"

Peter turned at that and rose instantly. It was rather dark in the salon and he did not immediately recognize Mrs. Boyer. But that keen-eyed lady had known him before he turned, had taken in the domesticity of the scene and Peter's part in it, and had drawn the swift conclusion of the pure of heart.

"I'll come again," she said hurriedly. "I—I must really get home. Doctor Boyer will be there, and wondering ——"

"Mrs. Boyer!" Peter knew her.

"Oh, Doctor Byrne, isn't it? How unexpected to find you here!"

"I live here."

"So I surmised."

"Three of us," said Peter. "You know Anna Gates, don't you?"

"I'm afraid not. Really I ——"

Peter was determined to explain. His very eagerness was almost damning.

"She and Miss Wells are keeping house here and have kindly taken me in as a bourder. Please sit down."

Harmony found nothing strange in the situation and was frankly puzzled at Peter. The fact that there was anything unusual in two single women and one unmarried man, unrelated and comparative strangers, setting up housekeeping together had never occurred to her. Many a single woman whom she knew at home took a gentleman into the house as a roomer, and thereafter referred to him as "he" and spent hours airing the curtains of smoke and even, as "he" became a member of the family, in sewing on his buttons. There was nothing indecorous about such an arrangement; merely a concession to economic pressure.

She made tea, taking off her jacket and gloves to do it, but bustling about cheerfully, with her hat rather awry and her cheeks flushed with excitement and hope. Just now, when the Frau Professor had gone, the prospect of a music pupil meant everything. An American child too! Fond as Harmony was of children, the sedate and dignified youngsters who walked the parks daily with a governess, or sat with folded hands and fixed eyes through hours of heavy music at the opera, rather daunted her. They were never alone, those Austrian children—always under surveillance, always restrained, always prepared to kiss the hand of whatever relative might be near and to take themselves off to anywhere so it were somewhere else.

"I am so glad you are going to talk to me about an American child," said Harmony, bringing in the tea.

But Mrs. Boyer was not so sure she was going to talk about the American child. She was not sure of anything, except that the household looked most irregular, and that Peter Byrne was trying to cover a difficult situation with much conversation. He was almost glib, was Peter. The tea was good; that was one thing.

She sat back with her muff on her knee, having refused the concession of putting it on a chair as savoring too much of acceptance if not approval, and sipped her tea out of a spoon as becomes a tea lover. Peter, who loathed tea, lounged about the room, clearly in the way, but fearful to leave Harmony alone with her. She was quite likely, at the first opportunity, to read her a lesson on the conventions, if nothing worse; to upset the delicate balance of the little household he was guarding. So he stayed, praying for Anna to come and bear out his story, while Harmony toyed with her spoon and waited for some mention of the lessons. None came. Mrs. Boyer, having finished her tea, rose and put down her cup.

"That was very refreshing," she said. "Where shall I find the street car? I walked out, but it is late."

"I'll take you to the car." Peter picked up his old hat.

"Thank you. I am always lost in this wretched town. I give the conductors double tips to put me down where I want to go; but how can they when it is the wrong car?" She bowed to Harmony without shaking hands. "Thank you for the tea. It was really good. Where do you get it?"

"There is a tea shop a door or two from the Grand Hotel."

"I must remember that. Thank you again. Goodby."

Not a word about the lessons or the American child!

"You said something about my card in the Doctors' Club ——"

Something wistful in the girl's eyes caught and held Mrs. Boyer.

After all she was the mother of daughters. She held out her hand and her voice was not so hard.

"That will have to wait until another time. I have made a social visit and we'll not spoil it with business."

"But ——"

"I really think the boy's mother must attend to that herself. But I shall tell her where to find you, and"— here she glanced at Peter—"all about it."

"Thank you," said Harmony gratefully.

Peter had no finesse. He escorted Mrs. Boyer across the yard and through the gate with hardly a word. With the gate closed behind them he turned and faced her:

"You are going away with a wrong impression, Mrs. Boyer."

Mrs. Boyer had been thinking hard as she crossed the yard. The result was a resolution to give Peter a piece of her mind. She drew her ample proportions into a dignity that was almost majesty.

"Yes?"

"I—I can understand why you think as you do. It is quite without foundation."

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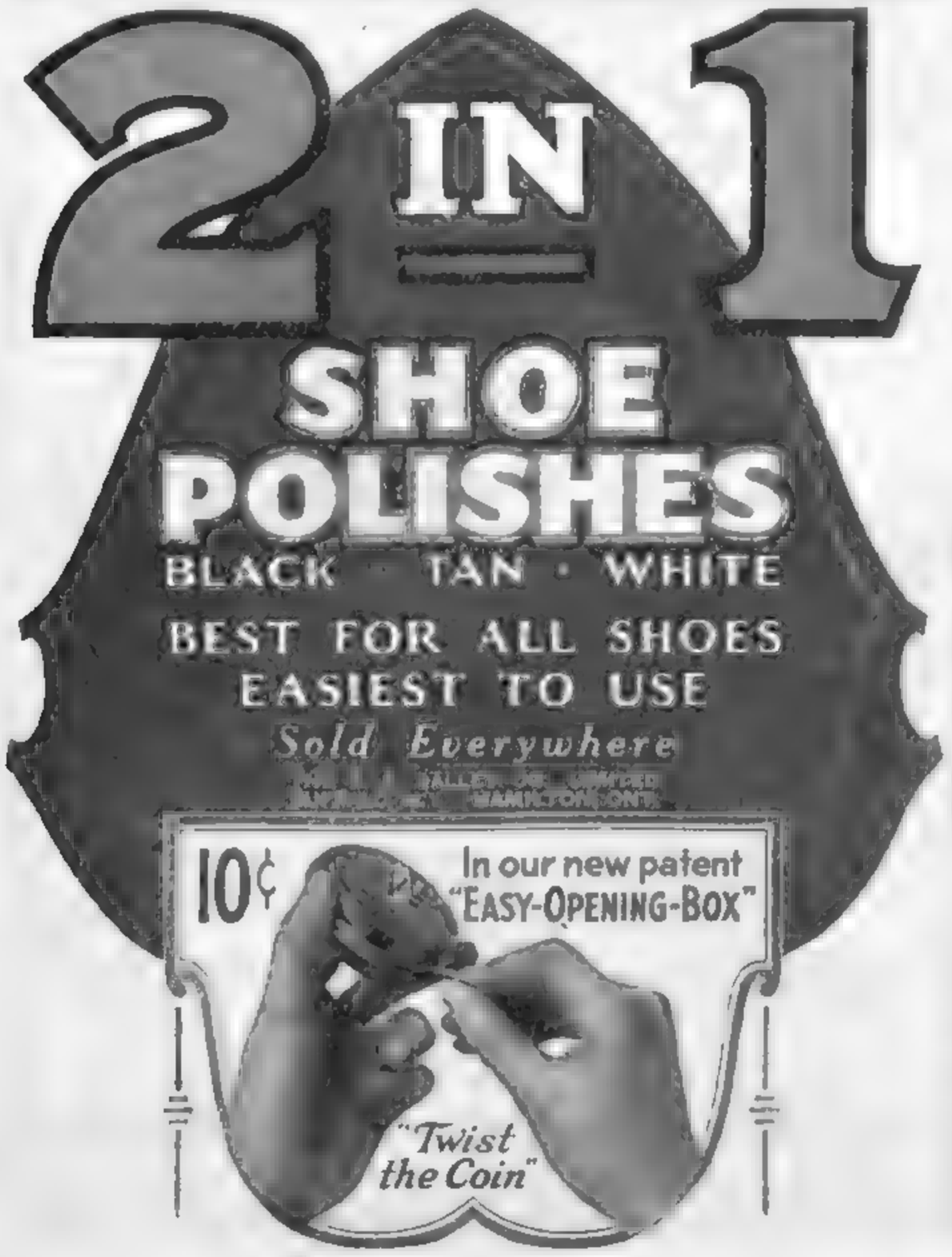

"I am glad of that." There was no conviction in her voice.

"Of course," went on Peter, humbling himself for Harmony's sake, "I suppose it has been rather unconventional, but Doctor Gates is not a young woman by any means, and she takes very good care of Miss Wells. There were reasons why this seemed the best thing to do. Miss Wells was alone and ——"

"There is a Doctor Gates?"

"Of course. If you will come back and wait she'll be along very soon."

Mrs. Boyer was convinced and defrauded in one breath; convinced that there might be a Doctor Gates, but equally convinced that the situation was anomalous and certainly suspicious; defrauded in that she had lost the anticipated pleasure of giving Peter a piece of her mind. She walked along beside him without speaking until they reached the street-car line. Then she turned.

"You called her—you spoke to her very affectionately, young man," she accused him. Peter smiled. The car was close. Some imp of recklessness, some perversion of humor seized him.

"My dear Mrs. Boyer," he said, "that was in jest purely. Besides, I did not know that you were there!"

Mrs. Boyer was a literal person without humor. It was outraged American womanhood incarnate that got into the street car and settled its broadcloth of the best quality indignantly on the cane seat. It was outraged American womanhood that flung open the door of Marie Jedlicka's flat, and stalking into Marie Jedlicka's sitting room confronted her husband as he read a month-old newspaper from home.

"Did you ever hear of a woman doctor named Gates?" she demanded.

Boyer was not unaccustomed to such verbal attacks. He had learned to meet domestic broadsides with a shield of impenetrable good humor, or at the most with a return fire of mild sarcasm.

"I never hear of a woman doctor if it can be avoided."

"Doctor Gates—Anna Gates?"

"There are a number here. I meet them in the hospital, but I don't know their names."

"Where does Peter Byrne live?"

"In a *pension*, I believe, my dear. Are we going to have anything to eat or do we sup of Peter Byrne?"

Mrs. Boyer made no immediate reply. She repaired to the bedroom of Marie Jedlicka, and placed her hat, coat and furs on one of the beds with the crocheted coverlets. It is a curious thing about rooms. There was no change in the bedroom apparent to the eye, save that for Marie's tiny slippers at the foot of the wardrobe there were Mrs. Boyer's substantial house shoes. But in some indefinable way the room had changed. About it hung an atmosphere of solid respectability, of impeccable purity that soothed Mrs. Boyer's ruffled virtue into peace. Is it any wonder that there is a theory to the effect that things take on the essential qualities of people who use them, and that we are haunted by things, not people? That when grandfather's wraith is seen in his old armchair it is the chair that produces it, while grandfather himself serenely haunts the shades of some vast wilderness of departed spirits?

Not that Mrs. Boyer troubled herself about such things. She was exceedingly orthodox, even in the matter of a hereafter, where the most orthodox are apt to stretch a point, finding no attraction whatever in the thing they are asked to believe. Mrs. Boyer, who would have regarded it as heterodox to substitute any other instrument for the harp of her expectation, tied on her gingham apron before Marie Jedlicka's mirror, and thought of Harmony and of the girls at home.

She told her husband over the supper table and found him less shocked than she had expected.

"It's not your affair or mine," he said. "It's Byrne's business."

"Think of the girl!"

"Even if you are right it's rather late, isn't it?"

"You could tell him what you think of him."

Doctor Boyer sighed over a cup of very excellent coffee. Much living with a representative mule had never taught his wife the reserves among members of the sex masculine.

"I might, but I don't intend to," he said. "And if you listen to me you'll keep the thing to yourself."

"I'll take precious good care that the girl gets no pupils," snapped Mrs. Boyer. And she did with great thoroughness.

We trace a life by its scars. Destiny, marching on by a thousand painful steps, had left its usual mark, a footprint on a naked soul. The soul was Harmony's; the foot was it not encased at that moment in Mrs. Boyer's comfortable house shoes?

Anna was very late that night. Peter, having put Mrs. Boyer on her car, went back quickly. He had come out without his overcoat, and with the sunset a bitter wind had risen, but he was too indignant to be cold. He ran up the staircase, hearing on all sides the creaking and banging with which the old house resented a gale, and burst into the salon of Maria Theresa.

Harmony was sitting sidewise in a chair by the table with her face hidden against its worn red velvet. She did not look up when he entered. Peter went over and put a hand on her shoulder. She quivered under it and he took it away.

"Crying?"

"A little," very smothered. "Just disappointment. Don't mind me, Peter."

"You mean about the pupil?"

Harmony sat up and looked at him. She still wore her hat, now more than ever askew, and some of the dye from the velvet had stained her cheek. She looked rather hectic, very lovely.

"Why did she change so when she saw you?"

Peter hesitated. Afterward he thought of a dozen things he might have said, safe things. Not one came to him.

"She—she is an evil-thinking old woman, Harry," he said gravely.

"She did not approve of the way we are living here, is that it?"

"Yes."

"But Anna?"

"She did not believe there was an Anna. Not that it matters," he added hastily. "I'll make Anna go to her and explain. It's her infernal jumping to a conclusion that makes me crazy."

"She will talk, Peter. I am frightened."

"I'll take Anna tonight and we'll go to Boyers'. I'll make that woman get down on her knees to you. I'll ——"

"You'll make bad very much worse," said Harmony dejectedly. "When a thing has to be explained it does no good to explain it."

The salon was growing dark. Peter was very close to her again. As in the dusky kitchen only a few days before, he felt the compelling influence of her nearness. He wanted, as he had never wanted anything in his life before, to take her in his arms, to hold her close and bid defiance to evil tongues. He was afraid of himself. To gain a moment he put a chair between them and stood, strong hands gripping its back, looking down at her.

"There is one thing we could do."

"What, Peter?"

"We could marry. If you cared for me even a little it—it might not be so bad for you."

"But I am not in love with you. I care for you, of course, but—not that way, Peter. And I do not wish to marry."

"Not even if I wish it very much?"

"No."

"If you are thinking of my future ——"

"I'm thinking for both of us. And although just now you think you care a little for me, you do not care enough, Peter. You are lonely and I am the only person you see much, so you think you want to marry me. You don't really. You want to help me."

Few motives are unmixed. Poor Peter, thus accused, could not deny his altruism.

And in the face of his poverty and the little he could offer, compared with what she must lose, he did not urge what was the compelling motive after all, his need of her.

"It would be a rotten match for you," he agreed. "I only thought, perhaps —— You are right, of course; you ought not to marry."

"And what about you?"

"I ought not, of course."

Harmony rose, smiling a little.

"Then that's settled. And for goodness' sake, Peter, stop proposing to me every time things go wrong." Her voice changed, grew grave and older, much older than Peter's. "We must not marry, either of us, Peter. Anna is right. There might be an excuse if we were very much in love; but we are not. And loneliness is not a reason."

"I am very lonely," said Peter wistfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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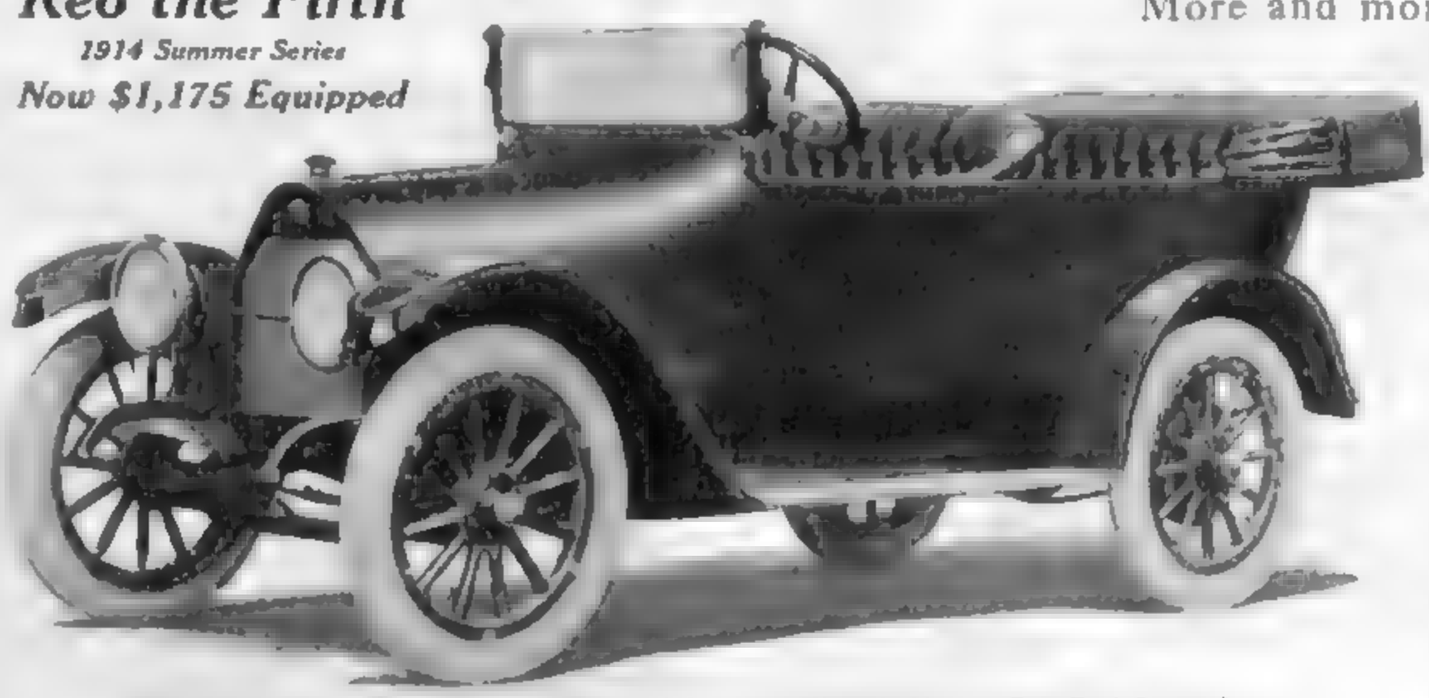

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(241)

FLESH UNDER FLESHINGS

(Continued from Page 13)

in quiet. Bawling wouldn't sweeten it—or help his reputation.

Norman took it, in fact was taking it at the time, with an accompaniment of profanity that blistered life in general, the father who gave him life, the foster-father who didn't give him money, friends, Curward, the manager, the judge, the patrol van, the bridewell's pretty greensward, the flat-tasting food that came in ugly flat dishes, the stone quarry where he had been put to work; and, last, best and hardest of all, he blistered with curses the girl. If ever he got his fingers—they twitched curvingly at the thought—round her throat just where it rose whitely from her cheap blouse! A-a-ah! His eyes had not rested upon her more than five excited minutes altogether, but the brief scrutiny had been a flashlight that fury developed and hate retouched until every line, shade and curve of her face and form was burned into his mind.

At the first Norman's pride revolted at asking help from any of the women who had favored him. He liked their admiration too well. He wanted that admiration straight, not diluted by the vapid water of contempt which would certainly follow such an *exposé*. A queer, tortuous stream was Norman Halsworty's pride; it twisted happily under some belittling favors and writhed ashamed from others.

But if he had known at the first all that he was later to know concerning the interior of a stone quarry, fear would have drained dry that pride stream and he would have whimpered, belly-flat on its rocky bed, for help—any kind of help—anybody's help. He would have stood in pink tights on a crowded street corner and held out a tin cup.

But he didn't know. And when the man ahead of him in line, a big, husky brute, stolid derelict from some muscle-producing lumber camp, was assigned to the soft job of punching leather tabs on mattresses, and he himself a minute afterward was doled to the quarry, he was too busy sulking over the enforced medical examination and offensive change from his own clothes to the prison overalls to be apprehensive.

Fortune as well as the judge was crusty to Norman that day. The stolid, husky brute drew as cellmate a gentle old man who infrequently drank not wisely but too well and repented in sorrowful silence. Norman was put in with a big, red-jawed, club-chinned, loud-mouthed old roysterer, Browdy by name, who was there for fighting in a saloon and proud of it. He snored like a split trombone. His eyes were black spitballs of belligerency. Although he had come only a few days before Norman, he regarded his presence in the cell as a distinct intrusion. Norman hated him at sight. He dozed to sleep that night with his image and the pert girl's wavering together in a blue-murderous mental print.

But snores, hate, the flat-tasting food, the unsightly garb, were as the tinkle of a bell to a foghorn compared with the real business of life there, which was the quarry. After one day's hurting, aching, mauling labor in it Norman raved, fought to get help, and was flung back, licked into despairing acquiescence by a power of law and a calculation of discipline that were used to licking rebellious humans.

Norman lay that night with aching body and wide-open eyes. And there was no appealing, soulful gleam in them. They held hate only—poisonous, violet-irised hate—the hate whose vial reaches clear to a heart's bottom. His face was strained into cruel lines. His lips jerked back from his gritted teeth like a snarling puma's. Below old Browdy snored. Norman wished that he could kill him. Yes, kill him—take that wheezing old nose and yank it off. And he could kill the girl too. Every ache of his body reminded him of her—of her pert white face, impudent, red-lipped, of the bright brown hair coroneted against the shoddy brown felt brim, of the insolent insouciance of her appeal to the policeman, of the breathless catch in her voice—as though, little hypocrite, she were frightened! When every wink of her long brown lashes denied fright—denied everything but nasty spite! If ever he got a chance to pay her back ——

The next day was worse. And the next night, and the next. The work was hard, even for men used to hard work. Norman's leg muscles were not weak, but this galled them. Under the soft, scented, white-velvet skin his limbs ached with pain days and burned with pain nights. He could not sleep. He was too sore. His head throbbed with febrile hate. His neck and shapely shoulders ached, his spine ached, his thighs ached, his waistline was a band of agony, his supple ankles ached, his soft, well-cared-for soles ached. And he dared not groan or sigh. Old Browdy below would chuckle.

For, as the days ached on, Norman woke up and found what real torment can be. Browdy was the first to sense his soft, fleshly superiority to the other men. He sniffed the sybaritish perfume of skin that it took several days to do away with. And unwarily Norman tossed off a few snippy, superior remarks. He knew that he was better than the others, and saw no reason for hiding such knowledge. Immediately the quarriers resented and at the same time rejoiced in his company; that is, with the exception of some sullen souls so distrained by fate and their own evilness that they had no capacity for resentment of aught else. These worked in sullen silence, ate sullenly, slept sullenly, waited sullenly until their time should be up.

The others, being either more gluttonous or starved of life, licked their chops over whatever stray morsels of enjoyment came their way. Norman was a tidbit.

"Ain't he the pippin?" Browdy mocked to his following, which was the majority. The muscular old roysterer inspired respect in that crowd. "Ain't he though? I bet his mamma'd cry if she knew. Lawsy me, darlin', did the shovel hit your ankle? I didn't aim to."

"I'll murder you!" frothed Norman.

"Oh—oh!" Browdy bent over with mirth; "I don't think! It'll be a bigger man than you, buddy, that'll send me to my heavenly home! Would you"—he giggled and turned to the chuckling crowd—"would you be scared, fellows? Maybe," questioning, "I better have a guard sleep in my cell tonight?"

Gray-white with rage, his eyeballs bulging, violet iris lost between fiery pupil and blood-streaked cornea, Norman lunged at him with upraised pick. A guard jerked him back, flung him on the ground. "Cut that out!"

Browdy giggled. The others joined him—it cut like a hiss in a theater. Norman got up, bent to work, his whole aching young body one fiber of furious hate. Later he found a purple abrasion where the big iron shovel had cut his calf. As he achingly dozed off that night Browdy's face and the girl's swirled before him in commingled, blood-red rims. If it hadn't been for her ——! He slept with hands clenched till the nails, ragged and torn from the stone, dug into the palms. He ached to dig them into the girl's white, pert, round cheeks; into Browdy's entrails. Next morning when he woke they were not wholly unclenched.

There followed several days unmarked except by aching bones, blistered hands and swollen tendons. The guards kept an eye on Norman, who worked in sullen apathy. Browdy, when ordered, ceased his teasing with ostentatious meekness and with a genial encircling wink that promised to make up for lost time—sometime! Then the nearest guard and the next relaxed watch; a fracas elsewhere demanded their attention for a day or so.

Browdy one day confided genially that he owned cattle and a thousand acres of land in Montana, and had come cityward to take back to his home and wife a niece who had sewed her nerves and eyesight out of commission. Her name was Patience Pattington. Before Patience had her trunk packed he strolled into a classy drinking joint, merely to pass a few pleasant minutes. And five large men tried to tramp on his toes. They didn't succeed—he sent a squinting side-glance at Norman, who openly sneered. Browdy stiffened.

"And," belligerently, "when I got through with those five men that saloon had the messiest, mussiest floor that any saloon ever had!" All but Norman eyed him admiringly, almost believing, although they were not a credulous crowd. But the old roysterer outworked any one there.

"D'ye believe me?" he demanded of Norman.

Norman straightened, glared at him. "No!"

Browdy opened his mouth and spat a tablespoonful of tobacco juice on Norman's right shoe.

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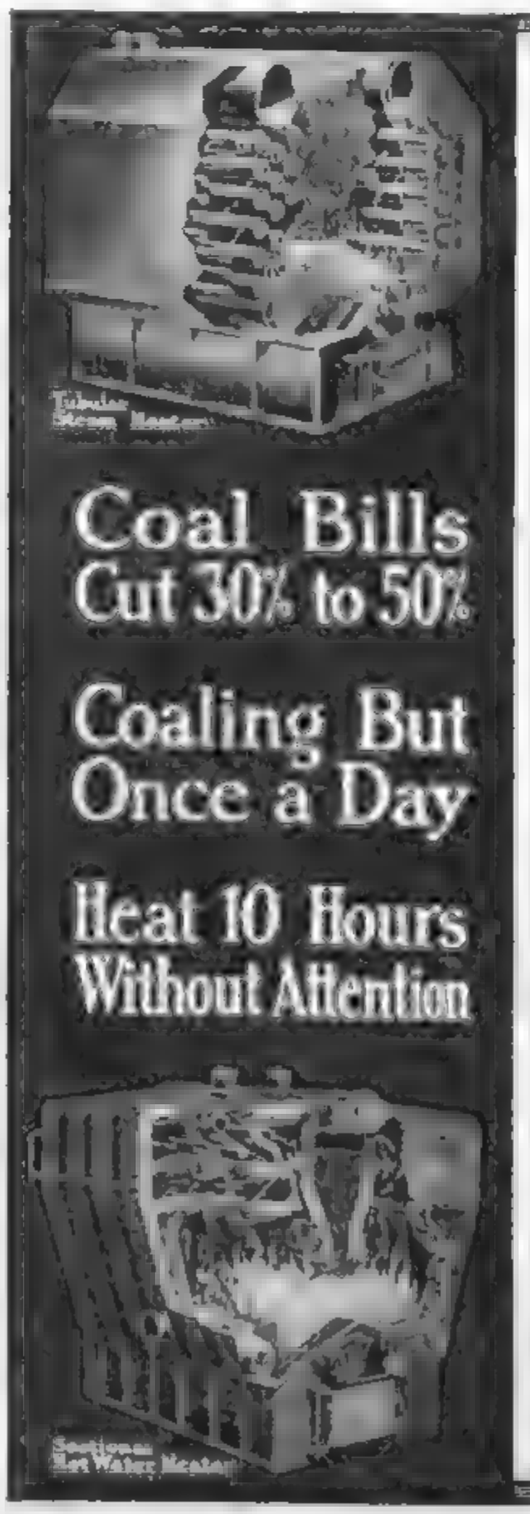

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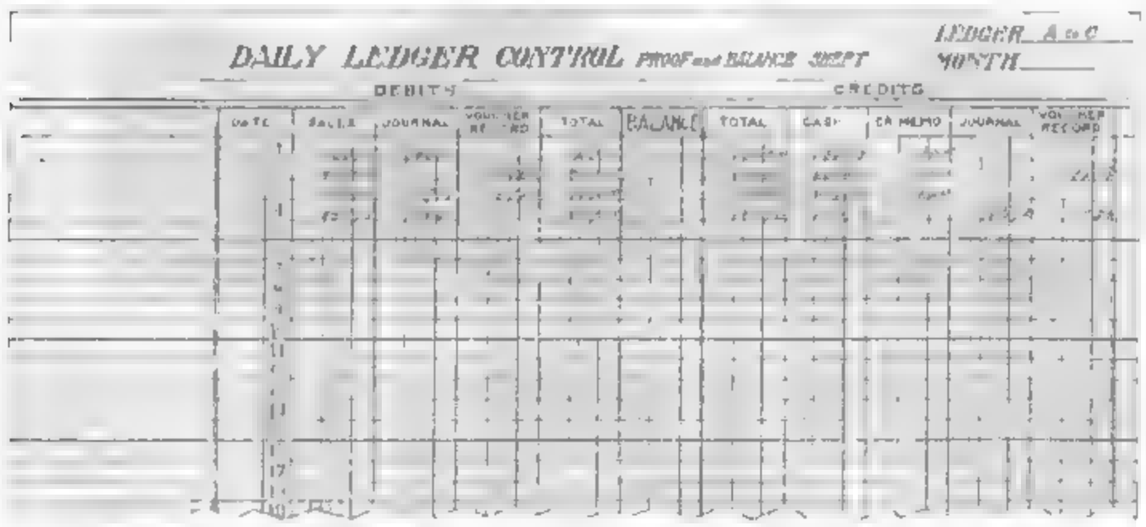

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Now Norman was not fond of that shoe or its mate, both straight-sided for quarry wear. He was not wearing it from choice. It fitted him poorly; not so well by far as it had fitted the pickpocket who had worn it the preceding month, nor the wifebeater who had worn it before that. His finicky foot recoiled from leather softened to mushiness by other feet. He felt qualmish at imagining what sort of feet those had been. But for the nonce it was his shoe, and he wouldn't have it spat upon by any one who chose to. Again he lunged at Browdy, who fought him off easily till the guard came running.

Moral suasion is a goodly thing—but sometimes it is too slow to be safe. And if the average moral suasist was one of eight or ten guards in charge of three hundred or more men of every known degree of criminality, all tolerably strong or they wouldn't have been assigned to the quarry, the chances are a hundred to one that he—or she—would have done precisely as this guard did: grabbed an iron shovel, hit Norman a resounding whack, caught him as he staggered, shook him to and fro as a big dog shakes a slighter, then flung him back to work.

Norman sullenly subsided. But in that one moment his flesh got more hardening than all the gymnasiums of the world could effect. It seemed to turn to iron tautness. He hung his head like a shaken dog; his lower lip snarled dribbling from his teeth; he worked with the pawing fury of a mad dog. Every blow of the hammer—they were breaking rock that day—was murderous. His bloodshot eyes saw, not rock, but Browdy's old brown cheeks and a girl's round, white ones. And he was pounding them, mashing them, crushing the flesh to bleeding pulp.

"Gosh!" observed Browdy. "I thought he was a sissy." He edged over in friendly fashion. "When you get out," giggling, "come out to my ranch. I'll give you a job. What's your business anyway?" Norman's eyes shot fury, he crouched to spring, but the guard turned that way and he subsided.

By advice of the guard Browdy was changed to another cell that night, and a moody Pole put in with Norman.

More days dragged on in aching monotony. Norman dragged sullenly to work and back. He seethed with hate, but knew its futility at present. His skin no longer suggested white velvet.

Eight days of his time remained when the men learned that he had been a dancer. Perhaps the guard, resenting his troublesomeness, bruited it about. It was delicious news. As a tidbit Norman acquired a rare flavor. Dance, could he? Then dance he should for their amusement. And dance he did, whether he would or not.

Whenever no guard was looking—a frequent condition in that place of almost fifty prisoners to every guard—clods or stones, sometimes small, more often large, hurtled at Norman's feet. Involuntarily he hopped; then there was a held-in roar of laughter. The guards were significantly unobservant—perhaps they were glad to keep many amused at the expense of one—until the missiles became so large and so skillfully aimed that Norman's ankles were endangered. Then a halt was called.

"You're getting in prime condition to work on my ranch," snickered Browdy. "And any other of you chaps that'd like to come, just say so. I'll trust to your honor," genially, "not to tell my folks what hotel I stayed at in this town. I never worry my folks. Do you, Flossie?"

"Leave me alone," Norman snarled.

"Cut out the gab," sang a guard. "Even if it is your last day you may be in again."

"I may," agreed Browdy pleasantly.

Norman came out of his sullen trance. Last day—so it was. He breathed hard. In the morning he'd be out and could go back ——

The whistle for quitting work sounded. They had paced to their cells and were eating supper before Norman got his thoughts in order.

But when he got them in order he didn't like their appearance. The freedom that he had ached for startled him. A month before he had been a round peg in a round hole. He had fitted perfectly.

Now he wasn't sure that he would fit. He felt like a peg whose roundness has been chipped off at one place, swollen to oblong proportions at another, plastered with outstanding chunks at another. And doubtless the hole wasn't round by this time. Curward and the manager might have unevenly interiored it with lumps of scorn. Norman lay awake all night, and for the first night since he came did not see the girl's pretty, pert face in a revenge-red rim. Pegs that don't fit have no spirit for revenge.

He was too sullenly concerned with his future to be surprised when Browdy also was freed the next morning. Apathetically he walked out beside him. His own clothes, which he had donned once more, felt strange over his abraded, stiff body. He still seemed garbed for the quarry. Abrasions of spirit have that dazing effect. He hardly knew that Browdy was along, and Browdy was silent till they got outside the stone wall. Then:

"Gee!" Browdy stretched his legs and chest luxuriously. "Darned good to get out. Bet a dollar I don't get in again. Darned old judge wouldn't let me off with a fine," resentfully.

Norman eyed him sullenly. He didn't want to talk to him. He wasn't going to beat him up—just let him go his way. Norman followed his example though and drew a long breath. And he, too, stretched. Gee, it was good to be out! Sullenness faded a shade. He drew another breath. A hint of springiness came into his stiff limbs. After all, he was out. A chipped peg, a warped peg, but still a peg.

After all, the old fellow wasn't so bad. Slightly offensive, but perhaps he hadn't meant anything. Norman cringed from remembrance though, and grew sullen again. He had a sickening knowledge that if ever—if—he danced again on a stage he would involuntarily be looking for stones to come hurtling at his ankles. He had a sickening knowledge, yet hardly sickening—more a passive, tired percipience—that he was sick of dancing. The mockery of those men in the quarry had cut deep. He tried to wonder what he would do instead.

A girl came hurrying down the street at them—a pretty, pert girl with brown hair braided under a brown brim. Her lips were impudently red; she flung herself at Browdy, who greeted her amiably but without being flustered. "I couldn't get here sooner," she explained with that same catch in her voice. "I ran —— You!"

"Me!" said Norman.

Whereupon he colored, and so did she.

"I knew you were sent there," she said contritely, miserably. "I —— I really never meant you should. It was just on an impulse. I was fretted over Uncle Art, and I called before I stopped to think ——"

"What's the rumpus?" amiably inquired Browdy. "Wait a minute, Patience, till I light my pipe. Gosh, it's good to handle tobacco without squinting to see if a guard's round. You two acquainted?"

"Yes," said Norman instantly, and not a whit sullenly. When you have seen a girl's face all day and all night for a month past; when you know every line, every shade, the curve of the white cheeks by heart, the upfluff of the brown hair, the flash of the brown eyes—they were musted with contrition now; and, moreover, when you have a sudden, positive knowledge that you will see that face in your dreams forever after you have a right to claim a certain degree of acquaintance.

"Y-yes," said Patience confusedly. "We—are—nearly."

Browdy cut in. "Wish I'd known it sooner," amiably. "Well, Patience, shall we start today or tomorrow? And"—he grinned genially—"mum's the word with your aunt. It wouldn't do her any good to know how I encroached on the city's hospitality, so we won't worry her—eh?" coaxingly.

"Aren't you ashamed?" reproachfully.

"My dear," solemnly, "if you'd ever experienced the great pleasure of squashing five men on one saloon's floor you'd realize that it's nothing to be ashamed of. It was worth what it cost. How about your crime, my young friend?" he demanded, grinning at Norman.

To the girl, with his eyes on Browdy, Norman said: "It was worth it."

To Browdy, with his eyes on the girl, Norman said: "Do you mind if I take you up on that ranch-job offer?"

"Ain't making offers I don't mean," answered Browdy. "I mean it so far that I'll stake you to fare if you ain't got it. I've seen you work."

As for Patience—well, Norman, as remarked in the beginning, had appealing eyes, and when that appeal was flecked by determination most any woman would know that her first intuition was right, and that somewhere under the flesh that was under the fleshings lay clean, good strength.

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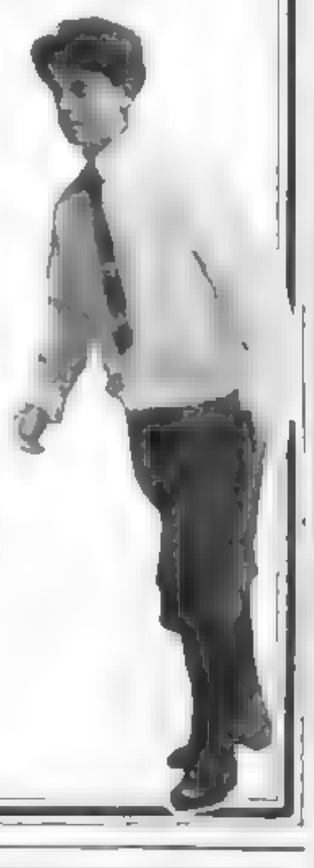

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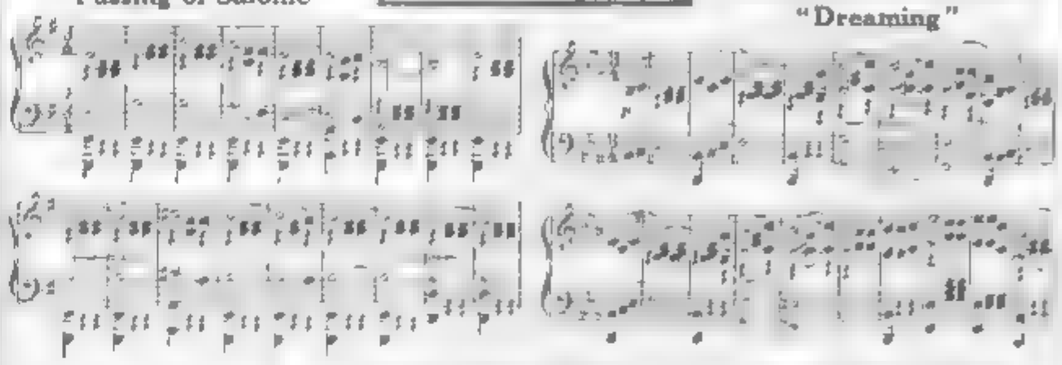
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Practically every merchant now using Willys-Utility Trucks first thought they could not economically use them. They, too, said their business was different.

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But we proved that their business was not different. And in doing so saved them the money you are losing. Every day lost is money lost. Let us tell you more about this modern business getter and how it can save money for you.

Full information and all data from our dealer in your town or from us direct.

Please address Dept. 151

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Garford Trucks and Overland Delivery Wagons

BABY TALK

(Continued from Page 8)

Alone at his desk, with none of his students in the seats before him, he took from his pocket—his left pocket—a photograph of Professor Martha Binley. It had been taken one day on a picnic far from the spying eyes of pupils. Her hair was all windblown, her eyes frowned gleamingly into the sun, and her mouth was curled with laughter.

He sat there alone—the learned professor—and talked to this snapshot in a dialogue he would have recently accepted as a perfect examination paper for matriculation in an insane asylum.

"Well, Margy-wargy, zoo and Stookie-tookie is dust like old Dean Swiffkins, isn't we?"

There was a rap on the door and the knob turned as he shot the photograph into his pocket and pretended to be reading a volume of Bacchylides—upside down. The intruder was Teed. Litton was too much startled and too throbbing with guilt to express his indignation. He stammered:

"We-well, Teed?" He almost called him Teedleums, his tongue had so caught the rhythm of love.

Teed came forward with an ominous self-confidence bordering on insolence. There was a glow in his eye that made his former tyrant quail.

"Professor, I'd like a word with you about those conditions. I wish you'd let me off on 'em."

"Let you off, Te-Teed?"

"Yes, sir. I can't get ready for the exams. I've boned until my skull's cracked and it lets the blamed stuff run out faster than I can cram it in. The minute I leave college I expect to forget everything I've learned here anyway; so I'd be ever so much obliged if you'd just pass me along."

"I don't think I quite comprehend," said Litton, who was beginning to regain his pedagogical dignity.

"All you've gotta do," said Teed, "is to put a high enough mark on my papers. You gimme a special examination and I'll make the best stab I can at answering the questions; then you just shut one eye and mark it just over the failure line. That'll save you a lot o' time and fix me hunkydory."

Litton was glaring at him, hearing the illiterate "gimme" and "gotta," and wondering that a man should spend four years in college and scrape off so little paint. Then he began to realize the meaning of Teed's proposal. His own honor was in traffic. He groaned in suffocation:

"Do you dare to ask me to put false marks on examination papers, sir?"

"Aw, professor, what's the dif? You couldn't grind Latin and Greek into me with a steel-rolling machine. Gimme a chance! There's a little girl waiting for me outside and a big job. I can't get one without the other—and I don't get either unless you folks slip me the sheepskin."

"Impossible, sir! Astounding! Insulting! Impossible!"

"Have a heart, can't you?"

"Leave the room, sir, at once!"

"All right!" Teed sighed, and turned away. At the door he paused to murmur: "All right for you, Stookie-tookie!"

Litton's spectacles almost exploded from his nose.

"What's that?" he shrieked.

Teed turned and came back, with an intolerable smirk, straight to the desk. He leaned on it with odious familiarity and grinned.

"Say, prof, did you ever hear of the dictagraph?"

"No! And I don't care to now."

"You ought to read some of the modern languages, prof! Dictagraph comes from two perfectly good Latin words: dictum and graft—well, you'll know 'em. But the Greeks weren't wise to this little device. I got part of it here."

He took from his pocket the earpiece of the familiar engine of latter-day detective romance. He explained it to the horribly fascinated Litton, whose hair stood on end and whose voice stuck in his throat in the best Vergilian manner. Before he quite understood its black magic Litton suspected the infernal purpose it had been put to. His wrath had melted to a sickening fear when Teed reached the conclusion of his uninterrupted discourse:

"The other night I was calling on a pair of girls over at the dormitory where your—where Professor Binley lives. They pointed out the sofa near the fireplace where you and the professoress sit and hold hands and make googoo eyes."

There was that awful "oo" sound again! Litton was in an icy perspiration; but he was even more afraid for his beloved, precious sweetheart than for himself—and that was being about as much afraid as there is. Teed went on relentlessly, gloating like a satyric mask:

"Well, I had an idea, and the girls fell for it with a yip of joy. The next evening I called I carried a wire from my room across to that dormitory and nobody paid any attention while I brought it through a window and under the carpet to the back of the sofa. And there it waited, laying for you. And over at my digs I had it attached to a phonograph by a little invention of my own.

"Gosh! It was wonderful! It even repeated the creak of those old, rusty springs while you waited for her. And when she came—well, anyway, I got every word you said, engraved in wax, like one of those old poets of yours used to write."

Litton was afraid to ask evidence in verification. Teed supplied the unspoken demand:

"For instance: the first thing she says to you is: 'Oh, there you are, my little lover! I thought you'd never come!' And you says: 'Did it miss its stupid old Stookie?' And she says: 'Hideously! Sit down, honey-heart.' And splung went the spring—and splung again! Then she says: 'Did it have a mis'ble day in hateful old classroom? Put its boo'ful head on Margy-wargy's shojer.' Then you says ——"

"Stop!" Litton cried, raising the only missile he could find, an inkstand. "Who knows of this infamy besides you?"

"Nobody yet—on my word of honor."

"Honor!" sneered Litton, so savagely that Teed's shameless leer vanished in a glare of anger.

"Nobody yet! The girls are dying to hear and some of the fellows knew what I was up to; but I was thinking that I'd tell 'em that the blamed thing didn't work, provided—provided ——"

"Provided?" Litton wailed miserably.

"Provided you could see your way clear to being a little careless with your marks on my exam papers."

Litton sat with his head whirling and roaring like a coffee grinder. A multitude of considerations ran through and were crushed into powder—his honor; her honor; the standards of the university; the standards of a lover; the unimportance of Teed, the all-importance of Martha; the secret disloyalty to the Faculty; the open disloyalty to his best-beloved. He heard Teed's voice as from far off:

"Of course, if you can't see your way to sparing my sweetheart's feelings I don't see why I'm expected to spare yours—or to lie to the fellows and girls who are perishing to hear how two professors talk when they're in love."

Another long pause. Then the artful Teed moved to the door and turned the knob. Litton could not speak; but he threw a look that was like a grappling-iron and Teed came back.

"How do I know," Litton moaned—"How do I know that you will keep your word?"

"How do I know that you'll keep yours?" Teed replied with the insolence of a conqueror.

"Sir!" Litton flared—but weakly, like a sick candle.

"Well," Teed drawled, "I'll bring you the cylinders. I'll have to trust you, as one gentleman to another."

"Gentleman!" Litton snarled in hydrophobic frenzy.

"Well, as one lover to another, then," Teed laughed. "Do I get my diploma?" Litton's head was so heavy he could not nod it. "It's my diploma in exchange for your records. Come on, professor—be a sport! And take it from me, it's no fun having the words you whisper in a girl's ear in the dark shouted out loud in the open court. And mine were repeated in a Dutch dialect! I got yours just as they came from your lips—and hers."

That ended it. Litton surrendered; passed himself under the yoke; pledged himself to the loathsome compact; and Teed went to fetch the price of his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Litton hung dejected beyond feeling for a long while. His heart was whimpering

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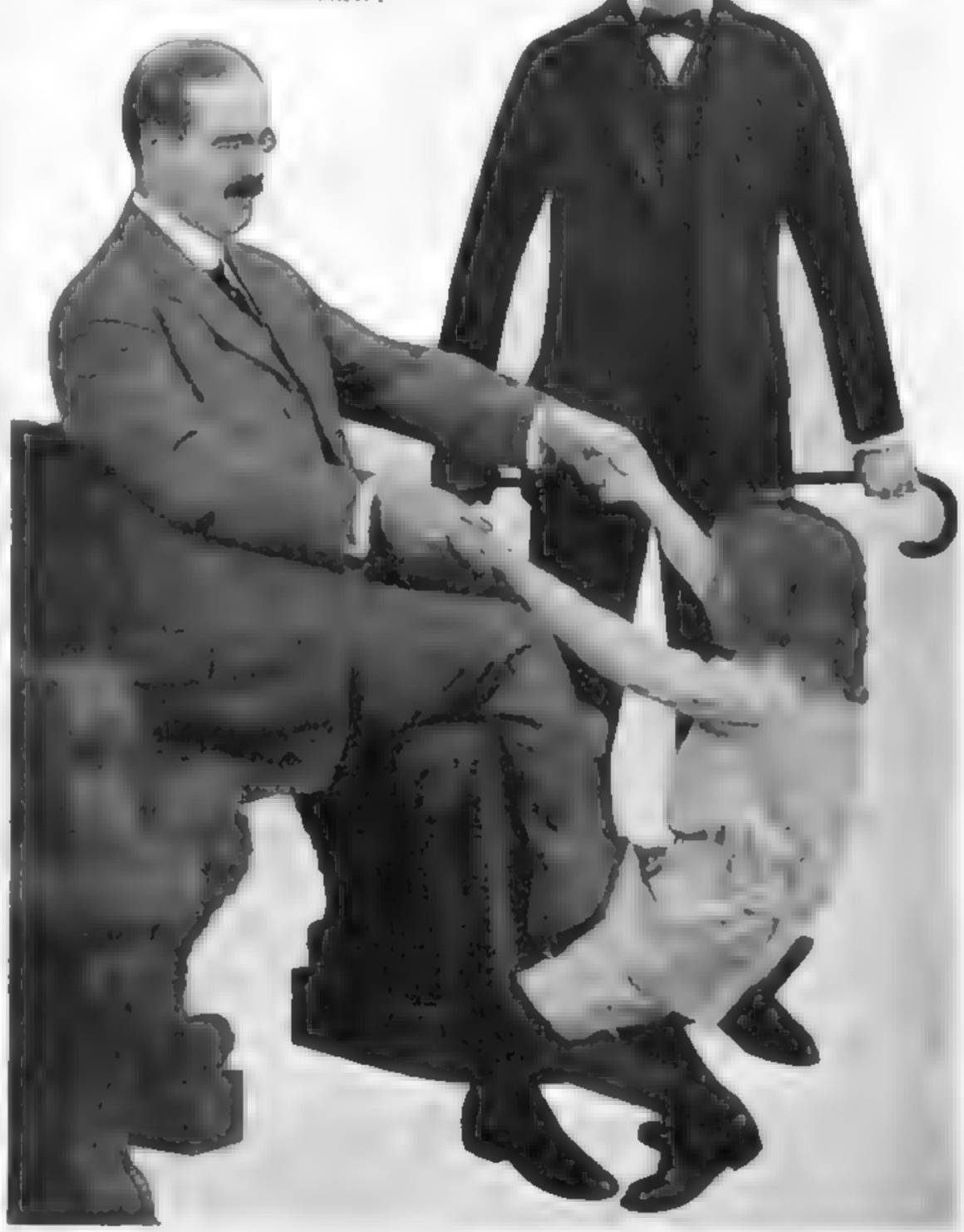

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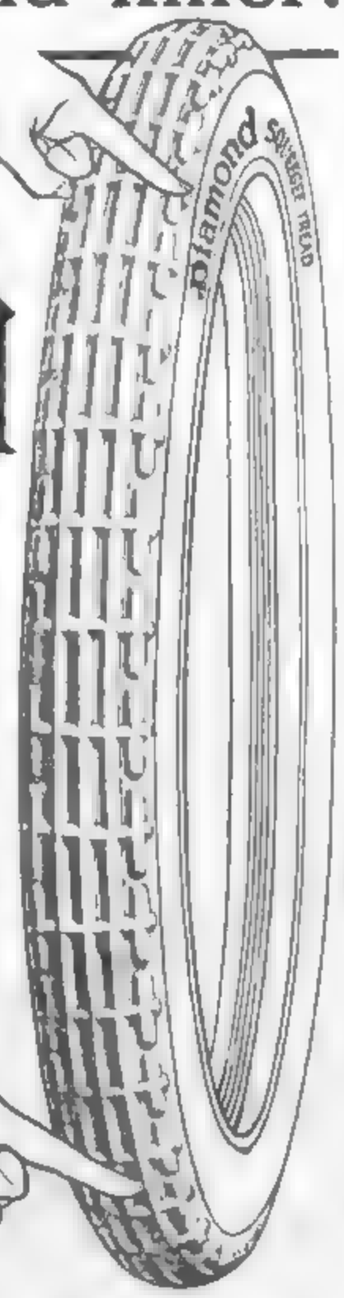

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Ai, Ai! He felt himself crushed under a hundred different crimes. He felt that he could never look up again. Then he heard a soft tap at the door. He could not raise his eyes or his voice. He heard the door open and supposed it was Teed bringing him the wages of his shame; but he heard another voice—an unimaginably beautiful, tragically tender voice—crooning:

"Oo-oo! Stookie-tookie!" He looked up. How radiant she was! He could only sigh. She came across to him as gracefully and lightly as Iris running down a rainbow. She was murmuring: "I just had to slip over and tell you something."

"Well, Martha!" he sighed.

She stopped short, as if he had struck her.

"'Martha'? What's the matter? You aren't mad at me, are you, Stookie?"

"How could I be angry with you, Marg—er—Martha?"

"Then why don't you call me Margy-wargleums?"

He stared at her. Her whimsical smile, trembling to a piteously pretty hint of terror, overwhelmed him. He hesitated, then shoved back his chair and, rising, caught her to him so tightly that she gasped out: "Oo!" There it was again! He laughed like an overgrown cub as he cried: "Why don't I call you Margy-wargleums? Well, what a darned fool I'd be not to! Margy-wargleums!"

To such ruin does love—the blind, the lawless, the illiterate child—bring the noblest intelligence and the loftiest principles.

Pneumonia-Proof

VACCINATION—or more properly inoculation—against pneumonia has recently been proved to be successful by some tests that are remarkable in many ways—not the least being the fact that tens of thousands of persons were inoculated at a time to give the test a fair trial. The inoculation is not a cure for pneumonia, but a preventive—like smallpox vaccination.

Its effect unfortunately does not seem to last for more than a month or two; but even this limited period is of great value in the battle against pneumonia among the native laborers of the South African mines, and will be of great value generally.

Many conditions are recognized by physicians as likely to bring on pneumonia, so that persons who are to be subjected to such conditions will now be able to escape much of the danger by first taking the inoculation treatment. The record of thousands of natives at the South African mines shows that those who have been inoculated are only half as likely to die from pneumonia as those not inoculated; and even this proportion is likely to be improved under development.

In conducting the mass tests, as they are called, the physicians first made sure that the inoculation should not injure a person. Doses of different amounts were used in thousands of cases and the results compared to show which succeeded best.

The most striking test was one made on nearly twelve thousand natives. Every day the natives who arrived at the mines to go to work were lined up for the doctors. Then every other man was told to step forward, so that half were in the front line and half were in the back line. Every native in the front line was then inoculated with the proper number of millions of carefully prepared pneumonia germs. The men in the back line were not inoculated, and thus they served as controls by which to judge the effect on the front-line men.

A record was then made of every man; and every time a native was taken with pneumonia thereafter the records were looked up to determine whether or not he had been inoculated. Nearly six thousand natives were thus available for a study of the effect of the inoculation, and the same number for the non-inoculation statistics.

Practically all the difference to be noted came in the first two months, when twice as many non-inoculated natives developed pneumonia. After two months the difference was slight between the two classes; but actually the number of cases of the disease was greatly reduced in both classes after that lapse of time. This indicated that if a native did not develop pneumonia in the first two months of his work in the mines he was not apt to later, for his system had become more or less equipped to fight off the disease by that time. The inoculation, therefore, gave the natives twice as much chance of getting safely through the dangerous first two months.

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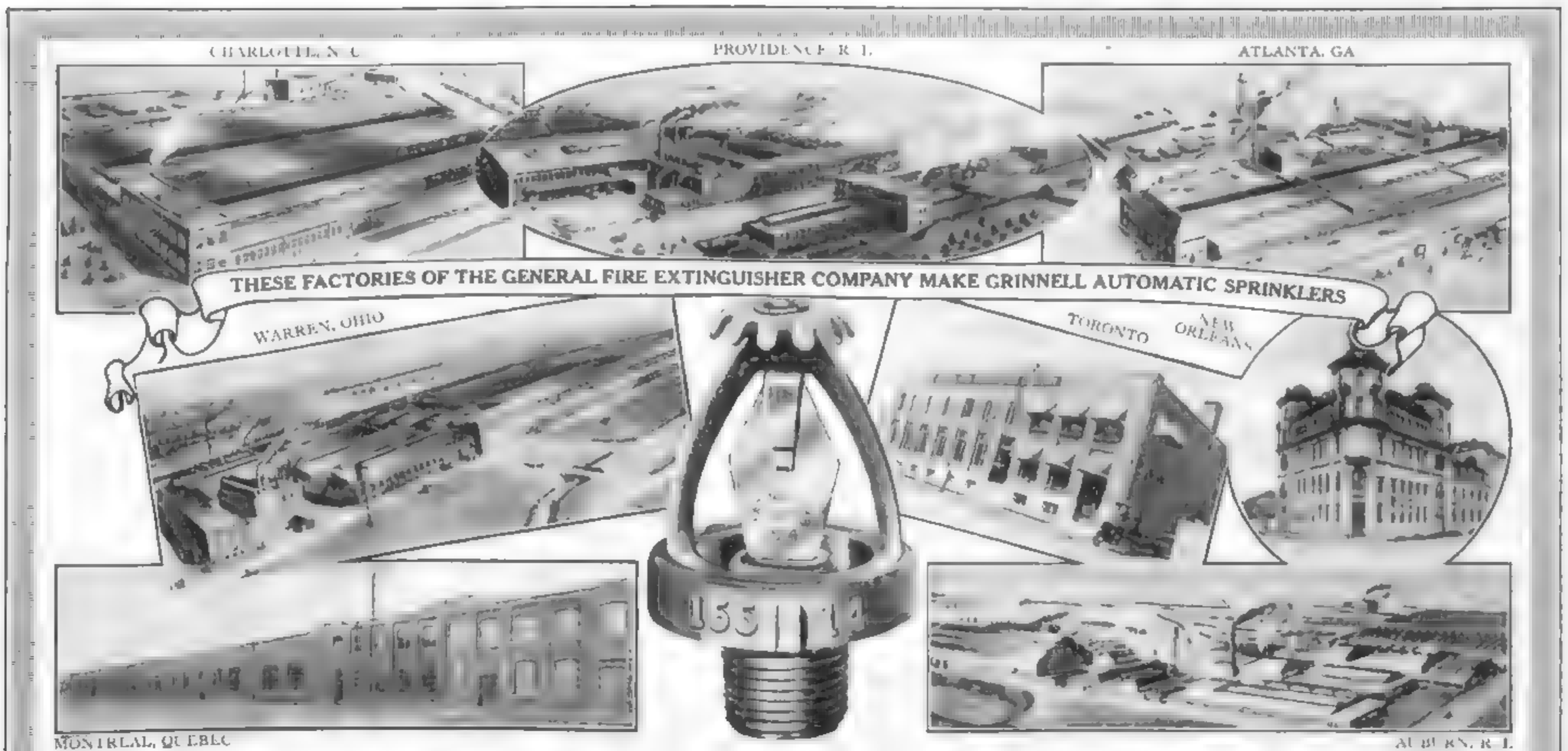

The Romance of
Making the World Unburnable

STAND on your business doorstep today and ask for bidders. You can offer a going enterprise — building, stock, organization, established market and good-will — all your own creating. For this you will take nothing less than the price of all your past effort.

Tonight, the fire. It comes, as it comes to every man, a crushing blow. Insurance returns you only the least part of all that you have created.

Stand now on your ash heap and call for bidders. Not a voice answers. It seems impossible that your intangible business values have shriveled to nothing so soon!

This blow falls on some man every hour. Every hour a $30,000 property is swept away and a busy, earning enterprise stilled by fire.

If every victim of fire tried to sell what was left of his business, others would realize the cruel lesson he has learned. If each victim declared the thoughts within him, he would call himself a fool. He knew the risk; he knew the cure. A Grinnell Sprinkler System would have given him fire protection, plus cheap insurance. Instead, he chose costly insurance and a chance of disruption and ruin. Even if he never burned, he would pay for a Grinnell System in extravagant premiums every few years, without getting one. A cold-blooded weighing of all these facts would start a crusade for fire safety this very week.

Such a crusade for fire safety did take place a generation ago in New England. As a result her fast burning factories were protected by automatic sprinkler systems. Thus made possible large production and gave New England the leadership of the world in textiles and paper. It helped to give her the leadership in leather trade and metal working. And that is how some of her hard-headed captains of industry got the romantic idea of making the world practically unburnable.

These men saw the greatness of an invention—the Grinnell Sprinkler Head, shown above. They saw that it reduces fire loss 96⅘%. They saw that it always reduced premiums 40% to 90%. This saving on insurance, they saw, makes a sprinkler system *pay for itself*.

It was literally giving "something for nothing." Therefore there ought to be no end to the giving. Construction companies today put in systems costing $1,000 to $90,000, free, and let them pay for themselves in premium savings.

The factories shown above exist because of this invention — the Grinnell Sprinkler Head. Today 18,000,000 such heads are safeguarding property insured for over *two thousand million dollars*.

Strange to say, this nation-wide project to make all business unburnable hangs on a fantastic trick of metals. Metals which alone will melt at a high temperature, when combined, will melt at a low temperature. In a Grinnell Sprinkler Head they are set to "go off" at a given degree of heat, just as you set an alarm clock. Thus, fire releases onto itself a stream of water suicidally. Automatically the fire is out — your business life is saved.

If you want to take no chance of business disruption and ruin, if you want to know about the protection that earns big money for you, fill out the coupon below.

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2nd: It's made by the *original* secret "Tuxedo Process"—which many manufacturers imitate, but not one succeeds in reproducing. Genuine Tuxedo is still the *best*.

The best men in America smoke Tuxedo—and urge you to do likewise. The famous men whose endorsements appear on this page are only a few of the thousands who publicly and privately testify to the unique merits of this extraordinary tobacco.

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of the Lubin Company, a great favorite with [illegible] says

"When I want relaxation I light up a pipeful of Tuxedo. I have never smoked a tobacco so mild and soothing, and at the same time so thoroughly enjoyable."

Augustus Thomas

MAURICE COSTELLO
the popular [illegible]

"The great thing about Tuxedo is the fact that it gives full fragrance and flavor together with extreme mildness. I find Tuxedo not only the height of pipe enjoyment but a distinct benefit because it gives just the proper degree of relaxation. Tuxedo is undoubtedly an exceptional tobacco."

Maurice Costello

BEN. F. WILSON
famous for his work in the moving-[illegible] with Wm. Wadsworth Mason, produced by the Lubin Company

"Tongue biting tobaccos had nearly induced me to quit pipe smoking, when I happened to try Tuxedo. Now we are three bosom friends—my pipe and Tuxedo and I."

Ben F. Wilson

GEORGE A. LESSEY
well known as [illegible] with Lubin Co.

"Nothing gives a man greater comfort and enjoyment than the fragrance of pure, mild tobacco. I have never smoked a purer, milder, better tobacco than Tuxedo."

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Hughie Mack

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ASSOCIATION SNAGS

(Continued from Page 22)

its code of ethics; and in every case of which I have knowledge this code deals with methods of getting business. In some professions advertising is regulated by the code; in others it is prohibited altogether. In none of them would any method remotely resembling that dealt with by your resolution be tolerated. These professional codes condemn many practices of which the penal codes take no cognizance; none the less, as rules of discipline of a voluntary association, they are valid and not without legal sanction.

"In the case of Stovall vs. McCutchen and Company, 107 Kentucky, 577, there was an agreement among the merchants of Russellville to close their stores at six-thirty P. M. each day during the summer season. So far as concerned the public law, a merchant might keep open every hour of the twenty-four throughout the year. And the agreement to close at six-thirty might be said—and it was so contended in the case—to restrain trade to some extent; for while the stores were closed there was no competition. Manifestly the agreement was not intended to restrain competition and did not really have that effect. Its purpose and effect were to secure reasonable business hours for the merchants and their employees. The court enforced the agreement by an injunction against a signer who violated it.

"The resolution of your association is an appropriate way of dealing with a bad trade practice. It does not fix prices or tend to fix them; it does not apportion the business between the members or tend to do so. It leaves the members free, each to sell as much of his products as he can in a fair and honorable course of dealing; and there is nothing in it that violates the anti-trust or any other law of either state or nation."

The Suspicion of Competitors

"The suggestion to broaden the scope of the resolution so as to forbid the abuse in any case, even as against manufacturers not members of the association, is a good one and, carried out, would be valid. I do not think it would be wise for the association to sanction the practice, even by way of retaliation, against non-members who engage in it. As the practice is a bad one, and the object of the association is to suppress it, it is not very consistent to sanction it under any circumstance whatever."

Though this opinion was rendered on the legality of a certain resolution for the suppression of a demoralizing and destructive trade abuse in a certain industry, it is vitally illuminating on the foundation principles of voluntary association organization and practice. It is supposed to be as sound and shrewd legal advice as can be obtained today for the guidance of association leaders, particularly on the point of the legal right of an association to define restrictions on the methods by which members shall be permitted to conduct certain phases of their business, and to impose penalties for infractions of those restrictions.

This opinion is not only of compelling interest to officers of associations already organized but also to leaders in other industries desiring to secure for themselves the benefits of an association, but hesitating to take action because of doubts and fears with respect to the safety and legality of such a course.

At least one other association snag is too important to be passed without comment. That is the mutual suspicion of competitors new to association work. Any man who attempts to start a new association or to put fresh life and vigor into an old one is bound to strike this snag and to feel its discouraging resistance. It can only be overcome by tactful handling and by the constant contact in the teamwork of the organization that chills suspicion and warms and nourishes mutual confidence. To those who may feel themselves moved to promote new or closer association organization in their industries, the following suggestions will be found practical:

Do not attempt too broad and strenuous a program of coöperation at the start—one that demands too free an interchange of trade information. Better by far take the elimination of some one pronounced trade abuse as a rallying point, and then wait until the members have grown to a freer confidence in each other before undertaking other forms of teamwork involving a more

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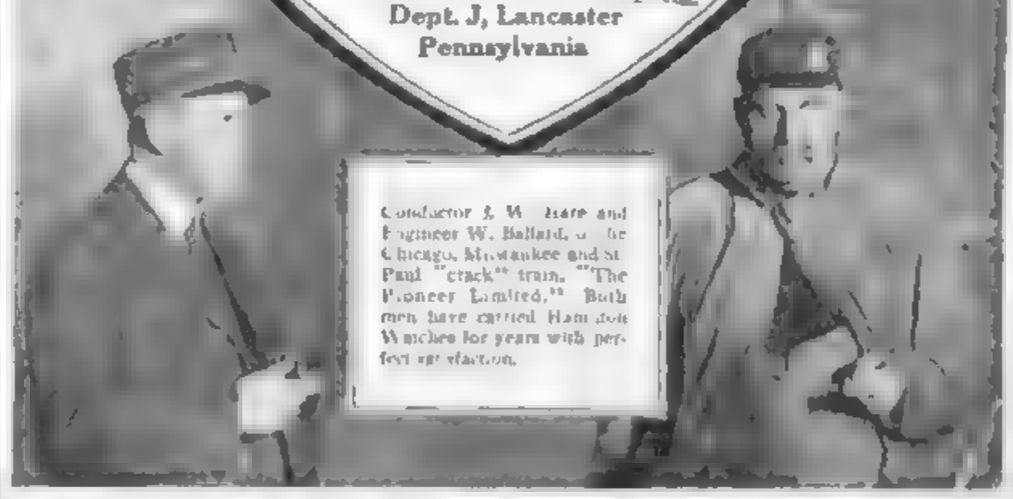
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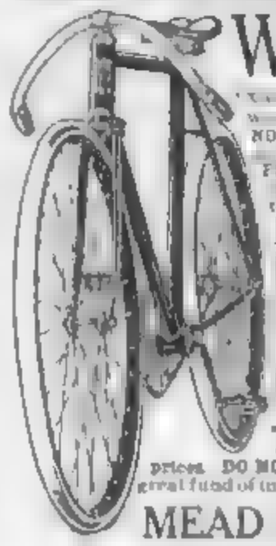

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This is a reproduction of the cover of the new "Spring Book of Men's Fashions."

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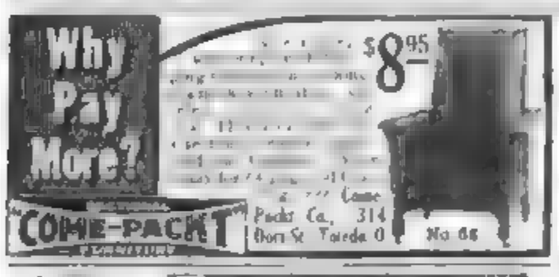

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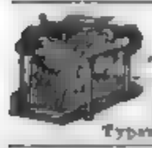

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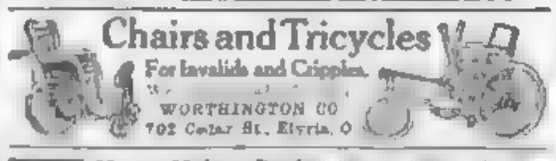

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

intimate exchange of what may be regarded as confidential information.

Be sure the movement is headed by a man who is well liked by the members of the industry and who has their personal respect. He may not be the ablest man in the line, but these qualifications are paramount.

See that the smaller men in the industry are given prominent positions in the association and that this element is made to feel that the organization is not dominated by the big fellows of the line. No association can achieve real success unless the small manufacturer receives larger benefits from it than does the big one.

A permanent headquarters with a paid staff of workers—no matter how small that staff may be—is an essential to growth and permanence. The headquarters encourages frequent contact among members, which is the life of association work; it provides a force of individuals to attend systematically to the interests of the association.

Following the line of least resistance—after a concerted attack on some trade abuse about which there can be no difference of opinion among legitimate members of the industry—the exchange of credit information and the standardization of credit, collection and discount practices are next in order, because even the most suspicious member of the association can see that these matters can be mutually and collectively handled to great advantage and without peril of betraying any trade secrets.

Not until the members of a new association have become well acquainted and warmed up to a decided degree of mutual confidence is it safe to attempt the introduction of a uniform cost-finding system. Though this is the bedrock of association usefulness, and can be established and operated without betraying to a single member the individual costs of any other member, it is generally received with suspicion and cannot be safely introduced until a hearty spirit of teamwork has been developed.

Uniform Efficiency Service

No association official, however, should feel that he has made good in his official capacity until his fellow members have the benefit of a uniform cost-finding system, by which each member may compare his costs with the average costs of all other members month by month or product by product. Reckless price cutting, trade feuds and slovenly methods of manufacture and administration cannot thrive in the atmosphere of a thorough and uniform cost-finding practice.

To introduce a uniform efficiency service throughout the plants of an association is the most difficult of all teamwork undertakings, with possibilities of the greatest usefulness. For a manufacturer to permit an outsider to make intimate studies of his methods requires a high voltage of association spirit. He must attain a strong regard for the good of the whole industry before he becomes willing to welcome this innovation. Yet it has been repeatedly demonstrated that this may safely be done, to the great benefit of every individual member of the association.

Perhaps one reason why this snag is so difficult to overcome is because practical efficiency engineers are not so common as might be desired. This profession is today in an unstandardized stage of development, and practical and profitable results are by no means assured by the fact that the efficiency engineer assumes that title. In many associations, however, admirable efficiency has been achieved by well-selected committees, which have saved thousands of dollars of annual waste.

The systematic and intelligent collection of trade facts and statistics, and the charting of current trade tendencies as to raw materials, output of product and sales opportunities in unexploited fields, is a work not to be neglected by any association with ambition to be more than an empty and lifeless shell. Without the results of this kind of coöperation—which can only be done to advantage by an association—broad and constructive work for the industry is practically impossible.

The most thoughtful and farsighted leaders of industry today are apparently of one mind in regard to the association movement; they are united in the opinion that it is the most significant and hopeful sign on the industrial horizon of America today, and that no snag, however threatening, will be able seriously to impede its progress.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Forrest Crissey.

A perfectly finished shirt

Close, even stitching; accurately-matched patterns; hand-turned cuffs; unbreakable buttonholes; in every detail the

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will bear the most critical inspection. Each Emery shirt shows the expertness of workmanship, the precision of finish, learned in our third of a century's experience in catering to America's particular dressers.

Guaranteed *fit, color* and *wear*

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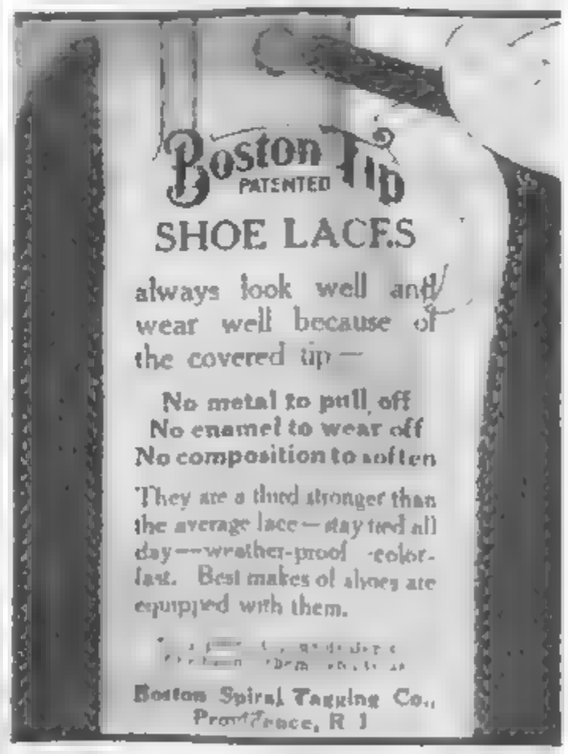
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always look well and wear well because of the covered tip—
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Rist-Fit you already know—the Grinnell feature that gives a snug fit at the wrist and prevents the cuff sagging.

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But *exclusive features* are only half the story of Grinnell superiority. From every standpoint and for every purpose—for motoring, for sportsmen, for roughest work or for dress wear—Grinnell Gloves are the finest gloves that can be made. The leathers are finest selected Cohskin, Reindeer, Cape or Kid—soft as velvet, wear like iron. They are washable on your hands, in soap and water or gasoline dry out soft and pliable as new.

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Three Selden Trucks effected a saving of $3400 in hauling for the four months ending October 31st, 1913, as compared with the same period of the previous year when horse drawn vehicles were used. Signed WM. KNABE AND CO., New York Manufacturers of Knabe Pianos

Here is the business proposition we offer every reliable firm.

$500 Will Put The $2000 Selden Truck Into Your Service

and the truck itself will *earn* the remaining monthly payments.

Compare the Selden Truck guaranteed to carry 3000 lbs. with any truck and you will find that it embodies every principle of truck construction endorsed by the best engineering practice. Also that part for part it is built stronger than any truck of the same rated capacity.

Durability, long life and great future savings in up-keep are built into the truck itself because every vital part, from frame and axles to the smallest rivet, is extra large and strong. That is why Selden Trucks are giving such reliable economical service in many lines of business the country over.

Write for facts about the Selden, also Drivers' Daily Report Blanks. State whether teams or trucks are used. Get a line on what your delivery costs.

We want dealers in unassigned territory who appreciate the business proposition offered by the Selden Truck plus the Selden Sales Plan.

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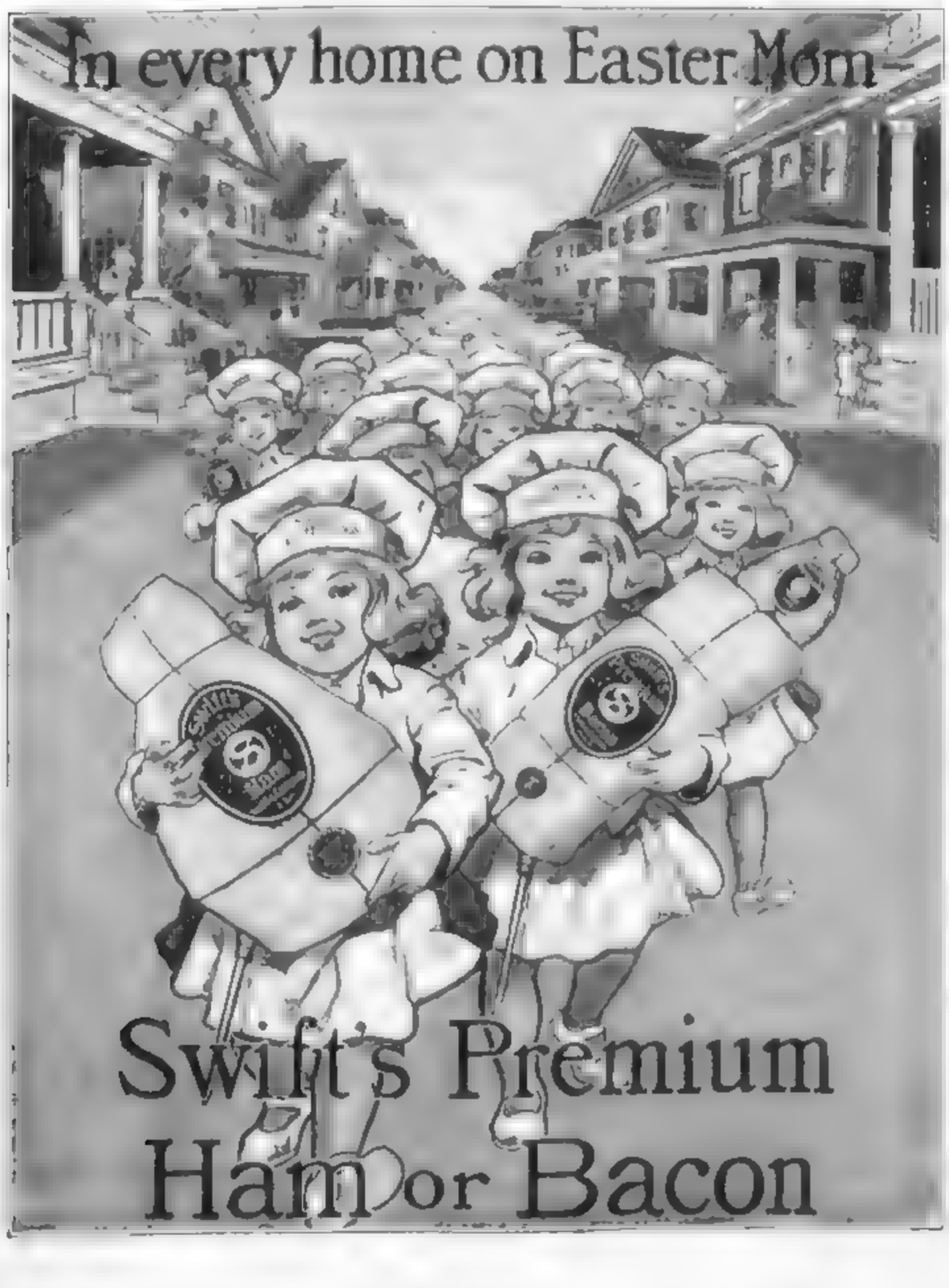
In every home on Easter Morn—



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The famous Disability Clause embodied in the Guaranteed Low Cost Life Insurance policies of The Travelers protects the policyholder as a breakwater does a disabled ship in a storm.

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Please send me particulars regarding your policies with the Disability Clause. My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Announcement that The Cadillac Company Has No Intention of Marketing a Six Cylinder Car has Produced a Profound Impression.

The confidence which is reposed in the Cadillac Company is much more than a mere compliment.

It is an important trust—a grave responsibility.

Motorists by the thousand wait to see what action the Cadillac Company will take in matters of motor car design and development.

That great army of owners, in particular, who have invested more than one hundred and thirty millions ($130,000,000) of dollars in Cadillac cars, accept the decision of this company, for or against a principle of construction, as authoritative and final.

That is why the announcement of the Cadillac Company produced such a profound impression.

It was natural that Cadillac owners, present or prospective, should wait for word on the subject from this company, and it was equally natural that, having received this word, they should immediately and unanimously accept it as conclusive.

How widely the assumption had been traded upon was indicated by the immediate effect everywhere.

Hundreds who had been waiting for word from the Cadillac Company, have bought Cadillac cars since the announcement appeared.

The statement that the company had thoroughly experimented with the six cylinder—as it had with the one, with the two and with the three cylinder—and the announcement of the verdict, was enough.

Under the circumstances it seems to us permissible to remind our friends of an important fact.

We would like to remind them again that the Cadillac Company has seldom found it wise to look to others for guidance.

Rather, it has found that greatest wisdom lay in proving for itself what is best in principle and most practical in application.

The Cadillac was first to produce a practical, enduring motor car. How practical it was, how enduring it was, the whole world knows, since these eleven years old cars are still in service.

The Cadillac was first to produce a high grade car to sell under $2000.

The Cadillac was first to evolve a four cylinder engine, the correctness of whose principles in their entirety, have proven incontestable after ten years of service.

The Cadillac was first to inaugurate the electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition.

The Cadillac was first to make practical in large production, the two-speed direct drive axle.

None of these were forced upon us.

They were all evolved in the natural course of Cadillac development.

Cadillac principles are the same today as ten years ago—only they have developed progressively, logically, step by step.

The tree has grown and flowered and flourished—but it is still the same tree.

The history of automobile manufacture is a history of change—often a bewildering succession of contradictory changes, made in a vain effort to interpret the trend of popular demand, or a disposition to follow what appear to be the lines of least resistance.

The Cadillac Company has never shifted, never retraced its steps, never advocated a vital principle which it was afterward compelled to repudiate. The Cadillac is discussed in almost every sale of a motor car, except sales of lowest price. It is almost invariably held in mind as a pattern, a standard, a criterion or an ideal.

Those who drive the car cannot be dislodged from their allegiance. They are positive and determined, ofttimes to the point of stubbornness.

They will hear no slighting comments on the car without resentment. They will concede no higher degree of engineering authority. They will accept no principle as best unless that principle be endorsed by the Cadillac.

That is precisely because the Cadillac has been scientifically progressive—but not impulsive or fickle.

It is precisely because the Cadillac has inaugurated instead of followed.

The Cadillac Company believes the Cadillac car to be immeasurably superior.

The Cadillac Company knows the riding qualities of that car with its two-speed axle, to be inimitable and unique.

The Cadillac Company believes that in all of those qualities which make for supreme satisfaction, for economical operation and maintenance, for constant and enduring service, day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out in the hands of the every-day user, the Cadillac stands pre-eminent.

And Cadillac owners share in these beliefs.

If they elected to wait for pronouncement of Cadillac policy it was not from lack of confidence, but the exact opposite.

It was one of the highest compliments ever paid the Cadillac Company.

And the Cadillac Company having spoken, the case is closed for every Cadillac owner, present or prospective.

STYLES AND PRICES

		Standard Touring Car, five passenger	$1975.00		
Seven passenger car	$2075.00	Roadster, two passenger . . .	$1975.00	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger	$2800.00
Phaeton, four passenger	1975.00	Landaulet Coupé, three pass. .	2500.00	Standard Limousine, seven passenger	3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GO HOME

(Continued from Page 19)

"Now there you go again, captain," he said, "with one of the prize bromide remarks of the season. I am pointed out to every tourist that comes along as the man who can't go home. How many times do you imagine they have asked me why I was such an idiot as to swear off my citizenship? You couldn't count them with a speedometer. Why? Why, because I was drunk, of course. Why does a man do foolish things when he is drunk? Echo answers: 'Why?'"

"All well and good, and I understand you have been sober ever since," said the skipper imperturbably. "Heaven knows you have reason! Now I want to ask you one more question. How was it you got in bad with the government? Man!" cried Limonson with fervor unusual in him: "I like you! I want to help you and I think I can. I have a commission on foot now that I have to attend to. A man must play fair with the people who charter him or he can't play fair with himself. But, so help me, as soon as I am clear of this job I am coming back here for you. And I am not going away without you."

Drysdale, during this outburst, which the much-moved Limonson had delivered in a stage whisper, had absent-mindedly reached out for his discarded novel with his free hand the other being bound to his side and was surreptitiously snatching a sentence or two from his engrossing tale.

"Tell me," persisted the skipper, "how did you get in bad?"

"Limonson," said Drysdale, as though trying to suppress a rising exasperation, "don't burn your fingers! Others have tried before you—just as good men as you I am sorry I let myself go last night and worked on your sympathies. Forget it! If you monkey with me these Spanish friends of mine will snip off your nose or an ear and send it home to your wife as a souvenir if you've got a wife. If it will do you any good I'll tell you about the business," he added in a more friendly tone. "It's emeralds. You have probably heard that the government of Bogota maintains a monopoly in emeralds—that all the emeralds in the world are found in Colombia. Forget it. San Martel has got a little monopoly of its own. Most of the government officials snitch a handful now and again and ship them out of the country against the time when they retire—sneak out. They all sneak out in time, you know. I happen to know where the *presidente* keeps his little pot of green stones, and if I could beat him to it they would be mine. See! So he keeps me here, entertains me royally, as you have seen. Now, papa ——"

"If," cried Limonson suddenly, "if the *presidente* sneaked out, as you say, would they let you go then?"

"No, thanks. When he gets his pile and ducks for cover, his secretary of state, old Poppas, will step into his boots; and if there is any one who hates me worse than the *presidente* it is old Poppas. I stuck my finger into his pie once, just when he had sold all the coal and oil in the country to an English syndicate. Now, papa," he said tolerantly, "Mr. Anatole France has conducted the villain up an apple tree and he is speaking through the shutters. You are suspending the action of the drama. If, as you pass out, you will please tell the boy at the door to admit no one, not even yourself, I will thank you."

"By gad, you are the limit!" cried the skipper of The Three Friends in disgust, as he took his hat and started off.

"I am the national nut!" Drysdale shot after him, without raising his eyes from the apple-tree scene which so engrossed him.

Limonson blamed himself for losing his temper, when he had a chance to think over the unsatisfactory interview for a few hours. He tried to get to the patient in the afternoon, but was turned away by the English doctor, who said Drysdale was delirious unexpectedly and must not be disturbed. So the next day and the next.

He finally gave himself over to his own troubles which, when he lent them his undivided attention, left a very bad taste in his mouth. It did not require an acute mind—and Limonson was never exactly acute—to put two and two together and figure out four in this unholy mess he found himself in. There was the story of the forty odd cadets lined up against a wall and shot. There was the subtle suggestion that when a personage in these comic opera republics had built up his pile in a safe place he sooner or later decamped between two days to join his pile and live in peace, possibly in Paris, or in some other well-policed part of the globe where a man doesn't have to be suspicious of food that is not cooked by his mother. Now, Limonson's rule of thumb was that when a man is chartered he is chartered. But he softly swore to himself, as he watched the rainbow come down in the backyard of the hotel gardens night after night, that he was coming back and would take that nut Drysdale off by the nape of the neck, if there was no other way.

When the fifteenth came round, leisurely, as all time moves in the tropics, Limonson had worked himself into an exceedingly bilious frame of mind. He wrote his adieux to the poor deluded devil of a Drysdale who, on Limonson's last attempt to see him, had told him through the door that he might go to hell. And Limonson, sour and sore, got aboard the hippity-hopping narrow-gauge train and went down to Bocas, impatient as the slow-moving train wheezed over the succession of hog-backs on the route down to the shore.

"I will be jolly well pleased to get my hands clean of this mess you have cooked," he said when the American consul, bland and smiling, came aboard The Three Friends to meet him. The skipper fixed a malevolent eye on the breezy consul and added: "It's a fine business for you to be in, my man, and you haven't heard the last of it either, on my word of honor."

"Aw, now, don't get fussed up," said the consul easily. "Tell me, how fast can your kicker kick when she is in a hurry?"

"I can make seven, maybe eight knots an hour with gas," said the captain, who was putting things to rights at his desk.

"Good," said the consul. "It will probably come in handy. The navy of this nation consists of that mauve-tinted creation you see lying alongside the wharf over yonder. She is loaded for the occasion with a fine mixture of lava and pea coal, so I don't think she will bother you if you get out ahead."

In these Latin-American countries there are wheels and wheels, and yet other wheels within wheels. The wheels away inside are adjusted like a chronometer. Once in a while they are disturbed by a gun shot or a stick of dynamite, but there is always a new wheel to take the place of a damaged one. On the night of the seventeenth of March everything worked smooth and true.

At eight o'clock the *comandante* came aboard and asked to have a final look at the papers of The Three Friends. The papers were all right. Limonson was on the bridge at eight-thirty.

"I pull out at nine," he said doggedly to himself.

The opportunity of pulling out at nine without his supercargo, however, was denied him. A few minutes after one bell three tall figures came across the wharfhead and stopped at the gangplank, which was already manned. They shook hands among themselves and one figure broke away from the cluster and walked alone up the gangplank. Limonson met the man on deck. The face was muffled, but the light of an arc on the pier-head showed the tips of a dirty gray mustache and a pair of yellow, rolling eyes. The man put out a gloved hand, and Captain Limonson, the gorge rising in him until he saw green, rudely snatched the glove from the hand. It was quite right. He could even see a tiny patch of the whitely lighted deck through the hole in the palm.

Limonson without a word turned and led the way to the spare cabin just forward of the ventilators. He thrust open the door and with little ceremony bowed the man in.

"I do not spika da English," said the man precisely.

"And I am jolly well glad of it too!" retorted the captain more to the door than to the passenger, and he turned away.

"Pardon?" the passenger vaguely inquired, but Limonson did not stop. He went back to the bridge, saw to it that the lines were properly cast off, and then he blew down the tube. The kicker began to cough. Limonson kept his eye on the

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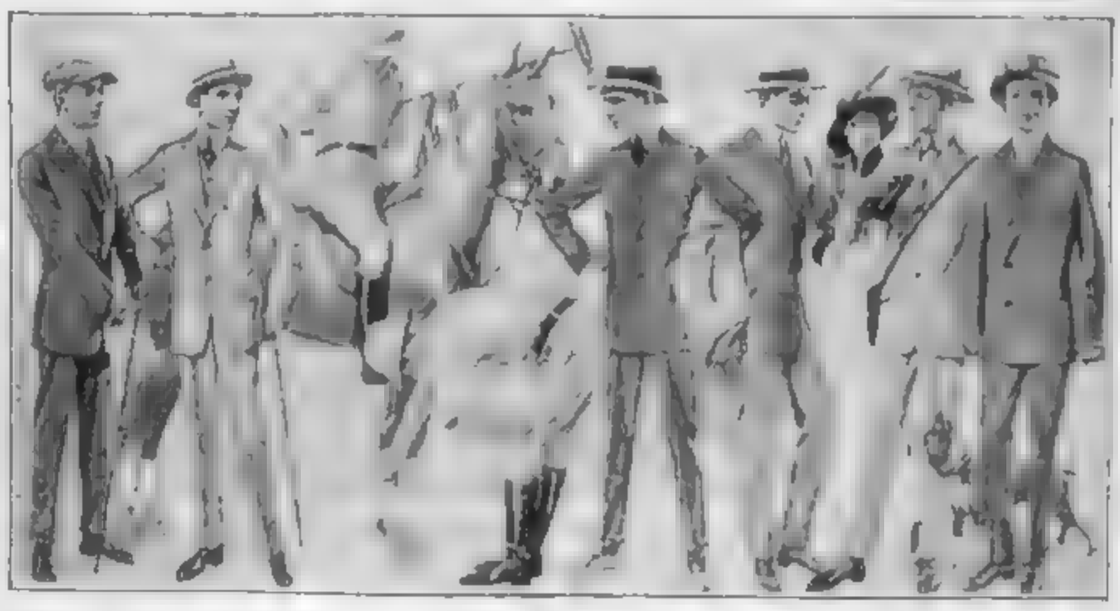

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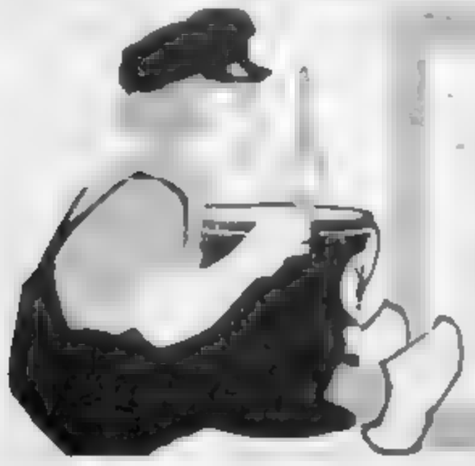

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mauve-colored navy, which was loaded with patent coal for this occasion, but that ugly tub did not evidence any sign of life. They passed the outer bar and dropped the native pilot; the last thing Limonson saw of the port of the Mouths of the Dragon was a rocket going up from somewhere in the night off toward the wharf he had just quitted. And the native pilot was yelling something incomprehensible to him as the kicker began to sputter again, but Limonson pretended not to hear. He was short on Spanish anyway. In his swing round the half-moon of ports off to the south and east he had picked up enough gasoline—at sixty cents, gold, the gallon—to fill one of his ballast tanks, and in spite of the fact that he met with a gentle breeze outside he kept the engine turning over. When he saw a second rocket go up he blew down the engine-room tube, and while the barefooted crew set sails The Three Friends lay hove-to in the wind, riding silently.

Then other rockets went up.

"I wonder what they are wasting all those fireworks for?" mused the skipper of The Three Friends as he leaned over the rail and studied the darkness. Suddenly he seemed to catch the sound that he had been seeking in the murk, and he signaled the engine room. The kicker began to explode violently, and with all sail drawing Limonson laid the trim little schooner straight across the weather, and she sped forward under the dual power of sail and gas.

"I haven't figured it out yet," the skipper repeated to himself over and over again as he paced back and forth on his little bridge. He had been running under wind and gas for two full hours, when on a sudden impulse Limonson reached over for the bell cord and roused out his mate with a vicious yank.

"Is the passenger dark yet?" he cried.

The mate turned without a word and investigated. He reported that a single electric lamp still burned in the cabin, evidently the light over the berth.

"Rouse him out!" ordered the captain. "If he says he can't 'spika da English,' take him by the nape of the neck. Wait! Tell him that all at once."

Then he took to pacing his confined path again. A few minutes passed. Then a tall figure in white pajamas came sliding along on straw sandals that flapped against the deck.

"Drysdale," said Limonson, "let me see that hand of yours again."

It was Drysdale. He had come up there shuffling in his flapping sandals, a finger between the leaves of a novel so as not to lose the place; and chuckling to himself over the howdydo there would be on the bridge when Captain Limonson saw who his passenger was. But it was Drysdale who started back in surprise as Limonson thus accosted him at the dark end of the bridge.

"How the deuce did you guess?" cried the amazed Drysdale. "Say, I was waiting to spring it on you at breakfast in the morning—I was waiting to see your jaw drop, you dear old papa!"

With these words the man who for four years had been the sport of a puny mongrel nation as the man-who-couldn't-go-home threw his arms about the skipper of The Three Friends and for once in his life kissed a man—on both cheeks.

"You take me for a fool! You couldn't do me the decency of trust! You had to lie to me and laugh at me behind my back, when I was there—son—ready—Drysdale——"

Limonson became incoherent. Limonson permitted himself to be led to the chart-room, a two-by-four cubbyhole that wouldn't have fitted two men if they both had not been tall and thin.

"We knew," said Drysdale, "that we had to have one in the plot who wasn't acting, who looked on the level."

"We? Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Gregory, the consul, and Jim Scott, and——"

"Jim Scott!"

"Sure! Jim Scott! Wasn't Jim the boy that executed this work of art for me?" cried Drysdale, suddenly dropping into the attitude of a fencer on guard, and making to aim with his left hand while he held his right hand high in the air behind him.

"Jim's a wonder!" he cried enthusiastically as he brought his right hand down for inspection. "There isn't one man in a hundred that could have made a bull's-eye through the palm in the daylight, let alone at night. Look at that! Isn't that neat?"

Limonson scratched his head with one hand and rubbed his nose with the other. So the duel had been merely one of the scenes of this carefully staged melodrama!

"But the *presidente!* Do you mean to say that it was not an agent of your cadet-shooting *presidente* who hired me?"

"I do not," said Drysdale. "You were chartered by the agents of the *presidente* to take off a man with a hole in his hand. The *presidente* hasn't got a copyright on holes in the hand, not by a long shot. In fact," said Drysdale grinning, "I think I can make you smile now, you old mummy. Listen! The *presidente* started for Bocas to come aboard this afternoon; but somebody greased the rails on two grades, and goodness knows where he is now!"

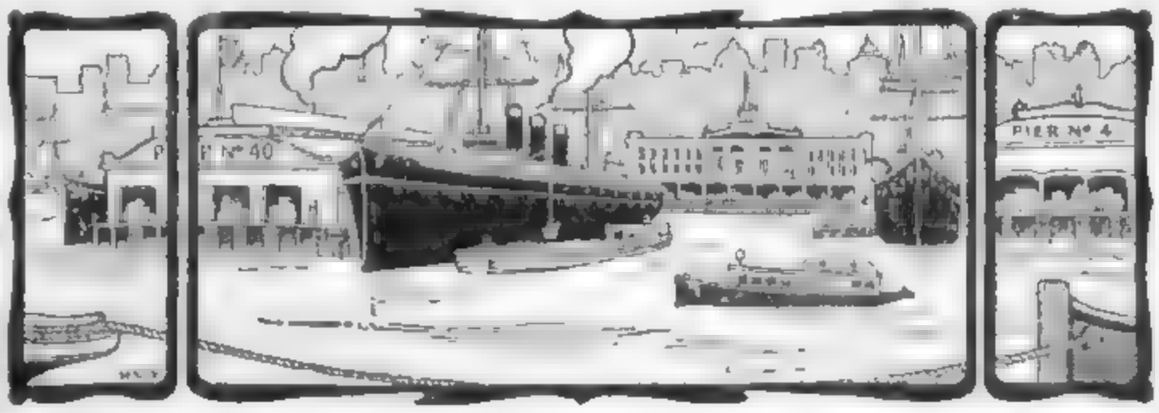
The Three Friends, according to her papers, was cleared for Kingston, and into Kingston she sailed one white morning. On the dock was a summer girl, the summeriest of summer girls, looking cool and neat—a girl with freckles hemming in her gray eyes. Just when Limonson was trying to decide where he had seen her before she kissed him—not once, but twice—and this formality being done with, she fell into the arms of Drysdale and cried as if her heart would break. Then Limonson remembered where he had seen her before.

"The inspiration," said Drysdale, looking exceedingly happy and foolish. "Here it is! Why, Skipper, she made Jim Scott nurse you all the way up the Mosquito Coast to get a line on you. And then she ordered old Jim to San Martel to see that the little job of puncturing me was done properly. I have a notion," said Drysdale, smiling as he contemplated the neat puncture in the palm of his hand, "that when my good friend, the *presidente*, starts to make his next get-away he will choose another passport. Queen," said he to the lady manager of the jail delivery, "what do you say to a bucketful of raw emeralds as a wedding gift?"

Hopping Aëroplanes

AEROPLANE sledges and a hopping aëroplane with clipped wings are being built for Sir Ernest Shackleton to be used in his South Pole expedition next winter, in the hope that they will prove more efficient in getting over the ice than the motor sledges, which had a little, but far from perfect, success in the Scott expedition. The aëroplane sledges will get their forward motion from great air propellers like those of a flying machine, while the motor sledges depended on a sort of belt movement under the sledge. Air-propelled boats are now a real success, and a few air-propelled sleds have had some success on roads in winter. Enough forward push can be obtained by this method without any doubt, the expected difficulties being with the engines in intense cold and with a rough surface.

An aëroplane with clipped wings, which can take long hops over bad stretches of surface, but most of the time will be running on skids, with only part of the weight held up by the wings, is a more novel idea. It was suggested a year ago by French officers for Sahara Desert sand trips, though no reports of the building or success of any such idea have been made.



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